# GALLER

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FICTION BY DONN
'COOL HAND LUKE'
PEARCE

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE PIN-UP, INCLUDING THE CLASSIC MARILYN MONROE

CALENDAR ROD STEWART

THE NEW ROTARY ENGINE AUTO

A REVEALING

PHOTOGRAPHIC LOOK AT

'LENNY' STAR MARY MENDUM

SKY SURFING, AN EXCITING NEW SPORT

A STOCK MARKET PRIMER

EROTIC ARTIFACTS FROM PERU AND NEPAL

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH DENNIS HOPPER

DEE BAILEY, THIS MONTH'S CALLERY GIRL MUCH MORE





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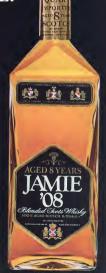
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# PUBLISHERS STATEMENT

the verdict is in

Few people, mercifully, are ever exposed to the excruciating mental agony which inflicts any citizen who, at the end of a criminal trial, must live through an unpredictable number of hours of uncertainty while a jury of twelve random strangers decides whether or not to destroy him with a conviction. Few lawyers, in fact, suffer through this experience, since the Criminal Bar is but a miniscule part of our total profession. Those of us who live in Criminal Courts chronically endure this helish ordeal, and our concern and anxiety is almost as great as that of our clients.

I had for the past two weeks been defending a prominent lawyer and public servant in a large metropolitan city on bribery charges lodged against him in Federal Court. The witnesses had testified, the documents had been received in evidence, the lawyers had made their closing speeches, and the Judge had laid down the law of the case. The jury had begun their deliberations. They were taken to dinner, and then resumed their debate. The tension in the air crackled like raw electricity.

On balance, there was much to be satisfied with. The prosecutor, a young, bright agressive man had prepared well and had put forth a good presentation. Although he indulged on occasion in wit with a cynical flavor, he was a gentleman and a credit to the Trial Bar. The Judge, a relatively new appointee to the Federal Bench, was an evenhanded, even-tempered man of distinguished appearance and mannerism. The decorum and precision with which he managed this trial reminded me of the high standards of British Judges.

Despite some legal arguments that are duly preserved for appeal, should one be neccessary, the system had been working well throughout this trial. The defendant had his day in court, and a pretty good one under the circumstances. But later I worried, as always. For the first time in the proceedings, no stenographer was taking down what was being said. The jurors were talking to one another. The roulette wheel was spinning. To this point I had been dealing with experienced professionals and known rules; now the ball game was in the hands of twelve laymen whom none of us really knew very much about. If they were assiduously following the highly complex and labyrinthian instructions of the Judge, I had no way of knowing that, and if they were blithely ignoring these instructions and fashioning their own rules, I had no way of knowing that either; nor would I ever. Their utterances were lost to unrecorded history as fast as they were made, and legally barred from official disclosure.

Some may think that as one grows older and more ex-



perienced, these ordeals become easier. They do not I have often said that I would try cases for nothing if I got a fair fee for waiting out the verdict, and I stand on that observation.

I found myself wondering if the jury believed me when I told them that if they were to mistakenly convict the defendant, their mistake could never be corrected. Our remedies for correcting a mistaken Judge are myriad and sophisticated; for correcting a mistake by a jury—nii.

Sitting nearby was Andy Tuney, my Chief Investigator for five years now and the best in the business. Before I stole him from the Massachusetts State Police, he was a crack homicide detective, and once headed up the statewide effort to find the Boston Strangler. Unlike detectives of dramatic fiction, Andy is a man of irresistibly delightful personality. I'm sure this is part of why he is so effective, even with no badge to help him. He has no enemy on earth that I know of, and I thought this so unfair that years ago I dubbed him "Bad" Andy. "Bad." as he is called, has waited out many verdicts on both sides of the case. It is tougher, more personal, he tells me, for the defense.

I touched base with Jim Spurlock and Ron Fenton, checked with the Boston Office, and talked with a client a thousand miles away who needs me the moment this case is over. On the ramp at Boston's Logan Airport sat my Lear Jet, 808JA, set to go. My co-captain, Andy Crane (called "Good" Andy, to distinguish him from "Bad") had checked every rivet on the airplane, and was ready to come pick me up and speed south. He was less than an hour away, for the air traffic controllers who command the skies know the plane number and will speed him along as best they can. They are old friends from another battle now gone by.

But all of these musings were no more than a superficial overlay. Underneath, I was in a dry cold sweat again. The analogy to GALLERY kept nagging me. We'd done our damndest in the case, we knew we'd made mistakes and that they would be corrected next time around, but meanwhile, we waited. The jury was still out.

After the Long Wait, we received a favorable verdict on our court case.

Another call to GALLERY. The jury has ruled, a sellout is projected.

The verdict is in.

F. Lee Bailey

# **EDITORS PAGE**



"do you believe in magic?..."

Well, we finally finished this one. The first one had seemed difficult enough, but we wouldn't attempt to estimate the number of times we glanced at it while completing this one and considered how much easier the first had been. That issue sold out and the projected circulation for this second one is well on close to doubling.

While completing this issue, we often found our minds wandering to a movie we viewed recently, The Savage Messiah. There's a section in the film where the main character, an artist, brags to a dealer about his fabulous sculpture. An appointment is made for the dealer to come around to the artist's apartment the next day to view the wonderous creation. The only hitch is that there's no such artwork. So, that night, the artist and his two friends visit the local graveyard and steal some stone, which the artist then spends the rest of the night carving into a statue.

Somehow the image seemed to us like our own reflection, if perhaps viewed in an imperfect mirror.

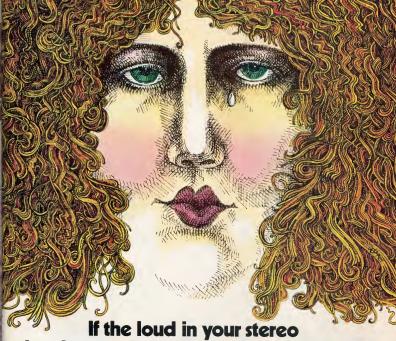
However, there was one major difference. When the artist in The Savage Messiah completes his work, his audience fails to show up. Ours came and accepted us, at least for one issue. And we don't mind admitting our joy when Gay Talese called us and said he liked our first effort.

Aside from this issue being half again the size of the first, the main difficulty about it was the overhaul of the layout, typography, etc., an effort to create a "feel" in keeping with the content and our own identity.

Now it all seems worthwhile, all those days of two-hour drives to the engraver at five in the morning with the same monotonous songs playing on the radio.

As they say, it's closing time. Both our heads and our mouths are dry, and we're going to go over and have a drink with some of our favorite people, over at Happy Harry's.

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beagle two doors down.)
We sound better.





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# GALLERY AT LEISURE

Each year, an ever increasing number of future-shocked, media-massaged, gradually greening Americans venture outside our continental boundaries in search of respite, change, adventure or simply for want of anyplace else to go. Though the majority of people travel abroad in June, July or August (called the "high season"-an obvious reference to the prices during those months), the wise and thrifty traveler times his visit to coincide with the "off season" (which suggests that the "high season" should, for the sake of consistency, be called the "on season"). But regardless of the season, high, low, on or off, anyone going abroad owes it to himself to acquire at least a basic familiarity not only with the countries he intends to visit, but also with the fundamental techniques and procedures related to travel in general.

What follows then is a short, representative quiz designed to both educate the neophyte and at the same time test the knowledge of the experienced world-traveler. Answer the questions, tabulate your score and then check your rating on the scale provided.

- 1. Name the four corners of the globe.
- 2. Which of the following is not a Greek island?
  - A. Mikonos B. Sifnos C. Patmos
- (D) Tacos 3. Split and Petch are
- A.) Yugoslavian cities B. a popular British comedy team C. a new hip expression, as in, "I've got to split, man, but you can stay here and petch if you want to.'
- 4. Everyone you've ever known will eventually pass by if you stand

- ment on the train from Trieste to
- A. Six B. Twelve C. Fifteen D. All of the above
- 10. (T or F) When packing for a trip abroad, be sure to take as many shoes as you can
- 11. (T or F) No bicycle tour of Europe would be complete without a ride through the Alps.
- 12. Istanbul is well known for its A. Rugs B. Drugs C. Bugs D. All
- of the above. 13. (T or F) The belief that cholera can be contracted from polluted drink-
- ing water is a myth fostered by foreign Coca-Cola bottlers. 14. You don't have to be Jewish to A. Enjoy Israel B. Dislike Arabs
- C. Fly from New York to Tel Aviv on a B'nai B'rith discount charter flight. D. All of the above
- 15. During a hijacking, the best course of action for you to follow is
  - A. Assist the local police or military force in the capture of the hi-
  - B. Plead with airline or government officials to meet the hijacker's demands.
- C. Join forces with the hijackers. 16. If held against your will by the secret police of a foreign power hostile to the United States, you'd do well to A. Sign a full confession regard
  - less of its contents. B. Insist on your constitutional
  - rights. C. Offer a bribe.
- Answers 1. There are no corners on a globe; 2. D; 3. A; 4. C; 5. B; 6. Tiber, Po. Mississippi; 7. D; 8. A; 9. D; 10. F; 11. F; 12. D; 13. F; 14. D; 15. B; 16.A

Travel Rating 15 or 16 correct-You can probably go anywhere with the confidence that you'll survive. 13 or 14-Get a copy of Europe on \$5 a Day. apply for an American Express Card and above all, be careful. Most foreigners are not to be trusted. 11 or 12-Have a reputable travel agent book every moment of your stay abroad and don't get separated from the rest ts the group. 10 or under-See America First.

RECORDINGS "He will be the greatest guitarist of all

Chet Atkins is speaking to Mike Van-

sickle about Tommy Jones and Mike is

-Harold Ramis

A. in Times Square B in Red Square

(C) in front of a bus carrying everyone you've ever known.

- 5. The ferry from Brindisi, Italy to Patras. Greece sinks
- A. seldom B. occasionally C. often 6. Unscramble the names of the following rivers: BRITE, OP, IIIIM-SSSSPP
- 7. Which of the following is known as the "Mile-High City"? (A) Denver B. Mexico City
- Bogota D. Marrakesh 8. "Bed and Breakfast" is
- A. a British hotel accommodation that includes a morning meal
- B. a hit play in London's West End. C. the Danish equivalent to "dinner
- and a show" 9. How many Yugoslav laborers can fit
  - all ears. into your second-class compart-He figures if Chet says so, then it

time "

Belarade?

must be so. The conversation is supposed to be about real estate. Chet wants some advice, but somehow the talk always seems to get around to music with Chet

Rightly so, anybody who's anybody in Nashville knows that Chet's the number one man. He's even tight with people in other kinds of music, you know, besides country, guys like Al Hirt and Pete Fountain and Arthur Fiedler and why he's just the best guitar picker there is, he played for John Kennedy at the White House. And he's head of artist and repertoire in Nashville for RCA, but that ain't the whole of it, the scene is that Chet runs it.

You know, kind of like Daley in Chicago, But Chet ain't got uppity or above his raisings, why his wife still cuts his hair and he still goes over to visit his mother by Knoxville.

Luttrell, that's where Chet's from, is about twenty miles north of there and that's where it all started. Chet learned to play the guitar and the fiddle, too, on account of his daddy was a classical musician and singer and his grandaddy built and played fiddles, the really good kind they been making up in the mountains for years.

Chet didn't make it over night, the way these kids do these days, he went the old apprenticeship route, played all the radio stations from Knoxville to Denver and did his hitch on the Grand Ole Opry, too.

A lot of folks figure Chet bailed country out back around '57 when Elvis came along and everybody just wanted to hear rock and roll all the time. He was about the only one equipped for it, the only one who had a feel for country and understood the new tricks of recording and arranging, too.

When people talk about the "Nashville sound," they're talking about Chet Atkins.

All the young ones who hang out at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge have heard of Chet, too. And they've all heard how Stonewall Jackson came up from South Georgia in his pickup truck, doubleparked it in front of the WSM station offices downtown and strolled out an hour later with a Grand Ole Opry contract in his hand.

You can see the Opry from Tootsie's and, if you're lucky, you might be seen in Tootsie's. And that's what it's all about

Tootsie's is where the young ones go to sip up a little liquid spirit when their own spirit has been beaten down. The place has the character that makes a bar great and become an institution in Nashville. At least a thousand Opry





When the occasion calls for a Tux, Bill Parry's vest-top Tux Suit is comfortably correct. Fabric is a 100% polyester doubleknit, texal turized with self-stripings, Formal turized with self-stripings, Formal japels, belt. Satin buttons on front placket conceal full-length zipper. Trouser legs fiare slightly. Men's sizes S, M, L, XL in Black, 52.50. (Shirt not included)

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stars' pictures look down from the walls on the proceedings within and one of those chosen few might be here, before or after the Opry, on any given weekend. When a star comes in, Tootsie slips over and plays all of his songs on the luke box.

The young fellow in the corner there, the one gazing intently into his glass, as if he just can't quite see the answer in the bottom but thinks he might with a little more concentration, he's only one of them.

Only one among the horde of hopefuls who descend upon Nashville everyday, hoping for that big break. Traveling from a small town or farm, by bus or by thumb or by 57 Chevy, a country boy cushions the hard bumps over the road with a hip pocket full of songs scribbled on dirty scraps of paper. On arrival, he gets pointed in the direction of Music Row-the section on Broadway where the business clusters-and starts walking from office to office, telling anyone who will listen how the folks back home love his songs. Tootsie's is the last stop of the day before returning to his room in one of the cheap downtown boarding houses where, exhausted but unable to sleep, he spends the night strumming his guitar. The next morning he starts walking again.

Shortly after he starts walking, a Cadillac pulls into the RCA building parking lot at ten o'clock sharp.

Chet Atkins' Cadillac isn't flashy, that would be the mark of a recording studio musician or performer who only recently made it.

Neither are his dress or personality flashy and he slips in the back door of the RCA building, his thin Southern frame making its way with long, loping strides to his office. A visitor recognizes him and gawks, Chet gives him a shy nod of acknowledgement.

In Brentwood, an area outside Nashville that only recently incorporated and buys its water from Eddie Arnold, a country star who made it big by singing easylistening arrangements of country songs, another car heads for RCA.

Inside this car is Tommy Jones and his mind is on Chet Atkins.

Today Chet is going to show him another good song to learn on the guitar. Tommy likes it when Chet lets him come down to his office and they sit around and pick some, and besides, Chet always gives a nice compliment.

"Variations on a Theme from Mozart," the selection Atkins acquainted Tommy with that day, resounds through the room as Tommy's fingers flow across the strings, transcending time and space. Now we're sitting in Tommy's den room and observing Tommy with approval are his dog,

Perky, at his feet, and his parents, beside him on the couch.

Ols and Hazel Jones are, pardon the cliche, doting parents. When Tomic reached the ripe old age of thirteen in 1967, after playing the guitar since he was seven, they gave up all their lies in Florida and moved to Nastiville to further his career. In Florida they had some friends who knew a retired Grand Ole Opry security guard who was acquainted with Atkins and the necessary introductions had been made.

"I met Chet on September 17, 1967," Tommy often says, "I remember it exactly."

Later Tommy happened to run into Chet's sister when many Nashville area residents were snowed in and she mentioned his ability to her brother.

"I remember him." responded Atkins, "That's the little kid who came to my office the other day, he wasn't no bigger than this (motioning with hand around the waist) and he just played the hell out of that guitar."

Alkins later recommended Tommy to Ovation records and, when he signed his contract, Tommy became one of the few people ever to stil in Alkins' office chair. (This seemingly trivial point isn't quite so insignificant on Nashville's Music Row, where informality somehow coexists with a rigid heiarchy of cliques.)

Produced by nearby neighbor Henry Strzeleck in the easy Nashville maner, and engineered by Alkins' brother-in-law, Roy Shockley, Tommy's album took only three recording sessions to complete. Included in the tunes cut for "Tommy's Place" was a new arrangement of an old favorite, "Wildwood Flower," and an "insider's" song. "Chets' Place." There is only one "Chet," of course, and Tommy's confidence in the studio was bolstered by the knowledge that the guitar he was playing was a gift from the Mr. Alkins.

Tommy has turned seventeen and is now clearly a challenger for the fore of the music industry's "young phenom" race, currently led by David Cassidy and Danny Osmond. Though he hasn't yet received the attention that David and Danny have, Tommy has both talent and preparation of a more solid sort, the Nashville sort. Eight appearances on the Grand Ole Opry-a Saturday night radio show that has a mammoth audience of hardcore country fans in all fifty states-along with frequent guest spots on several syndicated television shows have given him regular exposure.

And Tommy's also getting into some other prerequisites on the Nashville scene. Finishing up with a hauntingly beautiful original composition, "Wings of Love," Tommy puts his guitar down

and leaves the den room now and returns with his new golf clubs. Dipping his head in the shy manner of a Southerner, he drawls, "I figure I'll be able to get out there with the rest of the boys oretty soon."

-James L. Spurlock

# BOOKS

A few years ago Uncie Sam's Surgeon General put a crimp into the cigrette market. Mariboro country got its lumps, and they seemed malignant for a while. But the crafty purveyors of the leaf that smokes bounced back. After all, how could our billion dollar tobacco industry go to pof?

Right. Never happen. But now it is happening, it had to, and a nifty MadAve copyslugger named Mike Evans does it. Backed by a mad tobacco mogul and an eccentic advertising wizard our hero proceeds to launch the world's first commercial marijuana cigarette!

Edwin Corley's novel is titled Acapulco Gold (Dodd, Mead & Co.) and that's exactly what the three brave marketeers finally dub their product. En route to market, however, there are some semi-serious forays into the intriques and intricacies of selling such a potentially revolutionary item. All stops are open, the sky's the limit, cries the boss! What better way to rupture our antiquated and stupid drug laws than by saturation bombing with a multi-million dollar ad campaign? How long can anything stay illegal once the media magicians finish massaging the public mind? Hell, once they try it, they'll like it. Our grass is greener on the other side, folks Oh, as a side benefit the reader will

learn how to smoke marijuana properly (it's Tfff, Tfff, not puff, puff), how it can be used to heighten the ecstasy of sexual intercourse, and so forth-and there's even a pretty fair crash course in contemporary advertising technique thrown in for good measure. In fact, by page 100 this fully aromatic novel begins to sound like a real-life script that some hip ad group must be cooking up right now. Whoever does it, and whenever it does really happen, they'll have to credit Ed Corley as the originating potentate. and copyrighter of the marketing strategy. He makes it all so palatable, so timely, so logical and so obviously certain.

But back to the pot, er, I mean plot. Wilke is given carte blanche to get his C-900 (Col. Haney's secret code name for 900 (Col. Haney's secret code name for the secret campaign to sell that secret cigaretle) off the ground and flying before word gets out. Acapulco Gold seems like the best name, better than Jamaica Red or Colombia Blue, and research immediately proves it. Other trippy names like Dynamite Grass, Head

Start. High Time, Sky Flier and Reefers just don't test out. (Imagine here smoke- just don't test out. (Imagine here smoke- dropping ad types). All the while Mike and a weedy wench named Jean have been making the pot and pillow scene quite regularly. (Imagine more smoke-filled rooms, clothes a-dropping). No Mad-Aver ever switched from martinians to martilians as willindly.

Crises abound, and not only in the boudoir, but in the boardroom and over the drawing board. Seems there's a sov in the works, a snake in the grass. (Watched pot never boils, eh?) Will the hottest campaign in all history go up in smoke? Will a half-gassed adman be able to sneak 567 pounds of quality marijuana into the U.S. for "testing"? And what will the White House do when word leaks in that our VP-elect has been in on the great pot sale all allong?

Don't drop out, tune in and turn on to see if Mike finds true love and a piece of the action in that golden pot at the end of the rainbow.

Briefly: Corley's fourth book and high proof that when it comes to advertising, marijuana or storytelling, he's been there. It's addictively readable stuff (no stems, no seeds).

One can only hope that sex is doing as well for today's active participants as it seems to be doing for publishers and writers. This month two more sexy tomes hit the stands. They're both quite frank and although one's more about talking than doing (and the other is just the reverse) they are different enough from the recent wave of sensuosity to merit some attention. Let's talk first. (Isn't that usual?) Sex Talk by Myron Brenton (Stein & Day) is a slick investigation into the meanings and attitudes behind the language we use in describing, anticipating or participating in sex. Are we sexual illiterates, the author asks. Can we communicate sexually, without words? Have X-rated movies, erotic fiction and the whole sensual revolution really liberated us when it comes to the language of sex? Publicly, it seems, we are quite accomplished and articulate. But, the author wonders, in the privacy of our beds, are we able to talk with genuine candor and sincerity? Doesn't seem so. He says.

Further, Brenton states "most of us ifind it hard to talk in depth about sex even with those persons with whom we're closest and most intimate. It is still far easier to ask somebody to go to the most share to exchange feelings about music, politics, childrearing—about almost any thing—than about sex. Easier to discuss what we'd like for dinner than what we'd like for dinner than what we'd like to do and have done to us sexually. Easier to talk over what went right or wrong with a party we just gave than

what went right or wrong with a sexual experience we've just had. Easier to speak with our children about money, clothes, hair, drugs, than to speak with them about sex."

So, what must one do to become more sexually literate? (Can't you just see him now. The Eroit O' rator?) Our passionate pedagogue tells us, for instance, that we must get over our vocabulary hangups. Sex words, he reports, are still a threat. More of a problem, in some cases, in the saying than in the doing. The more vibrant four-letter words are easier used in anger than in the basic communication of arousal. Too early in life we learned that sex talk is dirly talk. And this shouldn't be. He says.

Well, the book is smoothly written. And he dress use just about all the four letter words this reviewer has ever heard. And we guess there's a point to it all. More effective communication between people (especially consenting adults) is always to be sought. But when the ticomes to winspering sweet words into the lily-like ears of our ladies, they ain't ogona be the same words we use on some red-eyed goon who's just creased our fender!

Now, there's got to be at least twenty ways to express—in American words—the act of sexual intercourse. And as long as the people involved understand what's being said, and meant, the actual words are really guite secondary. Cripes! Next thing you know some psychiatrist's going to be pedding a book on Semantic Impotence. (Do you have a wrinte vocabury, son?)

According to the publishers, Sex Talk does for speech what Body Language did for movement. Great. OK. Read the book. But don't hang it all on talk, baby. Your coital vocabulary's all yours and if it works, don't switch now.

Briefly The best laid plans are often screwed up by a careless word. Agreed. So, if you're tongue-tied at bed-time, this friendly guide may get you over the hump. Your choice—\$6.95 for the 150 page book, or a chilled bottle of wine.

Now that other book. The Love Game by Bill and Judy (Pinnacle Books) is it a book or a game? It's both. It's "the ultimate game for sensuous partners," according to the cover copy. The unique creation of a young New Jersey cought they've found it to be a modern way to have more fun sexually, achieve a deeper emotional relationship together, and add a real dimension of honesty and understanding to their lives.

At a quick glance the book looks like a colorful composite of strip-poker and touch therapy. The key to the whole thing is involvement. This is a book that's not only to be read, but to be done.

The book actually breaks up into 72 playing cards. The cards are in four colors, each color signifying a certain level in the romantic activities Part I is concerned with Talking Together. They're the green cards (i.e. "What is your favorite sexual fantasy that involves your partner? If you could have your wish, where and how would you most like to make love with your partner?") There are nine of these green cards for the players to use in asking questions of their partners. After each question is answered an article of clothing must be removed (self or otherwise) by each player. By the time all the greenies are played it should be nudesville

On to Part II, Touching Together. Here we have the yellow and orange cards. The female draws only yellow cards, the male only orange cards. (i.e. "Holding her sightly in your arms, dance together slowly for several minutes." "Fondle, caress, kiss and nibble her breasts".) "Those were the oranges. Here are a couple of yellows, ("Without touching, gently blows and stream of air over all of his sexy body." "While kissing, fondle and caress his sexilest area, repeatedly exciting him to the brink of ecstasy.") just dropped all my oranges, dear

Part III. Loving Together. Condition redl The color of the cards, that is. Either partner may draw the cards. Continue as long as the players wish. (Another Vitamin E, sweeties?) Here are two of the earlier cards (As he's sitting on a chair, make love while sitting on his lap, facing him. "Try making love while both of you are standing.") And on into the night.

Obviously, this book has got to be more fun than reading. Seriously, by combining the verbal and physical aspects of sexual communication the players become totally involved with each other. The game can be as romantic or as eroits as the players wish to interpret it. The cards merely serve as a gentle guide through the plateaus of love, and no well-read person shall find the material offensive. Otherwise stop at go and pick up your brighog cards. Marylou.

After Sex and The Single Girl, The Sensuous Woman, The Sensuous Couple, Dr. Kinsey, Dr. Reuben, Masters & Johnson, Group Sex, Sexual Maratinons and the whole Gay/Lez scene it's kinda nice to get back to good old-dashioned him and her together thing! After all, it's the oldest, bestest game there is:

Bnefly. This is the season, now is the time. Love is a many splendored thing, and this book/game will help you realize it all the more. Just in case your love life has fallen into a rut of sameness, this little package will score some groovy new paths to frolic in.

-Andrew Ettinger

# FILMS

On the heels of the tenth New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center, is the second annual New York Erotic Film Festival (November 7 through November 17th).

The idea was born in 1970 when Ken Gaul, the festival's founding father, resigned as managing editor of Screw and went to Amsterdam and spent a week soaking up cinematic culture at the Wet Dream Film Festival. Convinced that he could do a better job himself, he returned to New York and eventually got the backing to proceed.

The resulting first NYEFF broke box office records at four air houses and prompted the police to make four arrests in how weeks. Everyone from Norman Mailier to Clive Barnes of the New York Times came to Ken's defense and the authorities finally made a deal. A prominent critic referred to the festival as a major event not to be missed by any serious film buff. Not to the bust of characteristic humility, that it was indeed the best erotic film festival ever held.

Imagine, then, what lies in store for this year. In all probability, thanks to the wide coverage given by the media last year, an even more impressive lineup of quality cinematic erotica will be shown.

Judges include novelist William Burroughs, Screw editor Heidi Handman, Happy Hooker Xaviera Hollander, critic Kevin Sanders, novelist Terry Southern, and underground superstar Holly Woodlawn.

Opening the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center this year was Eric Rohmer's Chole in the Atternoon (L'Amour, L'Apres Mid). This film is a lascinating exploration of human relationships and is bound to strike a responsive chord in those who find themselves identifying with the principal characters.

Rohmer skillfully spins a web of gentie intrigue around the life of Frederic an attractive, young, middle-class businessma—who loves his wife, Helene, with propriety if not ardor, and who seems smugly content with tantasies of machismo, vaguely wishful recollections of first loves, and the burning excitement of yesterday's falling.

Until Chloe unexpectedly enters into his life. They were never lovers when they knew each other in the past, they didn't even especially like each other. Yet, gradually, a strange emotional bond develops between them, as they meet afternoons like the lovers they appear to be but aren't.

The personification of every bright,

fairly attractive, single girl with a a thousand-and-one hangups, Chiole is alternately charming, bitchy, demanding, and seductive. But she is always pragmatic and self-serving, in contrast to Frederic's naive romanticism. Her primary concern is Chiole. She is the aggressor throughout, yet he is her willing accomplice, always evading the inevitable confrontation.

But finally Frederic is faced with the necessity of making a decision. Will he or won't he?

Rohmer keeps us guessing until the very end. In the course of weaving this provocative tale, he's managed to create a film highly-charged with so-phisticated eroticism, using only flashes of nudity and absolutely no explicit sex scenes. And that takes real talent

Separate Peace is a mixed bag. Not that it's bady done. The photography is superb, the direction is skillful, and the meticulous recreation of the 1940s, both for the eye and the ear, is more than adequate. Perhaps the fault lies in the fact that, though the picture has all the flesh and bone, it's lacking in heart and soul.

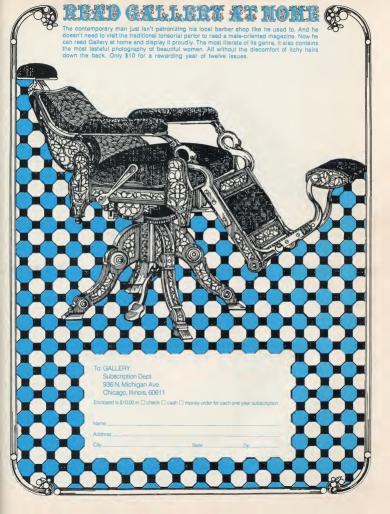
With the exception of John Heyl as Finn, the cast of mostly non-professionals never quite succeeds in convincing us that they are anything other than a group of boys trying to portray fictional characters. Only when they are on the playing field do they really come to life.

Like an iceberg, with only its top above the surface. Separate Peace hints at the plight of adolescents on the verge of being dragged prematurely into adulthood by forces beyond their conti—in this case, World War II. We see them as we ourselves once were, part ape, part angel, confused and troubled, brimming with hope, and teetering on the brink of despair.

Introduced via the flashback, the story's impending tragedy is tele-graphed from the very beginning, imparing a feeling of doom that never leaves, even during the lightest moments. It would have been a bomb in the hands of a less talented production team, but as matters stand it falls short of total success. If they gave awards for the category, Separate Peace could easily win top honors as one of the year's most depressing films.

-Bernhardt J. Hurwood







In the last decade, perhaps no American director has had such a significant effect on U.S. filmmaking as Hollywood's most gifted enfant terrible, Dennis Hopper, In Easy Rider, his anthem of the Aquarian Age, Hopper captured the imagination of a generation-while also demonstrating that lowbudget films could result in unprecedented, high-level profits: Produced at a cost of only \$425,000, Easy Rider had already grossed nearly \$50,000,000 prior to its re-release this fall. Additionally, the movie also rescued the sagging cinema careers of its three stars-Peter Fonda, Hopper and Jack Nicholson-all of whom had then seemed destined for screen anonymity. On the wave of the film's success, the trio of easy riders went their separate ways-Nicholson into Five Easy Pieces and stardom, and Hopper and Fonda writing their own tickets to direct and act in their own films. Of the three projects, the most eagerly-awaited was Hopper's The Last Movie. In fact, a full year before its release, such diverse publications as Life, Esquire and Rolling Stone had already devoted cover stories to it. Before The Last Movie opened in America it won the only prize presented at the 1971 Venice Film Festival, and all the ballyhoo seemed justified. But then, a funny thing happened on the way to an Academy Award: After brief and virtually unnoticed runs in two cities. The Last Movie was shelved by Universal International Pictures. Angry about the treatment accorded his film, Hopper expressed his ire in terms loud and clear enough to make him a movie industry outcast. However, since he's usually been in the studios' bad graces-and vice versa-it seemed nothing more than a matter of personal history repeating itself.

Born in Dodge City, Kansas on May 17, 1936, Dennis Hopper has long been one of Hollywood's most combative-and talented-film figures. At 18 he made his acting debut in Rebel Without A Cause, but two movies later his reputation as a troublemaker on the set caused him to be blacklisted in Hollywood. Locked out of motion pictures, Hopper developed a passion for painting, becoming an authority on the Italian and Flemish Renaissances. Employable again eight years later, Hopper began appearing in exploitation films such as The Trip, in which he co-starred with Peter Fonda, While Fonda was on a promotion tour in Canada for the movie. he telephoned Hopper in Los Angeles to suggest they make a film about two bikers who, after a big dope score, ride

from California to Florida, there to retire on an orange farm; before they can, however, two duck poachers shoot them. The result, considerably refined, was Easy Rider.

While the film marked the highpoint of Hopper's professional fortunes, it also marked the end of his eight year marriage to Brooke Hayward Hopper's second marriage, not long after, to Michelle Phillips of The Mamas and The Papas, lasted all of live days. "I was lucky." Hopper recently told a journalist. "It could have lasted five years." In 1970, he met Doria Halpern, the darklybeautiful star of Antonioni's Zabriskie Point, at the Belgrade Film Festival in Yugoslavia, and less than two years later Hopper became a married man for the third time.

To interview the fiercely independent filmmaker, Gallery sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Linderman to visit Hopper at his home in Taos, New Mexico. Reports Linderman, "The disparity between Dennis Hopper's public image and private personality is nothing less than startling. In place of the violent, unstable, but gifted megalomaniac he's usually depicted as, I met an engaging. outgoing guy who seemed almost serene; Hopper reminds me very much of a couple of former boxers I've known who, having reached unexpectedly gratifying points in their lives, no longer regret a single moment spent in the ring. Dennis and Doria live in a small two-story adobe house set a few minutes outside of Taos on a huge expanse of Indian land. Hopper was an early collector of Pop Art, and the walls of the place are solidly lined with the work of Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns, Bruce Connors and others, plus a good deal of Indian art as well. Doria keeps an electric percolator filled with coffee during the day, and after Hopper and I each poured a cup, we sat down in the living room to begin our conversation. The Last Movie was still very much on his mind, and provided a logical start for the interview:

GALLERY: After Easy Rider, you were being hailed as Hollywood's most brilliant young director, yet in the wake of The Last Movie, it now appears as if no studio will trust you with a film. Are you bitter about that?

HOPPER: It doesn't really bother me, because I expected it to happen the first time a film of mine stubbed its toe at the box office. I just didn't think it would happen with The Last Movie, which I thought was going to be a commercial success. What I do dislike is the impression I ripped off Universal Interna-

tional for a million dollars, which is what the film cost to make. I'm not the kind of artist who says, "I don't give a shit what I do with your money." I feel that if you do a painting, you should at least get back what the canvas and oils cost you. If you do the Sistine Chapel—not that I have with The Last Movie—you may not get the costs back the first year, but eventually enough people will see it and pay for it.

GALLERY: Are you hoping that will be the case with your film?

HOPPER: Right now, I don't see how that's possible, but it's got the makings of a good story. First, though, let me say that I'm not worried about The Last Movie being around when most of today's films are in dust bins. If only because of the award it won in Venice, the picture will have to be looked at again, I made what I considered an artistic film and I take full responsibility for it, and that includes responsibility for its not being a commercial success at this point. I convinced Universal there was an audience for the picture, and now I'm not so sure that's true. But that doesn't mean there won't be an audience for it. which is where the good story comes in: Often enough, you'll see a Citizen Kane ten years after it was first released and had lost money, which was also true of The Magnificent Ambersons. I could probably run down a heavy list of films we now think of as classics but that no one ever saw when they first came out. GALLERY: You consider The Last Movie to be in the same category as Citizen Kane and The Magnificent Ambersons?

HOPER: I really do. I've looked at the film countless times, and I wouldn't change a thing in it. The Last Movie wasn't something I just happened to do after Easy Rider. I'd been thinking about the film and wanting to make it since 1965, when I wrote the screenplay.

GALLERY: How did you originally get the idea for it?

HOPPER: In '65. I went to Mexico to make a Western, The Sons of Katile Elder, with John Wayne. The sets for that movie were right in Durango, where people were actually living, and I started to wonder and fantasize about what would happen to the place after we lett. People there would certainly relate to those sets and perhaps even start acting out the violence they saw taking place in front of the cameras. That was the original premise of The Last Movie, and I intended to film it in Durango. Instead, I wound up in Peru

GALLERY: What changed your mind? HOPPER: The Mexican govern\* Victory! "



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ment-they didn't like the screenplay at all. They thought I was making fun of the Indians, so they said I'd have to have a censor on the set and that I couldn't show children without shoes or in torn clothes-every kid was gonna have to look like a refugee from a Shirley Temple movie. I told 'em to forget it. But that brought up a real problem, because I wanted to do the movie in a country where I didn't speak the language, and I now had no idea of where to go. A friend of mine, a Mexican cameraman, advised me to go to Peru, and my first reaction to that was, "Peru? Man, like it's in the Amazon River, in the middle of a wet jungle, what the hell am I gonna do there?" But my great American knowledge of South America was overcome and we wound up filming there, in a little Indian mountain village called Chinchero. It was a beautiful and perfect setting for what I wanted to do.

GALLERY: Which was? HOPPER: To make a movie about a very simple premise: What is reality? Well, reality for me was going to a foreign country that's still living in the 1870's, where people are still riding horses and living rather primitively. Now I'm gonna come on the scene with ultra-sophisticated movie equipment, build a Western town in the middle of their reality, and suddenly Chinchero's gonna look like Santa Fe used to, and I'm gonna make a violent Western there. And then I'm gonna split, And I'm also going to say in the film that these villagers are now going to start acting out the violence they saw in the Western, except their cameras are gonna be made of sticks, and when they reenact the violence they're not going to know how to fake it: they'll have themselves a ritual of real killing. Well, what's the local priest's involvement in all this going to be, and how is this gringo stunt man-who stays behind waiting for another movie to be made there-going to relate to it? What if the Indians choose him as the person they're gonna sacrifice? I then pull out the rug from under all of this by saving,"Yeah, folks, but this is only a movie." I do that because it's just one more extension of reality, and if I don't. then I'd be lying, doing the very thing that I'm criticizing in the film. So, rather than killing the character I play at the end, I get up and stick my tongue out at the audience and say, "Fuck ya', I'm not going to die for you in this movie. I'm not going to do that because that would defeat the film's purpose, and only contribute to your fantasies." In a sense, at the end I really am telling the audience to fuck off, and at the same time asking a simple question about how filmmakers are going to deal with the kind

of control they have over audiences.

What are we going to do with it, how are we going to use it?

GALLERY: How strong do you think that control is?

HOPPER: When you think of a filmmaker, picture a guy with a cigar who has money and who will either produce a movie or won't. Well, that guy with the cigar will make any kind of film if he thinks it'll make money, whether it's a black Dracula movie or Shaft or Goldfinger or Peckinpah's Wild Bunch. But those are all violent trips that leave everybody walking around thinking they're James Bond. And if they're not James Bond, everybody thinks they're John Wayne, that there's a good guy



"It's just that I used to think people wanted to see different kinds of films and now I don't think they do, at least not on any mass level."

and a bad guy, and that the good guy can do anything he wants to the bad guy, including hitting him in the face with an axe handle, if he feels like it. If you see it in a movie, it must be okay, right? Then come the problems: If Duke Wayne can take the law into his own hands, why can't anybody else? Why can't Charles Manson? But if you really do some of the numbers Big Duke does in his films you find out they're against the law-as they have to be. And I just think that our filmmakers have helped spread a mass mentality in which people honestly think there's nothing wrong with killing some guy if, say, you find out he's raped your wife. Forget the law, it's cool to kill him. And that's not just talk: the American movie audience is there.

GALLERY: You sound as if you're down on both producers and audiences.

HOPPER: Not really. I think there's a lot of people who wait a while before they see a new film and would've come out to see The Last Movie, but unfortunately studios don't think in terms of future business. They think in terms of two weeks in New York and how much are you grossing, and then they open for two weeks in Los Angeles and when it doesn't do any business there they say, hey, it's not making any money. Let us re-edit it, let us change it around. But I'd signed one of the heavier movie contracts of our time, and they couldn't change my film at all.

around. But I'd signed one of the heavier movie contracts of our time, and they couldn't change my film at all. GALLERY: Had Universal International been as unhappy with The Last Movie

when they first saw it?

HOPPER: Absolutely. They wanted me to kill off the character I played no matter how I did it-whether I had a horse run over him or a camera fall on his head, they didn't care. Having decided they didn't like it, they also refused to pay my way to the Venice Film Festival, and didn't even want to let me take a print with me. But I insisted and paid my own way. When I got the prize and came back, they said, "We probably bought that for you," and when they found out they hadn't, they said, "Well, it doesn't mean a thing, anyway." And so they only budgeted \$25,000 to open the picture in New York. To open any film in Manhattan reasonably well you need at least \$50,000-for radio spots, newspaper ads and so on. You should have ads in the newspapers every day for at least a week before the film opens and then continue them every day during the first couple of weeks. For The Last Movie, Universal took out exactly one ad-on the day the picture opened. It broke box office records for the theater it opened in that day, but after that it didn't do any business at all. After two weeks of no business in New York and Los Angeles, the movie was shelved. GALLERY: What were the reasons Universal gave you for disliking your film? HOPPER: They said it made fun of the business and that the business was in bad enough shape as it is. They weren't too sure about it, but they also felt it was anti-American. In any case, they didn't want their name on the movie, so they decided not to release it in Europe or South America, And I found that really incredible: winning the Venice prize might not mean much here but I think that in Europe it would. I would also think that if the film were shown in Peru. where it was make, people would come see it whether they walked out liking it or not.

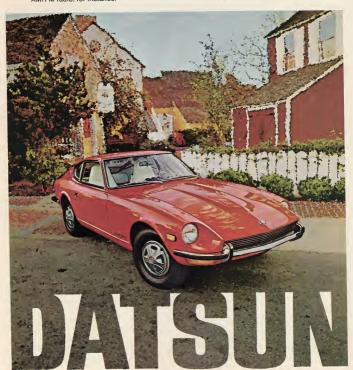
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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

GALLERY: Why do you think Universal felt the movie was anti-American?

HOPPER: They probably got up light because it doesn't show the American in a very good light. Actually, it shows him as a loud-mouthed fool most of the lime, which was something people didn't like, because they don't enjoy seeing themselves like that it's a very personal film for people seeing it, whether they like it or not, and people sometimes got up infuriated and demanded their money back.

GALLERY: Weren't most critics similar-

ly unimpressed?

HOPPER: Not in Europe, where the critics who saw it gave it fantastic reviews, some saying it was the best film ever made in America. Here, though, the reviewers laid me out. But most of the critics-like those on the New York Times. New York Daily News and New York Post-didn't review the movie as much as they reviewed Dennis Hopper; what an egomaniac he was, how he drove to and from his retreat in a Jaguar, how he was a weekend acid mystic, etc. They also said things like how they hoped Dennis Hopper's The Last Movie was a promise. Well, none of that had to do with the picture, and it was as if they had never seen the film itself. And although a lot of the guys at Universal no doubt agreed with them, one of the heads of the studio who collects art told me. "Look, I'll give it to you that it's an artistic film, okay? But what do we have to do, kill you to make it successful? Art is something that's successful only after a guy's dead." I laughed and said. "Don't tell me that, I'm a paranoiac." But their attitude was, yeah, it's art, but art doesn't make money. Art, they feel, is Van Gogh cutting off his ear and then dying, which makes for a good story, after which people buy his paintings. Otherwise, art isn't something that's readily accepted by the public, and I'm inclined to agree.

GALLERY: Perhaps that's true, yet when John Cassavetes made Faces on his own—which the studios hated—people responded to it and the film made a great deal of money.

HOPPER: But you're assuming that Faces is an art film, Cassavetes may feel that way, but I don't. I might as well include others in here as well-Burt Rafaelson, Peter Bogdanovich, Cassavetes, I don't think there's anything in any of their films that's revolutionary, that hasn't been done before. Of all their films, the only one that was courageous-and which was a box office disaster-was Rafaelson's Head, which did some really far out technical kinds of things. That doesn't mean that I didn't like Faces, The Last Picture Show and Five Easy Pieces. I did, yet none of them contain things that haven't been done a million times before by directors like Howard Hawks, Joseph Mankiewicz, George Stevens, John Ford and Henry Hathaway. As a matter of fact, those movies were going back to a 1940's concept of film as a human drama that says we go from here to there, that this will happen here and then we'll go on to the end.

GALLERY: Do you think your own Easy Rider differed from that formula?

HOPPER: I'm not saving Easy Rider was the most artistic film ever made, but those ride sequences contained a lot of things never before seen in a major feature film. And I was backcutting and direct cutting, when all the films of the day were superimposures, which I find rather banal. The point is, Easy Rider was innovative, and I don't think that the guys I've mentioned-Cassavetes. Rafaelson and Bogdanovich-are. If you use painting as a comparison to movies in seeking a definition of what is art. I would just say that once you become a third generation abstract expressionist painter you are no longer involved art. you are only involved in the school of de Kooning, Motherwell, Gottlieb, Franz Klein, and perhaps Pollack, Art. however, is something immediate, art is a fresh and new idea, and if you draw a hand, the hand's got to be holding something different. Art is involved in evolution and once it bogs down and you become imitative of a master, well, you're imitative of a master, period. You're no longer inventing anything. you're no longer contributing to the evolution of your art.

GALLERÝ: As far as film, though, you seem to be talking about what really do seem like technical innovations.

HOPPER: First of all, I don't use any technical trips in my camera. And, in editing, I don't superimpose-I don't lay one image over another-I just direct cut. But yes, innovating technically would have to be part of it and so would editing. What it finally comes down to is that art, whether it's painting or assembling or taking photographs or making films, is doing something that is yours. And not doing something Howard Hawks did in 1940. Today's directors are emulating Grapes of Wrath. Citizen Kane and several other films of the past. They're doing a traditional story, and the simpler they tell it, the better. That's fine as far as it goes, but to suddenly say that these are great filmmakers? I disagree. I think they have tremendous technique, but it's not even their own technique. That doesn't leave them as creative artists-it leaves them as imitators. They're not creating art like Last Year at Marienbad, 81/2 or any work comparable to Bergman's films, even if we go way back to The Seventh Seal. GALLERY: Why do you think films of

that nature are rarely attempted in America?

HOPPER: Because our directors are involved in giving the American movie audience what it wants to see. And America doesn't want to see Last Year at Marienbad, not really, nor does it want to see 81/2. Oh, there may be a select group that'll go see them-given the right amount of publicity and the fact they think they should see them-but that doesn't mean even 5% of the audience is gonna come close to understanding those films. Instead, a great deal of their enjoyment will be on the level of, "Wow, isn't he far-out!" And it's sometimes much easier to understand a European being far-out. No, people just want to see a strong, sentimental or rapidly-paced drama that will take them out of today's reality. It's not the Depression, maybe, it's not quite anywhere yet, but people don't want to even think about it too hard. All they want to go to the theatre for is to forget, to see escapist, opiate films-which is why people started going to movies in the thirties. Really, there isn't an audience in this country that wants to see anything beyond an entertainment film. GALLERY: Does that mean your own

GALLERY: Does that mean your own movies will be different in the future? HOPPER: As far as the films I make are concerned, I don't think I'm going to get away from an aesthetic trip unless I feel the subject is something that should really be told straight and simple. At the same time, though, I enjoy seeing good entertainment films. I don't see that many movies anymore, but a recent one that I liked a lot was The Godfather. GALLERY: Would you direct films like

that if they were offered to you? HOPPER: I'd want to act in them, but as far as my own filmmaking, no. Look, I really dig the work of people like Eisenstein, Renoir, Ford, Bergman, Fellini, Truffaut and Godard. You look at their films and something's always happening, they're always showing you new things, and that's what I want to do as a director. Yeah, I want to direct, but I want to direct my own movies, and it's going to be difficult for me to get financing because of The Last Movie. If I can come up with another Easy Rider story it probably won't be a problem, but if I have an aesthetic trip that looks as if it might be a commercial sequel to The Last Movie, well, forget it. Right now it seems to me the best way I can put together money to make my films is to act in entertaining movies and save up enough to finance them myself. So at this point I want to begin building a

name for myself as an actor, which is something I really haven't done. GALLERY: Do you think your acting skills haven't been recognized? HOPPER: I don't see how they could



































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have been. Easy Rider is the only film I had a major role in that's had wide exposure. And it's weird, but people identify me with Billy, the character I played. People really walk around thinking Dennis Hopper is that cat they saw in Easy Rider-and I'm not.

GALLERY: What are the main differences between you and Billy of Easy

HOPPER: I'm just not a Gabby Hayes-Ward Bond type of guy who's always shouting "We gotta keep movin', let's get goin'." I'm much quieter than that and much more sensitive to situations than Billy was. To me, it was just an acting job.

GALLERY: Peter Fonda, your cycle-riding buddy in the film, has stated that he feels you gave the best acting performance in Easy Rider. Do you agree?

HOPPER: I don't know about that, because as the director of the film I was trying to be very, very fair to Peter and to make him the star of the film. My idea was to show him as an aesthetic guy-looking into the light, touching a leaf, and so on-while keeping his lines down to a minimum so he'd become a strong, silent Gary Cooper-type dude with a lot of mystery going for himself. That was a part I'd much rather have played than Billy, the loud speed freak. Peter, of course, is a star and a very good actor; he was really fine in Easy Rider, and so was Jack Nicholson. Which was funny, because his was the only role I didn't cast-and I didn't want Jack to play the part.

GALLERY: Who did you want instead? HOPPER: A real guy who'd played football in Texas, I'd always known Jack was talented, but when I was casting Easy Rider, I didn't see him as a Southerner at all. Bert Schneider, the film's producer, hadn't asked me for a thing in the way of decisions on the movie, so when he wanted Nicholson I went along with it. I'm glad now that I did, believe me. Since then, of course, Jack's been in several big films, but after Easy Rider the only one I made was The Last Movie, which no one saw, so I don't feel people think of me as an actor-which is really what I was and what I am.

GALLERY: Are there any kinds of roles you especially want to play?

HOPPER: Specifically? I really don't know. Ljust did a film called Dime Box, Texas with Peter Boyle, Ben Johnson and Warren Oates, a social comedy about a one-horse town at the turn of the century, and I enjoyed it. I guess I don't have any set ideas about parts I won't play, either, because I think an actor should be able to function in any role he's cast-and that he should always try to be better than his material. I think you'll find that a good actor can take shit and turn it into gold, and if it's gold

to begin with, he'll turn it into purer gold. At the same time, he, too, should be concerned with advancing his art. Dustin Hoffman, for instance, is an excellent actor who's always trying new things. Sometimes they work and sometimes they don't, but he's always experi-

GALLERY: Does returning to acting in other people's films represent any kind of demotion to you?

HOPPER: No, it just seems like a way of securing a place for myself. If I'm going to continue to act in my own films, films that I'll write and direct, I would like to think people will want to see Dennis Hopper act. Audiences don't care who's written or directed a film nearly as much as who's up there on the screen, so to



and his approach, which, basically, was to give everybody the finger and go your own way."

give my own movies a better shot, I'm going to have to start working in a lot more films than I have.

GALLERY: Isn't the reason you've appeared in so few movies attributable to your being persona non grata at Hollywood studios almost since you started your acting career?

HOPPER: Yes, it is. The first two pictures I acted in I did with James Dean, and he had a tremendous effect on me. Jimmy was a Method actor who'd studied with Strasberg, as I did, and he really believed acting was the most important thing in life. And that bullshit directors were not going to tell him what to do, except for Elia Kazan, who was a Method director-and even he and Kazan had fights on East of Eden.

GALLERY: What was the advantage of

doing that? HOPPER: Jimmy would come on the set and literally give everybody the finger and make them his enemy-and then he wouldn't have to hear from the grips about how James Cagney would have played that scene or listen to all the advice a young actor would have to stand still for from the crew. Also, he'd been an extra when he was a student at UCLA, and he'd gotten nothing but rotten treatment from movie people during that time. His approach was to shut the door, don't bother with anyone, don't waste your time and energy coping with those kinds of trips; just get down to work, because the work was the important thing. In the morning when he'd come to work, you could say, "Hello, Jimmy," and he'd walk right by you. But it wasn't that he was ignoring you, he was already into his trip. And he took it very, very seriously. On the set of Giant he told George Stevens, the director, that he sometimes stayed up all night preparing for a scene scheduled to be shot the next day, and if Stevens didn't shoot it that day it was a day Jimmy had prepared for and was missing. And so for every day he was supposed to work and didn't, Jimmy was going to take a day off. He told Stevens he was using his senses and his emotions and that he wasn't going to be treated as a machine they could just turn on or off anytime they wanted to. He really had the courage of his convictions. GALLERY: Did the two of you become

close friends?

HOPPER: It wasn't a buddy-buddy hang-out thing, if that's what you mean, because he didn't have that relationship going with anyone. But he knew that I was really interested in acting and film, and it became sort of like student to teacher between me and Jimmy. He was 24 and I was 18 when we met making Rebel Without A Cause. I was very competitive as far as acting was concerned, and I really didn't understand what Dean was doing; I'd never seen anyone work that realistically and with that much imagination. One night on the "chickie run" in Rebel, I grabbed him and threw him into a car and said. "Like, I want to know what you're doing. 'Cause look, I can't even understand what you're doing." And so he ex-

GALLERY: Was it complicated?

plained how he worked.

HOPPER: It was really simple, man. He just told me to do something and not to show it. He said, "If you're smoking a cigaret, smoke the cigaret and don't act smoking a cigaret. If somebody knocks on a door and comes in and has a gun in his hand, you don't have a big, quick reaction; you turn, you have to see the guy, then the gun, and then you know what's happening, and maybe you get

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up to tell a joke and dive out the window or whatever. But you have to do something and not show it." In the beginning it suddenly becomes very difficult to smoke a cigaret or drink a cup of coffee when you're conscious of it and don't want to be, but pretty soon you can break through and get on to other things. Jimmy started to watch me act without me knowing it, and he'd come and tell me when he thought I was good and when he thought I wasn't. He taught me a lot

GALLERY: Was Dean as emotionally disturbed as the press made him out to

he? HOPPER: Jimmy had emotional problems, but he would justify them as part of his work. For example, in Texas one time he was doing an outdoor scene in Giant with Elizabeth Taylor and he was very nervous. About 5,000 people were roped off 100 yards away from the cameras, and they'd come from all over Texas to see Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor, because nobody knew who James Dean was at that point. And he was kind of shaky, because this was his first scene with Elizabeth Taylor. Suddenly, while the cameras were rolling. he just walked off about halfway to the people, pulled out his cock and pissed. And then went back and played the scene. When we were driving back that night I told him, "I try to justify everything you do, man, but that's getting a little far out, you know?" And Jimmy said, "Look, I was nervous, I couldn't do the scene, and you can't work with your senses when you're nervous. I had to pee and I figured if I could do it in front of all those people then I could come back and do anything in front of that camera." He got the scene in one take, incidentally

GALLERY: What effect did Dean's death have on you?

HOPPER: An incredible one. I just couldn't believe it. I was very hung up on Napolean and people like that and ideas like destiny and similar trips young guys sometimes go through -and I just couldn't understand how Jimmy Dean could die at age 24. It was really a heavy number and screwed me up for years afterwards. He was the most talented guy I've ever seen, and I mean in every area; Jimmy was a talented writer, a talented sculptor, a talented actor-there didn't seem to be anything he couldn't do. After Jimmy died it was as if somebody who'd been protecting me was gone-I was on my own now and had my own fights. It had been a lot easier when Jimmy was alive for me to stand up to a George Stevens and say, "Hey look, I'm gonna do this scene my way." He'd say, "You been watchin' that Dean again! You guys are screwin' me 28 up!" But once there wasn't a Dean around I had to go thru the whole trip. what he went through. It's common knowledge, you know, that if Kazan hadn't used Dean for East of Eden we wouldn't have seen Jimmy act, because by then the movies didn't want him and he'd been blackballed on Broadway and on television. I'd already made a start in that direction myself: I was blacklisted at one studio before I'd ever been in a movie

GALLERY: Which one?

HOPPER: Columbia Pictures. That was the result of an interview I had with Harry Cohn, one of the last of the old style movie tycoons. I was 18 then, and had come to Los Angeles only a few months before hoping to break into pictures. At the time, and until I met James Dean, there was no question in my mind that I was the best actor in America. When I was 14 I was playing Shakespeare at the Old Globe Theatre in San Diego, and did that until I was 18 and graduated from high school. Anyway. when I got to L.A. I tested for the role of an epileptic on a Medic TV episode, got it, and when the show was televised on January 5, 1955, five studios wanted to sign me to a contract. I was asked to see Cohn at Columbia and I was nervous as hell when I met him. He started telling me what a realistic actor he thought I was, and then he asked me what I'd done before Medic. When I told him about the Shakespeare, he said, "My God. I didn't realize that, Well. I'll have to send you to school for six months to take all the Shakespeare out of you. I thought you were realistic, but obviously I made a mistake." At that point I stopped sweating, stopped looking at a crack in the ceiling, and told Harry Cohn to go fuck himself. He banned me, and the first time I ever worked at Columbia was when I came off the road with Easy Rider and edited

GALLERY: By the time Giant appeared, you'd gotten a reputation as a bright young talent-and also as a troublemaker who enjoyed feuding with motion picture studio brass

HOPPER: I don't know who was feuding with who, but I was banned from all the big studios right after that for eight vears

GALLERY: Why?

HOPPER: For being difficult. In a picture I did for Henry Hathaway, From Hell To Texas, I walked off the set three times. Hathaway insisted on giving me every line reading and every gesture, and you can't work in a Method way like that. The first thing you learn in Method acting is that the lines aren't the important thing, it's whether you're feeling something or not, and not the way the words are coming out. And you certainly don't do conscious gesture tripsthey're supposed to be coming out of you and not something you've preconceived. Hathaway, though, wouldn't let me act that way, and I'd fought him all through the picture. Finally, it was my last day of shooting, and my last scene was a 10 line thing. I came on the set and Hathaway, pointing to a few stacks of film cans, said, "You know what those are? I have enough film in those cans to work for a month. We don't have to go to lunch or dinner or anything, because I own 40% of this studio. We're just going to sit here until you do this scene exactly as I tell you. Every word is going to be read the way I want it read, and every gesture is going to be done the way I want it done. This is your last scene, and you can end your career right here or we can get it on the first take. Now this is the way I want it ..

tle note finder, he began reading every line the way he wanted me to deliver it Which I refused to do. I'd been loaned out to 20th Century-Fox by Warner Brothers, and a couple of dozen takes later Jack Warner had been called to the set-and was giving me advice: "What the hell are you doing? Do the goddam scene! Are you crazy? What are you ruining your career for?" But I just kept it up. There were about 78 takes, and I did them 78 different ways. Finally, after eight hours of that, I broke down and asked Hathaway to tell me again how he wanted it played. I did it. walked out, and didn't work in a major studio again for eight years.

GALLERY: Did you hold Hathaway to blame for your being blacklisted? HOPPER: All I can tell you is that I went from wanting to kill Henry Hathaway to really wanting to work for him again. I got to thinking that the only way I could hurt him would be to act in one of his films and do everything he said. And what's still strange to me is that eight vears later Hathaway asked for me and hired me to play a similar kind of part in The Sons of Katie Elder. But by then I understood his film technique and realized the man knows what he's doing but has no idea of how to tell you about it. I'd become a student of Hathaway's films after our run-in, and after watching them I noticed something: Hathaway never moves his camera. He almost always uses stationary shots. And what he can't explain is that because his camera doesn't move, the actor must. I also realized, when I saw From Hell to Texas, that I was the worst thing in the movie. I may have been doing the best work, but it was completely out of context with the rest of the film, and I wound up thinking I should have fitted into it. Eight years

later, Hathaway calls me in like

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# fiction By DONN PEARCE

# a bottle of beer, a hundred dollar bill and thou

Whitey nodded his head and made a slight, rotating motion with one hand. As she moved around the end of the bar, carrying a tray, he made that broad, leering smile, the thick, blond mustache stretched over his wide mouth. As she put the bottle and glasses on the tray, he leaned over and touched her knee, his fingers sliding up her thigh beneath her skirt. She glared at him, stepped aside, wiped off the table with a damp towel and went back to the bar. While she was getting his drink, he took out his wallet, pulled back the flap over a secret compartment and removed a carefully folded, hundred dollar bill. The girl returned and took the beer and the short glass half full of whiskey off her tray. She hesitated until he made a motion of invitation, then reached for the local money strewn on the table. He leaned over and growled quietly.

Listen. What time do you get off? We could go and have a drink and then I could take you home. How about it?

The girl looked at him, took some change from her apron pocket and put it on

Oh, yeah, You don't understand a word. But you know what I want alright. Here. This, you'll understand, See? For you, Ba-bee, Hokay? You savvy Amerikanisch dollar-o?

He stretched the bill horizontally, pinching the two upper corners and holding it in front of his face.

How much is this in Slobbovian gazoonies? Huh? About a month's pay. Right?

The girl's lips tightened. Her jaws clenched as she turned to go back to the bar. He watched her, studying the contours and the swing of her buttocks. He drank some of the whiskey and then the beer, wrapping the hundred dollar bill around his middle finger and making a tight cylinder that sprang apart when he let go of the end. Raising his chin with a defiant leer, he continued to play with the money, looking up to see if the man and the woman sitting at the bar were still peeking at him in the mirror. He made a tapering cone around the end of his finger, rolling the bill lengthwise, twisting the end so it would retain its shape. Wiggling his finger, he touched his glass and tickled his nose with it. Gently, he bit the sharp end of the green taper and held it erect and vertical, rapidly, quivering. The man at the bar started to smile but picked up his glass and sipped his drink. The woman turned her eyes away and again began to fidget with her earring.

Whitey picked up the whiskey and sipped it. Pursing his lips, he swallowed, reaching over to pour the beer. With his left hand he pulled the adjacent chair closer, put one foot on the rung, hunched lower in his seat and leaned back.

When the girl got back to her place behind the bar, she changed the station on the small transistor radio, playing with the dial. The woman murmured something to the man. He spoke to the girl in that pleasant, controlled accent. The girl smiled at him and went into the back kitchen.

The girl returned and put the plate on the bar, glancing at the large diamond ring on the woman's hand as she picked up the knife and fork and began cutting the sandwich into small pieces. She ate with slow and careful motions, looking into the mirror behind the bar, watching the seaman as he slouched at the table, his white cap pulled down over his right ear. The girl saw the direction of the woman's glances. She turned her back and adjusted the radio dial, delicately turning up the volume to a very precise level. The man swung his knees away from the bar and crossed them. He ordered another scotch. He pulled the sleeve of his shirt out of 33





the jacket and fingered the cuff link as he looked up into the mirror.

The man checked the knot in his tie and ran his hand over his hair. The girl served his drink. Again the man stared at the reflection of the seaman, studying his big hands and big shoulders, the way he twirled his glass. His shirt was wide open and he hadn't shaved.

Whitey looked at the dried green paint under his fingernails, biting off a small sliver of calloused skin at the corners and spitting it out. He gulped down some whiskey and then swallowed some beer. Twisting one foot in a circle, he stared down at the action of his ankle and then shifted, the old varnished chair squeaking. With the thumb of his left hand, he stroked his mustache, first the left side and then the right. He heard a ship's whistle somewhere out in the harbor. He looked at his watch, lit up a cigarette and squinted his eyes, his lips in a hard line as he blew out the match from the corner of his mouth. He finished the whiskey and chased it with some beer. He scratched his mustache with the tip of the rolled hundred dollar bill.

The woman finished the sandwich and laid her knife and fork neatly across the plate, dabbing lightly at her mouth with the linen nagkin. She sipped her drink, running the tip of her tongue swittly over her upper lip. She glanced up in the mirror. As she flidgeted with the catch on her left earring, she blinked her eyes very rapidly.

But the man and the woman had already gone when the day girl arrived at six o'clock. The barmaid checked the cash drawer, glancing at the seaman who was still sprawled at the table, the hundred dollar bill stuck upright in the mouth of the beer bottle. She went into the kitchen and came out wearing a tan raincoat with the collar up, a thin nylon scarf tied over her head. Looking down, she walked to the door. Whitey snatched the hundred dollars out of the bottle, ironed it flat over his thigh with his fingers and put it back in his wallet. He stood up. Putting on the yellow oilskin slicker draped over the back of his chair, he scooped the loose bills and change off the table and stuffed them in his pocket, gulped down the last of the whiskey and buttoned the slicker as he went out.

The girl was across the street at the tramway stop, her feet close together, her hands in the pockets of the raincoat, watching him as he swaggered slowly towards her. She looked away, tightening the scarf under her chin and adjusting the collar of the coat. When the street car stopped, Whitey got on behind her. She put three coins on top of the conductor's counter. He pushed two buttons on his small, portable ma-

chine and tore off a ticket. Whitey handed him a bill; looking sheepish when the conductor asked him a question. He repeated the question. Whitey shrugged and leered, raising his chin toward the girl who had taken a seat and was looking out the window. The conductor addressed her, gesticulating and holding up the banknot. Reluctantly, she got up and went back to the counter, paying for Whitey's ticket. Returning to her seat, she looked out the window as Whitey at down, crossing his legs, his hands in his lap, smiling at the people who looked at him with a dull curjosity.

The street car clattered through the city, its gong insistent at traffic intersections, the bell ringing intermittently when passengers wanted to get off. Whitey watched the serious gray faces sitting around him, the early jam of trucks and cars in the streets. He looked at the incomprehensible signs and billboards. Taking out a cigarette, he was about to light it when the girl touched his arm and shook her head, glancing quickly at the old woman with the heavy cotton stockings over her swollen legs and ankles who kept staring at them. The girl pouted her lips and stared through the window, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of the raincoat.

They got off the street car and began to walk up a steep hill, passing several factory workers, each one glancing at the yellow silcer, at the white cap and at the girl. They turned left at the corner, whitey following her up the narrow street, the doors all of varnished wood, the roofs pointed and covered with red tilles, each front window with its box of lowers. The girl furned off the sidewalk. Whitey waited as she took a small proot out of her pocket, removed a key and in one quick motion, unlocked the door, opened it, stepped inside and slammed

Whitey pinched his nostrils together, then rubbed them with his knuckles. He wiped his mustache with two strokes of his thumb, opened his slicker to dig the cigarettes out of his pocket and walked away. He had struck a match and wo holding it in his cupped hands when he heard the door latch click open. But he little teigarette, tilpped the match into the gutter and inhaled deeply before he turned to look back.

The girl was peering at him through of whe narrow gap. He stood with his six weight on one foot, one hand in his pants pocket, the slicker open. His head was tilted back, framed by the white cap, his eyes squinted in the to-bacco smoke. The girl stepped behind of the door. Slowly, it opened wide. Whitey hesitated and then sauntered back and went inside.

The girl shut the door and locked it.

He followed her through the small living room and the tiny kitchen. In the bedroom, she stood in front of a dresser, looking at herself in the mirror, her coat still buttoned, the scarf still in place. Then she whirled around, her mouth

hard, her hand held out flat. Whitey smirked. He put the cigarette between his front teeth, took out the hundred dollar bill and held it up by the corners. Humming the waltz, Around the World in Eighty Days, his fingers fluttering like beating wings, moving the bill around the room in swoops and dives. The girl didn't move, her hand steady. Gradually, the butterfly swooped closer, teasing, promising, undecided, until it gently landed flat on the palm of her open hand. The girl frowned at the face on the banknote. Turning around, she pulled open one of the dresser drawers, shoved the bill under some clothing, slammed the drawer shut and leaned against it, her hands behind her back. Whitey scowled. He took the cigarette out of his mouth, stroked his mustache with his thumb and snarled at her in a deep, vibrant, clear command.

Alright, baby. You've had your fun.

Now, let's fuck. Neither of them moved, glaring at each other, breathing deeply. Whitey stubbed out the cigarette in a glass ash tray on the night table. He took off the slicker and tossed it toward a chair, sat down on the bed and kicked off his loafers. He removed his black woolen shirt and tossed it after the slicker, not noticing when it missed and slid to the floor. He stood up. He unzipped his fly and stepped out of the Frisco jeans, letting them fall in a heap. He stood there naked, calmly looking at the girl who hadn't moved.

Pulling the covers completely off the bed, he lay down on his back, crossing his ankles, tilting the white cap down over his eyes. Adjusting the pillow under his head, he squinted at the girl who whirled with a sudden movement, pulled open the dresser drawer and ran her hand under the piles of clothing, feeling for the hundred dollar bill. When she touched it, she stopped, looking at herself in the dresser mirror. Gradually, her fingers relaxed and she withdrew her hand. She closed the drawer, untied the scarf, removed the raincoat, opened the closet and hung it on a hanger. She pulled the dress over her head and hung it on another hanger. She pulled off her slip and draped the shoulder straps on a hook on the door. She went back to the dresser and stared at herself in the mirror. Hesitating, she looked at the reflection of Whitey's face,



"Oh no-here comes that goddam pimp again! . . ."



"Orson Welles is an animal made for the screen and the stage. When he steps before a camera, it is as if the rest of the world ceases to exist. He is a citizen of the screen."

Malles was always Somewhere in Europe during the four-year I spent-writing my book about him, so I naver tried to a raine a meeting. But in the summer of 1970, when he book was virtually completed. I fermed that he was in New York City. By the time into letter arrived, hough, he was doing again. Then he was supposed to come to Chicago, but he idn't! I began to wonder if Orson Whites, wasn't resilts a pseudonym for Howard Hughes. In August I went to Hollywood (surely the last piace Mallay could be to Interview John Ford and Jean Renalt, the other

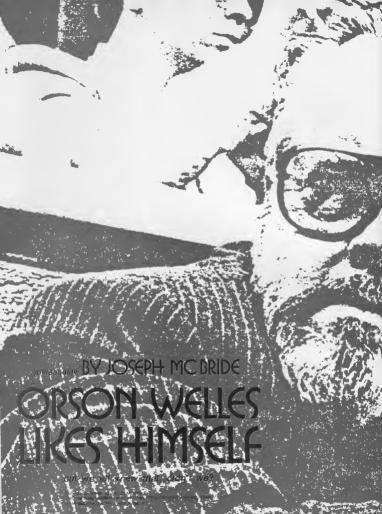
In August I went to Hollywood (surely the last place Malles only by a confidence with Ford and Jean Renot; has place with a land the property of the surely of the surely

antitled This is of ran it clear, I wented-Walker i pritted house ingin in the Cox Angeles hillier they may lyining in the layer, swather in a massive while sill decessing own that made in ordered property of the control of the con encouraging (how couldn't it be?), the laugh swells and begins: to ogther force, like a typhoon, until his features are dissolved into a mask of Falstafflan delight. Still, the laugh is ingratiating, not intimidating, for Welles keeps a slight porfor of that eve fixed on his companion.

Nistors were offered Wellesian cigars (seven inches long, by my measure) from a box on the plano. When there was temerity, Welles would hisist, Soon there would be four office miniature Orsons trunding around the house. It is orand ast down to talk with a man who, a few hours belone,

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Welles had a good time puncturing my litusions. He posed the same for being so absorbed in movies. The never board so the said said to be said





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o of my three favorite directors. My stay was almost over the interest the live live was a couple of miles away, ap-ing on Dean Martin's levision show.

Set plocked tips to group and chilled him, he invited me to the involve and mentioned him he was set out to start should get a set in the result of the set of the se

Several years before, this would be a permutation of the earlier script, he said.

After spending an evening discussing the mysteries of Welles' career with Peter Bogdanovich, the young writer. 

Welles laughs, he starts slowly, cocking an eye towards hi chinipanion, watching his response. When the resp encouraging (how couldn't it be?), the laugh swells and

begins to gather force, like a typhoon, until his features are dissolved into a mask of Falstafflan delight. Still, the laugh is ingratiating, not intimidating, for Welles keeps a slight portion of that eve fixed on his companion.

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d sai down only as a figure of legend. Welles had a good time puncturing my illusions. He poked were had a good time purcturing in industries place up along to being so absorbed in movies. "I've never been excited by movies as movies the way i've been excited by nagic or buildighting or painting." he said. "After all, the

get." So much, I suppose, for my theory, but tant pis anyway.

Watching Welles work the next day, I realized something about him I had known but had never really understood. He genuinely lives for the moment. Though he takes great care with each detail of his work, he jumps at every chance to add something new, something unexpected, to his prior conceptions. "Movies should be rough," he told me.

"Movies," said Welles in 1970, "should be rough." But he began his movie career in 1940 by making a fanatically precise objet d'art which left not the tiniest detail to chance.

It was the perfect mirror-image for a man of the theatre who had found him-self world-famous at the age of twenty-three. Now was the time to explore the surfaces of illusion. The newspaper magnate Charles Foster Kane creates a world in his own image; when the image is shattered, nothing is left but vanity and death.

Kane is ostensibly an attempt to resolve the complexities of a legendary man's character—it unfolds as a search for the meaning of his dying word. "Rosebud"—but it is actually a piece of prestidigitation which makes the character disappear behind a flourish of artifice and mystery. At the end, the secret to Kane's personality is as hermatically sealed as the snowy image inside the glass ball which he drops, and shatters, when he dies at the beginning.

Like The War of the Worlds, Kane has tended to overshadow its creator's subsequent achievements, those "rougher" works which go beyond the tricks of theatre to a more intimate exploration of character. Welles was trying to make the Last Word in movies, looting Hollywood for its finest techniques and technicians to build himself an immortal monument. It is the scope of his youthful presumption which keeps Kane perpetually fresh and exciting.

Though there has been a surprising amount of pussylooting around the subject. Kane's resemblance to William Randolph Hearst was obvious to most viewers when the film appeared, and a reading of W. A. Swanberg's excellent Citizen Heart will reveal the extent to which the film borrows from the life of "the great yellow journalist."

Welles has confined himself to ironic comments—e.e. "Some fine day, if Mr. Hearst isn't frightfully careful, I'm going to make a film that's really based on his life" (1941) and "Kane would have liked to see a film on his life, but not Hearst—he didn't have quite enough style" (1965).

Hearst, it seems, greatly enjoyed seeing his life dramatized on the screen. It is reported that he owned a print and showed it to his friends. The son of a former Hearst executive told me that, at the yearly San Simeon conferences, the executives would great Hearst with "How's old Citizen Kane?" and he would get a big kick out of it.

Apparently Hearst's somewhat haifhearted approval of Louella Parson's attacks on Kane was in deference to Marion Davies, who understandably was bothered by the unsparing depiction of Susan Alexander Kane and reportedly referred to the film as "that 9-9-g-goddam Cilizen Kane."

Kane is of course an autonomous dramatic character, existing apart from any reference to Hearst, but there is value in noting where the characters of Kane and his proto-type intersect, and where they diverge. Interestingly, it is where they diverge that the film most resembles autobiography. Hearst, for example, lived with his parents until he was nineteen and continued to see them, but Welles' mother died when he was eight-Kane's age when Thatcher takes him from Mary-and his father when he was thirteen. Again Welles shies from the comparison ("I had no Rosebuds"), but there are more points of contact than he will acknowledge.

There has also been a long-standing controversy over the authorship of Kane's script. It flared up again when Pauline Kael published a long article in The New Yorker claiming that Herman J. Mankiewicz, who shared the screenplay credit with Welles, was in fact almost entirely responsible for the script from idea to final draft.

Miss Kael admitted to me that she had deliberately avoided talking to Welles or his partisans, so I asked Bogdanovich to give concrete evidence on Welles' side of the dispute. "Kael's Kane," he replied, "is so studded with errors it would be impossible to fill you in quickly. I have a sworn statement. written at the time, from Richard Barr-associate producer on Kane, now a Broadway producer-which clearly explains how the project came into being. It was Orson's original idea-and Barr recounts how Welles wrote, rewrote, and changed the script as it went along. This affidavit-which Barr reread a few weeks ago and again certified one hundred percent true-will appear in my book. Since Kael talked to Mankiewicz's secretary, I talked to Orson's. Miss Katherine Trosper. She said if Orson Welles didn't write a word of Kane, she wondered what all that dictation was which she took before and during production."

John Houseman, who worked as Mankiewicz's editor during the scriptwriting, can hardly be described as a Welles partisan. Welles recently described him as "an old enemy of mine," but Houseman said in 1989 that after he and Mankiewicz finished their work: "Orson took over and visualized the script. He added a great deal of material himself, and later he and Herman had a dreadful row over the screen credit. As far as I could judge, the co-billing was correct. The Citizen Kennes script was the product of both of Kennes script was the product of both of

them."
The ironic part of the controversy is that, in the end, it doesn't much matter what exact percentages of the script Welles and Mankiewicz wrote. Miss Kael herself acknowledges that the greatness of the film is in the direction: "Kane does something so well, and with such spirit, that the fullness and completeness of it continue to elate us. The formal elements themselves produce elation; we are kept aware of how marvelously worked out the ideas are."

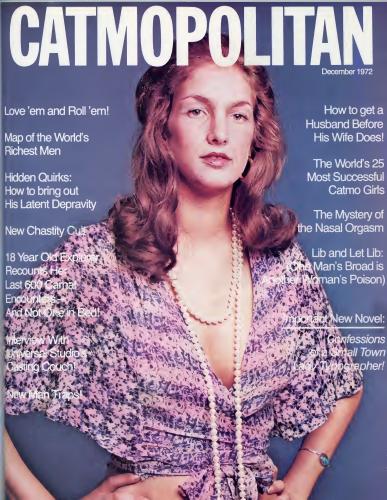
The final version of the script is a model of screenwriting, for it doesn't attempt to direct the film on paper; it reads almost like a play, setting each scene briefly, with a few atmospheric suggestions, and following with dialogue and a minimum of technical notes. If it is true, as Houseman has said, that Kane's "conception and structure were...essentially Mankiewicz's," it is also true, he added, that "Orson turned Kane into a film; the dynamics and the tensions are his, and the brilliant cinematic effects-all those visual and aural tensions that add up to make Citizen Kane one of the world's great movies-those were pure Orson Welles.

I asked Welles if he had been working on the script of The Other Side of the Wind when I had walked in he laughed and said there wasn't any script, the film would be improvised. Seeing my surprise, he said that he had written a script which would have run for nine hours on the screen, but had put it aside because he realized that he was writing a nove.

"I'm going to improvise out of everything I know about the characters and the situation," he said.

He had a large cardboard box crammed with notes sitting next to his typewriter.

was restless in my hotel that night. My only previous "acting" experience had been a walk-on in one of my own films which was flubbed because I had misjudged the depth of field and walked so close to the lens that I came out as a blur. I had also appeared in two cindma-





ENGAGEMENT RING ... FOR ANYONE YOU'D CARE TO RNGAGE HACIC LASE BEAM SIGNAL RING CONCEALED IN YOUR BIRTHSTONE! CONTAINED POWER BEAM SIGNAL RING CONCEALED IN YOUR BIRTHSTONE! CONTAINED RESERVED THE RESERVED HACI CONTAINED RESERVED THE RESERVED RESE

### TRAP YOUR MAN AND HOLD HIM!



AUTHENTIC BEAR TRAPS, HAND-CUFFS, HOOKS, TORTURE DEVICES, LASSOS, NOOSES, STOCKS, ALL ANIMAL TRAPS, CAGES, PRISON IN-STALLATIONS, ETC. SEND FOR CATA-LOGUE. WRITE "TRAPS," c/o CAT-MOPOLITAN MAGAZINE PRODUCT DIVISION. DECEMBER 1972

# CATNOPOLITAN Editorial Offices: 812 South 69th Place, Queen's Park,



Editorial Offices: 812 South 69th Place, Queen's Park, Idaho, 0069. Published since 1493 by Puritans.

Over photograph of Helen Girlle Scalet by Frank Spaghetti Gluich release wagh-around biouse by Tengers Storme Decaletion. Pearls by Hong Kong Harold. Earlings by Woolworts. Makeup by Edward Cosmetics, "Squeeze-me-blue" by Reviora, "Signitume" by Max Fastet "Tru-grif" fall describe by Textoco." "In Stime" body conditioner by Sy Moneyes Haupthy expression by H.G.S. Cleavege contoured by Frederics of Hollywood. Harstyle by Abby Hotthern.

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### SLITHER INTO MY LAIR -MY LOVLIES!

☐ HI-once again to the most devine, precious. adorable, most respectable ladies in the land... MV READERS! Time to cuddle up clutching another juicy-ouicy issue of EVERY WORK-ING GIRL'S OFFICIAL MAGAZINE! Without CATMOPOLITAN-why goshyou wouldn't have anything to read. What else brings you all the latest CATMOPOLITAN® scoops...plus practical information, peeks at the competition and hints for reviving your tactics in the field. Granted-there ain't any NEW tricks...but all my brainy CATMO-POLITAN GIRLS know our ever reliable old tricks have to be constantly polished and updated. Or we'll end up with no 'TRICKS.' And nobody wants to work at some other profession for a living ... do they? (Longer hours, less money and not nearly as much fun... eleccgh to straight jobs!) I know I sound scolding and repetitious...and lots of our articles sound the same...but I can't STRESS MY ORDERS HARD ENOUGH AND OFTEN ENOUGH AND BEAT IT INTO YOUR GUSHY LITTLE OFFICE GIRL HEADS OR ROMANTIC, CONFUSED PLAYGIRL HEARTS...OUT IN THAT CRUEL CRUEL WORLD ... WHERE IT'S EVERY GIRL FOR HERSELF...ONLY THE CATMOPOLITAN GIRL COMES HOME WITH THE CANDY!

It's the purpose of this magazine to drive home the FELINE PHILOSOPHY! Every MAN is a mark...a sponsor...a husband...a sugar daddy...a 'live one'...a bearer of assorted gifts and cash. THE EXACT TITLE IS INSIGNIFICANT...AND ONLY DEPENDS ON WHAT IMPRESSES YOUR FRIENDS. Call him what you like, or what he likes.JUST MAKE SURE HE PAYS THE BILLS!

The only thing MAN respects is what he pay for. And even though he insists otherwise — HE LOVES TO BE TAKEN!

Need I remind you again of all those sweethearts you've made yourself available to... waited for ... catered to ... served lovally because you were afraid TO ASK FOR MA-TERIAL THINGS .... afraid YOU'D LOSE HIM! Yet these very same men you adore and serve often wine, dine, pursue and generously court what you and all your friends agree is usually a "cheap, no-good, insignificant little hustler!" who doesn't deserve him! She's only trying to "TAKE HIM FOR ALL HE'S GOT" and she's gloriously succeeding! While you're home crying and waiting over piles of unpaid bills. That's why you silly willies have to read CATMOPOLITAN....so you can get smart and start behaving like that "cheap little hustler"...or however you referred to her (HO HUM) That's where it's all at - baby!

Why should those dumb little dips have the pick of the crop and everything they want while gorgeous, fascinating, intelligent, generous, considerate, marvy-poo you...suffers, always loses and continues to GIVE IT AWAY! NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

So I'm forced again in each issue to also become a meanie ole disciplinarian and lead you on that shortcut paved with riches and delights... no matter how hard you resist!

Once you've trapped a man or men—or someone to support your habits—then you can cheat and carry on and support all the worthless, no-good, rotten studs you like—if that's your habit—BUT NEVER BEFORE YOUR FI-NANCIAL SECURITY IS SECURE! GOT IF?

Oh, I just hate all this iccky poo tough stuff ... but one day you'll learn, I hope, and thank me forever! (Keep those lifetime subscriptions coming in!)

In this heavenly January issue we greet the new year with the same doe shifty-poop problems (nothing changes after January first but on those start flips). January is always such a nummy-hummer leddown morth. After months of energetic plotting and saving for those holiday and New Year's dates and parties, you all media area. But such is life in our meanie-pooh ole world where, in order to survive best and have the most from We NEED ODDLES OF MONEY, which is a snap if you know HOW TO WORK AND PLAY A MAN' OOPSIE DAISY! Did it again! Another warning! I do sound like a drip at times!

So while you're recuperating through January, you might brush up on your lovemaking techniques! The act of love is nothing more than an act. And you better have a good one! Always keep in practice—on yourself or whatever you can pick up to practice on! Practice makes perfect!

And even if you're lousy in bed, or if he is, every man loves a little felions feltatiot This is where oodles of EXPERTISE really matters! (And the competition is getting keener and more vicious by the second now with all sexes in the ring.) We were fortunate in this issue to bring you tips from the world's foremost authority. Samanthabelle Tarwardy (oh those silver-tongued southern belles).

We also feature in this issue a yummy, spicy array of between sex snacks brinming with healthy aphrodisiacs to last through the night that make it a pleasure to cat between meals. (I must admit—I snack into our EXPERIMENTAL KITCHEN and abducted a few snacks to try at home. It was worth missing two whole days that week! HMMMMM!.

Love is a very costly and luxurious habit hat few have the time and money for I've seen my naughty CATMOPOLITAN GIRLS, the matter time after time, fall in what they think is—love mends to suffering and slave wages. For you noodle doodles who prefer slavery, who are monly interested in suistlying your own selfish, personal lusts with love or some other form of torture... and willing to SACRIFICE MONEY for needless suffering—turn to our new column PPLANTATION TALK" by Dr. Gerald Coutre who tells you how to loosen those shack-less of fluid their cones, (Page 27).

I've received thousands of letters about our very controversial "THREE IS NEVER A CROWD. THE MORE THE MERRIER" article, and it really impressed me that you novices are transcending old petty schoolgirl notions of jealousy and possessiveness and going along with Scenes! And if your fellow hasn't suggested a scene yet...IT'S TIME YOU PROVIDED ONE FOR HIM! DON'T WAIT FOR HIM TO LOSE INTEREST OR SEEK VARIETY! Carefully absorb "HOW TO MANEUVER YOUR MAN INTO SCENES" on Page 52. Find out how to throw your own yummy orgies with groovy luscious nymphettes, spare studs and the latest sex appliances and watch his dependency on you grow AND GROW AND GROW! WHEW! Next thing you know-he'll really be STUCK! Check our latest GOLD-DIG-GER MAP-Where the money is...a Guide to really rich fat cats...Quizzes...our usual fashion, beauty, home decorating and cultural features...all geared to making you the best possible CATMOPOLITAN GIRL! And much, much more. You may be pooped this January, but never bored. Not if you're a CATMOPOLITAN GIRL!

And guess who that is on our cover..? Many thanks to the super, expert make-up ARTIST-RY OF EDWARD. LOVE YOU ALL!

# THREE CHEERS FOR WOMEN'S LIB!

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

CATMOPOLITAN EMPHASIZES THAT EVERY SMART
GIRL ALWAYS GETS EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTS AND
ALWAYS WILL. BUT FOR
THOSE DUM-DUMS WHO
STILL DO THINGS THE HARD
WAY; WHO RESENT BEING
A SEX OBJECT; WHO WANT
EQUAL TREATMENT AND

EQUAL WAGES; WHO WANT TO BE INDEPENDENT OF MEN; AND WHO DELIBER-ATELY APPEAR DRAB, SOILED AND UNGLAMOR-OUS TO PROMOTE THEIR CAUSE...KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK! IT MAKES IT EASIER FOR US SOPHISTICATED CATMOPOLITAN GIRLS!

## catmo tells all

START WITHOUT ME! Another nifty product brought to you by the same good time wags who designed last year's PERPETUAL PLEASURE BLOOMERS (those wore thin fast). Their latest "CONVERSATION PIECE" is a 60 minute TRANSIS-TOR TAPE that comes disguised as a public hair, nipple or spit curl to be secreted on location. (USE EYELASH GLUE). The device emotes an hour of dirty, encouraging words of sexual inspiration and sex directions in suggestive, sultry tones. Ohio. Indicate what kind and specialty.



SHUTTER MADNESS IN TOKYO Those once duclie, submissive, shy Japanese maidens are finding liberation with their own technology. The big thing bear days is taking nude pin-ups of their boyfrends supposed on the art of massage, they spend hours kneading, oiling and arranging their men in fascinating poses. The men are slightly confused at this latest reversal in roles as they submit to the LENSE, but find it extremely erotic and aren't complaining. Naturally, trading glossies of their loved ones is the latest street scene.

GIRL GANGS ARE BACK WITH BANG Girl gangs are organizing faster than ever, prowling the streets of cities around the world, looking for action. This ain't no package sex deal or band of fearless marauders, but strictly gentle recreation and an occasional Gangbang if they spot a tempting piece of ass. And these aren't kids, but all women in their 40's and older. Rivit Merry-whether, society matron and leader of the Brass Pasties on Manhattan's Upper East high vows there's no gang wars involved as the gang clarks their brass knuckles together. "It's merely another substitute for those chic lunches, fashion shows and charify meetings we're all so terribly bored with. The only battle is the fierce gang competition over who wears the most dazzling and expensive regimental gear."



WEARY TRAVELER! Michelle Allison, a once famous groupie from the late 60's couldn't get the road out of her system. In the past 4 years she has worked her way around the world and balled a man in every city in the world. Our Globalfucker is available for market research jobs! SHE MUST KNOW SOME-THING! (Pressed she admits..."LUMBER JACKS AND LOG ROLLERS FROM FARGO HAVE THE BEST TECHNIQUE. BUT NOT FOR SEX." HUH?)

PHONE FREAKS! AT LAST! INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE CALL ORGIES ARE HAPPENING EVERYWHERE...AND ANY-THING GOES! How does one get in on this hot line? Simple! Like the old chain letter

...send your phone number and five others plus \$10 to CONFERENCE CALL HOT-LINE; POB 566, LENOX HILL STATION, NYC 10021...AND THE NEXT CALL YOU RECEIVE MIGHT BE HOT! Rumors that this service is sponsored by the PHONE COMPANY persist!





### CATMOPOLITAN FASHION PAGE

## Streetwalkers Ahvays Back In Style





Even the top designers...who are now seen frantically walking the streets... sketching, taking pictures, searching for ideas and cruising...realize that all GREAT FASHION NOW EMANATES FROM THE STREETS...THAT HIGH COUTURE HAS FINALLY LANDED IN THE GUTTER!

Anything that becomes fashionable today starts with the STREET FREAKS OF
ALL AGES AND SEXES...and who undestands the Streets better than anyone?
Who struts their stuff with genuine swerve
and always dressed for action... were ready
to turn on men, and customers, get immediate results and costumed for speed...
in case they have to make a run for it! YOU
GOTTH OUR READERS! CATMOPOLITAN
GIRLS OF AMERICA...STREETWALKER
DIVISION!

These snapshots were taken at random from girls walking major and minor streets and alleys everywhere in the world from 1920 to 1973. As you can plainly see...IT'S A CLASSIC LOOK!

Tight skirts and pants, high heets, boots, provacative blouses and shirts, tight sweaters, betts, dark hose and other items of apparel that never go out of skly. A look that the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE pays a fortune to desperately copy...but can'tl A look that only a clever, CATMOPOLITAN Glot and that only a clever, CATMOPOLITAN Glot and reade...and blow...as soon as she seeks fake status and designer clothes. GIRLS...WHY NOT LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE AND STICK WITH THE ENOUGH ALONE AND STICK WITH THE THREADS THAT MADE YOU!

Co-ordinated by THIRD AVENUE ROSE



YES, most of you girls still go through life searching, praying, hoping for that improbable perfect affair. An affair on your terms! You finally settle for second best and still come out a bitter loser! Well no more of that jive!

From now on you can have a PER-FECT AFFAIR with whoever you want, as many as you want...beginning it and ending it on your whim. You can dump him whenever you like and go on to the next one with a pure and open unsoiled heart!

Once you master the successful onesided FAKE AFFAIR OF CONVEN-IENCE...you'll never resume the other old-fashioned kind of actual involvement between two or more people. First you decide who you want to have an affair with. Then react accordingly to everything you wish your distant lover would do. Send him thank-you notes for flowers, candy, gifts, dinners; call him to break fantastic dates (which he never made); arrange chance personal encounters for a passing hello and sweet little nothings. Send him love letters and inexpensive gifts.

If the object of your affection and onesided romance begins to get suspicious or nervous by this unorthodox attention from a stranger, shrug it off. Or ignore the bounder for a bit. Or reassure him he's imagining things. Feel free to send him snide or nasty little notes whenever you think he deserves it or to indicate your jealousy. Don't hesitate to tell the cad off in public when you're about ready to break it off...or when you get bored with the whole thing!

These one-sided affairs that exist only in your head do have a tendency to get tedious and fizzle out fast. This brings us to a more sophisticated affair of convenience.

(CONT. ON PAGE 167)

## **PHONES ARE** by Roberta "The Spoke" Stancy





There's only one sure-fire way of knowing whether you'll see your man again or not...and that's by taking up permanent or semipermanent residence at his place (hopefully he lives alone). Through various devious methods, it will be easy enough to slyly move most of your things into his apartment over a period of a week or two. Don't ever entirely give up your digs during this phase.

As you linger on his premises for longer and longer periods... REMAIN OUT OF SIGHT. HIDE OR KEEP ONE STEP IN FRONT OR IN BACK OF HIM IF HE'S A PACER Learn where he hides or misplaces everything so you can miraculously produce it in seconds...without appearing yourself...Gradually let him know it's you...always there...always available to silently fulfill his every wish...take care of any request... as quiet and responsive as a trained Geisha! Never act upset by his outrage or any competition. His constant questioning at first-"What the hell are you still

doing here?; "How did you get in here again?"; "Have you been here all this time?"; "Are you still here?" ... will gradually diminish as your prompt service and quiet ways become indispensable.

Now you're ready for Step 2 in MOVING IN. Carefully time certain stretches away from his house so he'll begin to miss you...

(CON. ON PAGE 77)

## **OUR COVER GIRL STORY**







Yes—here she is! Our very favorite Editor and Publisher—HELEN GIRLIE SCARLET...slightly nervous at the prospect of her first opportunity as a COVER GIRL. It was very brave and honest of her to drop her mask and reveal her most intimate beauty secrets

... as she demonstrates, with the aid of her personal make-up artist, THE AN-CIENT ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONA-TION!

'I'll sacrifice myself to anything I believe in...AND MORE IMPORTANT-WHAT I WANT MY GIRLS TO BELIEVE IN! Why do you think I constantly blastoff and lecture about being feminine, glamorous and womanly? Because MAN wants a super-feminine, soft, feline creature: a Juscious replica that personifies the embodiment of womanliness; the perfection of a goddess! The dear boys desire an ULTRA-FEMI-NINITY in the extreme that very few humans are naturally equipped with. Not only is this quality rare ... it's basically an unreal exaggeration of womanhood! But what does the male animal, most of them male impersonators themselves, know about the opposite sex except what he reads in dirty books?

This sort of extreme woman is a FAC-SIMILE! A devastating but fake lady! A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR! But if that's what the boys want, you know me...! always say....GIVE!IT TO THEM! So here I am...getting ready for my daily role as iemale impersonator... and today it includes...COVER GIRL SUPREME!













## **CATMO GIRLS ARE MADE OF**















## WINDOW DRESSING TO STIMULATE

#### by GINA BRAY.

Gina has exposed herself under all conditions and knows what it takes to turn on the most reluctant PEEPING TOM, the eyes of any passing stranger, the shyest of voyeurs.

If you like to be watched by strangers or other voyeurs and if your lover or mate likes to watch you undress or carry on in your window from across the street....IT'S IMPOR-TANT THAT YOUR WINDOW BE PROPERLY DRESSED FOR THE BEST POSSIBLE EX-POSURE!

Whether you perform in front of your window or not—it's wise to keep this stage area artfully draped for emergencies and surprise appearances. And if you do work from your window...keep several changes. Proper window treatment is like camouflage. It can enhance a class act and perform miracles with a mediocree one. Though even a plain window is sweet. Everything looks better under class!

















1. FROSTED WINDOW CAN PURCHASE FROST IN SEVERAL VARIETIES IN AN AEROSOL CONTAINER, EASY TO FROST YOUR WINDOW IN SEVERAL PASTEL SHADES OR WHITE. EXTREMELY SEXY AND FLATTERING TO STRIP BEHIND. USE WITH COLORED SPOTS. 2. STAINED GLASS A TRIP... RELIGIOUS OR OTHERWISE. 3. BLACK LACE OR BLACK MESH EITHER CURTAINS OR BLACK LACE ON A CLEAR PLASTIC PANE TO PLACE NEXT TO GLASS. VERY PROTIC TO POSE BEHIND PATTERNS. 4. OLD YELLOW WINDOWSHADE VERY CLEAR AND IDEAL FOR SUPERB BODIES AS IT PROVIDES A FINE. SHARP PROFILE FOR THE STREET, IF, LUMPY—USE FAKE CUTOUT. 5. FLUTTERY SHEER WHITE CHIFFON CURTAINS USE FAN TO KEEP IN MOTION. EXTREMELY HAUNTING AND ROMANTIC SWIRLING AROUND YOUR NUDE OR SEMI-CLAD BOD. 6. VENETIAN BLINDS ALWAYS GOOD FOR A STRIP TEASE. FUN TO FLAP AND OPEN AT VARIOUS WIDTHS FOR PEEKS HERE AND THERE 7. DISTORTED GLASS OR HEAVIER BUBBLE GLASS THE SOLUTION FOR THOSE WITH FIGURE PROBLEMS. CONVENIENTLY BLURS OUT AND FLATTERS ALL BULGES AND FAT. 8. OPEN WINDOW ALWAYS BETTER THAN ANY DRESSING OR GLASS... BEST FOR CURTAIN CALLES, CATCHING MONEY AND ROSES, FOR GETTING SER-RADED. FOR DROPPING ROPE LADDERS OR LONG TRESSES.







# EXCLUSIVE CATMOPOLITAN INTERVIEW WITH HILLARY UNIQUE,

### "THE HILARIOUS HOOKER."

(She laughed all the way to her Swiss Box)
NOW THE HEARTIEST AND RICHEST MADAME IN THE WORLD!

CATMOPOLITAN send Barbore Nellish, a rather common but earnest and enthusiastic fledgling journalist and a recent graduate of the Sony Writing School to do this important interview. Sony guarantees an assignment with CATMO-POLITAN once a graduate turns in their last utition payment. With the holes bareby punched on her processed diploma, Barbore was routed immediately to the succulent Beverly Hill chambers of Hillary Unique, the hilarious hooker...for her yery first tob!

(These notes from the interview were located some time afterwards. May this article serve as an inspiration to our readers and a tribute to Miss Nellish's skills and adaptability! She overame her stimple, ordinary brain; dismal plainess; rotten dope and dreary personality...and turned her defects into assets almost immediately! Our respects! The Editor.)

"My first assignment...and golly, was I ever excited! Barely out of the corn belt and writing for a major slick magazine! And I could hardly read, write, spell or type. But the important thing they stressed...LESSON 6...GET THE FACTS! The whos, whats, wheres...which I did

from old issues of the Los Angeles Free Press which I often plagiarized. I put on my old dungs for luck and raced over to Miss Unique's plattial bungalow. After an hour of questioning and a request for \$10 from the doorman...! was whisked through her fancy lobby which I thought was odd for a house and up her elevator ...also odd...to the doors of her Penthouse Pleasure Suite on the 3rd floor.

A tall, skinny, very pretty and pouty, sexy young man wearing tight jeans with the fly open greeted me kindly. I explained I was here by previous arrangement to interview Miss Unique for CATMO-POLITAN and in return she could have final approval of the story and 50% of my pay. (HA)

Cutie-pie escorted me to a large gold door and knocked. The door was soon opened by another neat young boy (they coulda been twins), who motioned me in. The room was really big. In fact it looked like a movie set, containing a large upholstered arena on a platform surrounded by mirrors arranged in such a way you could see everything that was happening on top. When my eyes adjusted to the room and the colored spotlights shining

on the bed and mirrors. I caught my first glimpse of Hillay Unique. I think. I could hardly see her gorgeous nude body in the center of the bed surrounded by 7 or 8 naked men...cach squishing and jaming their private member in some section of her body...her mouth, hands, rear, tort, armpits, hair, legs, ears...all over. It reminded me of one of those Viking Boats with all those oarsmen and really well-staged. I wondered at the time fit was set up for my benefit and the interview, or if it was always this smoothly co-ordinated. I guess at those prices ...

I introduced myself and she sputtered back..."EICGGGCHSS...OWWC-CHESS...OCCFGG...ECCHCHCH ...OOOOOH." I guess it was hard for her to enunciate clearly with all that meat in her mouth. Then the second pretty boy spoke up and said that Miss Unique couldn't really take time off for an interview when she gets \$3,000 for a session like this. However, he knew her well enough to-through her head nods, eve gestures and guttural sounds-serve as her interpreter. Well, anything was better than nothing at this point and I certainly didn't want to admit defeat on my very first interview, so I agreed. She sure looked like she was enjoying herself...and \$3,000 to boot! What correspondence school did she matriculate from and I'd sure like some!

After getting the bullshit questions out of the way and noting my eagerness and heavier breathing, she signalled me closer for more intimate details of her life. At least, that's what Mr. Translator claimed. It was getting harder to understand her now that she had two in her mouth. As I stuck close to my translator and crawled around her left side, he thrust one into my hand and gestured to play with it. It was fun and didn't interfere while I took notes with my free hand (I found out later it was a very famous politician). Before I knew it...mv jeans were off and he was inside me. I remembered LES-SON 3 about the hazards of reporting in action and kept cool as Miss Unique continued about her early days in the busi-

I almost lost my notebook, but still clutching my pencil, I found I was unable to continue questioning as another one slipped into me and then another into my mouth...almost simultaneously."

END OF NOTES FROM BARBORE'S FIRST AND LAST ASSIGNMENT.

POSTSCRIPT: We hear Barbore's very happy in her new position and likevise—the management considers her a real find. Lotsa luck to a swell gal and a great little reporter...who learned the facts of life the best way possible. UP FRONT!





## article by daniel a jedlicka

## RIGHT-ON ROTARY

me and my mazda

she's my little lirst-mass-produced auto in-history-witha-radical-new-engine-design, you don't know what I got



'Dick' Brown didn't like foreign cars before joining Mazda Motors. He now thinks all U.S. cars are dinosaurs compared to the Mazda.

The car is too high and boxy-looking. It has crisp styling but looks too much like an imported Japanese economy car. Placed alongside the automotive darlings of the wealthy and famous Southern California set—the Ferrari Daytonas, tamborghini Miuras, Maserati Ghiblis and Rolls-Royces—it appears as out of place in Hollywood as those tourists from Keokuk, lowa, who roll past the mansions of movie stars in their clapped-out 1958 Chevrolets.

But wealthy pop-music composer Les Baxter owns one, as does comedian Bob Newhart. Millionaire auto buff Briggs Cunningham—who in 1953 nearly won the famous Le Mans endurance race in France for America with a brutish, Chrysler-powered car bearing his name—owns two.

This automobile quite definitely has become the hottest status symbol on wheels, the Valhalla of motoring to the trend setters, despite its appearance and the fact that it carries the name of an old General Electric lightbulb—"Mazda." For under its hood is something quite unique: The first mass-produced car engine in automotive history to have a radical new design. It's the engine of the future here today.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Mazda—which didn't go on sale in the Midwest and in the East until this month—is that it costs only around \$3,000. One could buy eight Mazdas for the price of one Ferrari.

The car's engine is the Wankel rotary power plant, which has about one third the parts, one half the size and one half the weight of a comparable, conventional piston engine, yet delivers the same horsepower. Instead of pistons thrashing up and down, the Wankel engine has triangular rotors, usually two, spinning like a top inside combustion chambers which are epitrochiod-shaped, like cont'd overleaf





A disassembled conventional six-cylinder engine. It has 230 basic parts; 166 move, vibrate, make noise and wear out. A standard V-8 has even more.



A disassembled Mazda rotary engine. Of 70 basic parts, only three move. Half the size and weight of a standard engine, it produces comparable horsepower. The result is that the Wankel rotary is uncannily smooth and quiet. The two-rotor Mazda Wankel winds all the way up to 8,000 revolutions per minute—a speed that would shatter most conventional motors if they could reach it, which they can't. The first tipoff that there's something very different about a Mazda is the 8,000 r.p.m. marking on the car's tachometer, an instrument which measures engine speed.

In the Mazda RX-2 model—the one which Baxter and other celebrities own—you sit behind a large, simulated wooden steering wheel in a comfortable, reclining bucket seat. If it weren't for the engine ide speed being registered on the "tach" and the sound of the exhaust and engine fan, you wouldn't know that the rotary engine was running. It has three moving parts.

Then, accelerating away, you appreciate the efficient way the floor-mounted, four-speed gear shifter snaps into its different positions as the car rushes forward, hitting 60 miles-an-hour in a brisk nine seconds. As you top 100 miles-an-hour, the Mazda still feels as if it's being pushed by a giant hand wearing a velvet glove. The engine is quiet, strong and sliky in its response, all the way up to 8,000 r.p.m. Practically the only noise you hear comes from the exhaust and the wind rushing past the

Service stations slip by, you ignore them because the Mazda gets more than 20 miles to the gallon. It's happy running on the cheapest, lowest octane gas you can buy. The handling, though not quite up to sports car standards, is good, the brakes excellent.

As for the steering, it's light and quick and all controls are ideally suited for fast motoring. You could cruise all day at 100 miles-an-hour. remarkable because the RX-2's engine is only 70 cubio inches in displacement. Yet the Mazda will outrun an embarrassing number of Detroit cars with 300-plus cubic inch V-58 besides sucking the doors off BMW 2002s and sports cars, including the Triumph, MG and Porsche 914. And you know that this very same engine in racing form furns out a whopping 240 horsepower. It's rated at 120 horsepower in the RX-2.

The Mazda feels like an expensive car. Unique touches include a stalk on the left side of the steering column which not only controls the turn signals but also the windshield wipers and washer, headlight flasher and headlight high-low beams. Another notable feature is the front passenger seat

which slides forward to allow easy access to the rear seats. The interior ventilating system is superb, fortunate because wind noise with the windows down at over 40 miles-an-hour creates uncomfortable drafts. (Air conditioning is optional.)

In all, a rather satisfying ego trip for \$3.000. Who cares if the Mazda doesn't handle like a Maserati, though a rear anti-roll bar, stiffer shock absorbers and larger radial tres would help. But the ride then would suffer. The main thing is that you're driving a car with the engine of the future.

General Metors has announced that it will put rotary engines in its 1975 Vega subcompact care on an optional basis. By 1980, auto industry experts predict that from 75 to 95 per cent of auto engines made in America will be rotaries, Just as the jet engine made commercial propeller aircraft obsolete, the Wankel engine will make today's piston engine look like a dinosaur by the decade's end—as indeed it does today.

Why are nearly all of the world's automakers pushing for rotary engines? Outside of the fact that the rotary can be made cheaper than a piston engine, and dismissing its design superiority, the Wankel is an exceptionally "dean" engine, emissions wise, with the proper pollution controls. Mazda states that its engine can be made so clean that it can be an air purifier, actually emitting cleaner air than it's taking in while preprating in high pollution areas.

Emissions control is a deadly serious business to Detroit's automakers. Now they say there's no way they can meet the 1976 federal auto pollution control standards and that if they could be met, the cost of a car would escalate tremendously and that engines would have such poor performance and gas mileage that people would want to return to horses. But Toyo Kogyo Co. Ltd., the Japanese automaker which produces the Mazda, expresses no such fears.

Why has it taken so long to get the rotary engine in a car? By the time Dr. Felix Wankel, the engine's inventor, first started sketching its design in 1924, the conventional piston engine was firmly entrenched. Automakers never dreamed that it could be replaced by anything better. It wasn't until 1957 that Dr. Wankel built the first operating Wankel engine along with NSU, a small German auto and motorcycle firm. The engine's basic design was changed and simplified by NSU engineer Dr. Walter Froede. Then Wankel formed a fifty-fifty partnership called Wankel G.m.b.H. with inventor and conglomerator Ernest Hutzenlaub, who put up Dr. Wankel, who never finished high shool or attended a university, and Hutzenlaub now are very rich men, having sold their partnership last year to a British holding company called Lonrho Ltd. for around \$30 million. Far from being content with his accomplishment, Dr. Wankel, at 70 years of age, is working on an "autoboat" that would allow people to cross the Atlantic just as they drive from New York to Los Angeles. He contemplates the craft as he relaxes by rowing on Lake Constance in Lindau, West Germany, near his technical development institute.

Yet. Dr. Wankel might be out there rowing today and still dreaming of Wankel-powered cars if 1suneji Matsuda. The late president of 1500 Kogyo. And not realized in the late 1950's that his Hiroshima-based firm, now Japan's hird largest automaker and the producer of over 250,000 rotate, and the producer of over 250,000 rotate something different to make it a formidable car producer.

Around 1960, Toyo Kogyo was a technically advanced firm, specializing in trucks, machine tools and threewheel minicars. The Japanese at this time were becoming intensely interested in the lucrative U.S. auto market. Amazingly, Toyo Kogyo hadn't built its first four-wheel production auto until 1960. So Matsuda, figuring there was little to lose since his firm was really just getting started in the world auto market, visited Germany in September, 1960, to talk with the NSU people. NSU had built a tiny, rotary-powered sports car called the Prinz, and Matsuda, after taking a ride in it, was convinced that Toyo Kogyo must have the Wankel engine in its cars. It would startle the world with the rotary engine. Consequently. Toyo Kogyo became the world's first automaker to sign a formal licensing agreement with NSU for the motor, which still had many technical and mechanical problems.

The Prinz's rotary engine wasn't very good, and Toyo Kogy soon found the rotary engine to be a bitter disappointment. It whateved violently at low when run for the first time in 1961, it also spewed clouds of smoke and gobbed enormous quantities of oil. But then the company began a full-blast Wankel development program. It concentrated on the nearly untried two-rotor Wankel design; that seemed like the best approach for automotive use. A rotary engine development center was opened in 1964, and it was something to behold. It had thirty television and

rising star mary mendum viewed both on stage
—performing in the second broadway hit she's appeared in—
and off



LENNY WOULD TADE LODED TER







Mary Mendum just keeps right on getting it on. After being in the smash Broadway hit Hali—she played the roles of Sheila and Jeannie in productions staged across the country, including New York and Los Angeles—Mary went right into another hit, Lenny, appearing as Rusty, the stripper wife of the late, great comedian.

The play gets off with a scene where Mary (opening page) is a member of a group, perhaps the earliest culture to create a dogma or religion. They arbitrarily decide that sex isn't a matter for common conversation and, in addition to symbolizing the initiators of the ignorance that would haunt Lenny throughout his life, they also represent the later-day "judges" who persecuted him to enforce the "morals."

As is obvious in a following scene



when Rusty (Mary) takes in Lenny's act (upper left)—wearing a G-string, her only attire for most of the play—she doesn't agree with these "critics" judgement and is ecstatic (lower left) when the couple decides to get married.

The night we viewed Lenny, Many Mendum displayed a charm throughout the performance that makes another heavy credit for her career most-deserved. She also has appeared in more conventional musicals—
Flower Drum Song and The Music Man—and he latest major film effort, Groove Tube. After viewing the following pages, we think you will understand our impulse to revive that delightful old custom of flowers in the dressing room and waiting at the back-stage door.



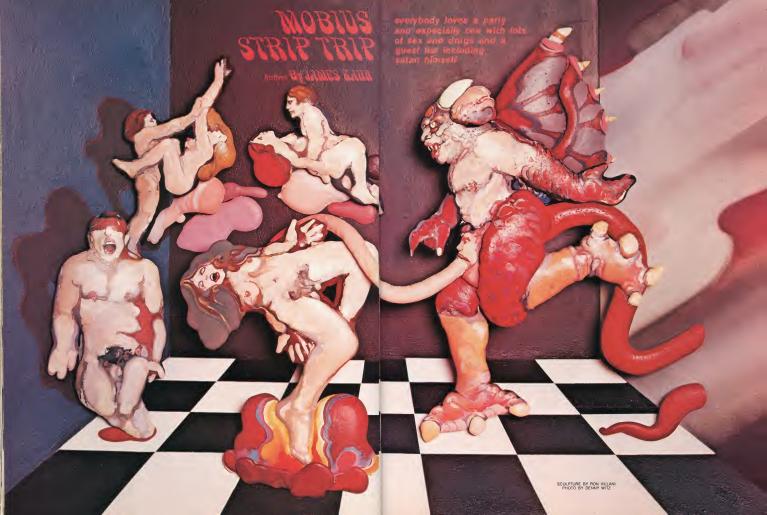


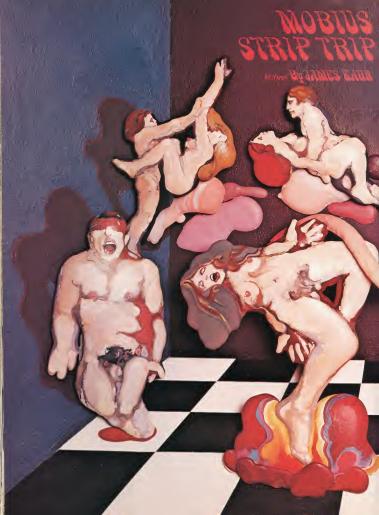














Slowly and with minimal fanfare the summer road straightened out of the curve in which it had been locked; and in the rear-view mirror Joshua could see it return to its twisted origins after he had passed. Twisted origins, he thought. Twisted and misted. Poetry, always poetry in states of mourning. And morning. Mourning for myself, morning of my life. New life shit, nothing is new, man, everything continues, empty blah, continuum of memories.

Memory, like a funhouse mirror, twisted, distorted by nature, giving the illusion of novelty; no transformations,

just changes of direction in the wind. Clicking the directional signal and veering right, to forty-seventh street. past an empty lot used for practice by new drivers, under the viaduct, and left on Lake Park. A nice street, trees, occasionally the IC clackered by. He stopped for a light at 51st, which furned green almost immediately; sat where he was and motioned a sulking pedestrian across. The man crossed with a certain hubris, without even the meagrest concession of acknowledgment of the service rendered him. Josh restrained a strong impulse to gun him down, roll the man over flat with quiet and justified deliberation, let the car sit on him for awhile, rock back and forth; instead he eased the car in back of the intended. grazing his butt with the fender, swearing almost under his breath.

On, then, right at 57th, to Blackstone and stop. Around the back alley, down four steps and wait. Knock knock, A girl answered, lean, dark, very quiet mien, shyness by innuendo. She smiled.

-Hi

-Hello, I'm Josh

-I'm Sara. Come in, I guess.

The apartment was surprisingly big, five rooms, furnished well for a change from the normal mode of Hyde Park student home equipment. A living room with extremely comfortable looking chairs, an umber sofa, rug, record changer, KLH speakers; from a hallway that looked down three adjacent rooms, large kitchen off to the other side.

On the floor lay an older couple, the girl blond, big-breasted, wearing a polo shirt and no bra. The boy had long, curly brown hair, sidewhiskers; his sneakers were off. They talked intermittently.

One of the soft chairs was filled by a soft girl of indeterminate age and stature. She seemed to melt into the chair very easily, one of the cushions, a pillow. Her smile was frightened, halved by uncertainty.

Humming in the kitchen was a tall man with nondescript features and a milk shake. He could have been from the ivy league, probably smiled amiably in his sleep. The girl with the frightened smile rose to meet Joshua, and he saw that she was somewhat prettier than he had at first thought.

-Hi, I'm Anille

-Josh

-This is Regan and Michael, and that's Earl over there. Hellos around.

A well-heeled man walked from a bedroom, three piece suit, slightly tweedy, one jacket sleeve dangling free

to signal the absence of that arm. -I think we're all here, he said, satisfied.

Joshua and Sara sat down together on the couch, Anille returning to her newly established base, the armchair,

-I think we're all here. My name is Herring. It is my unique pleasure to describe to you the contents of part of the last will and testament of lan MacHine, whom I served as advisor for two decades prior to his disappearance seven years ago. He left only a note saving his will was to be executed if he had not returned by this date. The will concerns you all, and though you probably don't remember, each of you met him at one time or another. You have apparently been chosen very carefully. Those of you who decide to accept the provisions of the bequest will be reminded of the circumstances of lan's acquaintance with you at the proper time. Shall I proceed?

No one spoke, strangers in a foreign

 I, as the agent, am empowered to leave to you six "the sum of ten million dollars, to be divided equally among the surviving members after a period of two years. During the first year, you must live together, alone, in this house, at the expense of this estate. You will then be issued letters of explanation. The second year must be spent in a small cottage near Loch Ness, Scotland, during which time you must look for me. At the end of this year, or when you have found me, you may return home and collect your money." Well, there it is. He gives you twelve hours to make a decision. This is all I'm allowed to say.

The first mention of ten million dollars had taken everyone by surprise, left them more or less disarmed through the rest of the exercise. The first reaction was, of course, disbelief, anger at the charade.

-This is no joke, I assure you. In fact, why don't we all go to my offices downtown? Then you can verify my legitimacy in your own minds, I can show you the ten million dollar trust fund, and we can sign all the legal documents.

They decided to go downtown,

walked to the IC with Herring. They remained skeptical and silent during the train ride, hoping, really, that it was not true, that they would not be forced to commit themselves to such a folly. But at the bottom of each stomach, a knotty little weight was forcing a decision, a re-examination of past lives. future potentials, prospects, responsibilities, losses.

They got off at Randolph Street, walked the distance to the Pittsfield Building, housing the law firm of Effing. Pomfret, etc. They called the Illinois Bar Assn. and checked it all out and of course it was all true and no one knew quite what to say.

-Well, think it over. I'll be at this number, and will expect all of you to call by midnight tonight. Whomever does not call is automatically eliminated.

In stupor they walked to Tad's Steak House, sat at a large table on the second floor, ate, brooded, red velour walls and neo-persian carpets absorbing whatever miscellaneous sounds might have reached their ears. Thought Anille, no one ate very much. It was difficult leaving the restaurant.

with its purpose, meaning, definition. Once outside, they were in limbo again, non-directed persons for seven more hours now. They walked disconnected, to the Randolph Street station, boarded the empty train. It rattled along the lake, rocking them from side to side on cane wicker seats that left red labyrinth impressions on the thighs of the girls. A blue conductor swayed down the aisle and eyed them haphazardly. Josh wondered if he were part of the conspiracy, this plot to further confine his life, impose new limitations and tracks on the ones already dictated by the walls of his mind, his memories. He considered grabbing the conductor and velling 'Paranoid?!! Who told you I was paranoid?!!" Then he laughed at his futility, and said aloud.

-I'll do it

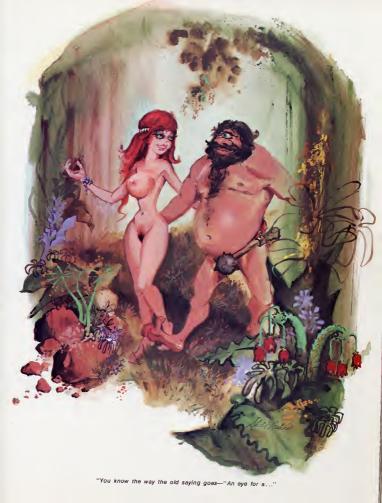
-Me too, said Anille. She looked

Regan laughed nervously, indicated she and Michael had decided to come

More silence as they left the car and walked back to the apartment. Joshua explored the other rooms. They were enormous, two double beds and a chair in each, otherwise undecorated. He sat on a bed and mused on nothing, feeling edgy; slightly happy, but strung out. He did not like meeting so many new people at once, but he supposed he could shut them out until he was ready. It all just seemed to be happening too fast, out of control. He was momentarily frightened.

-Can I share this room with you? He turned, it was Sara, hesitant. -There are two beds in each

bedroom, and I like you best, she said.



It's taken for granted that Los Angeles is a year ahead of the rest of the country. Playa Del Rey may be the very center of Tomorrow. It lies between Los Angeles International Airport and the Pacific Ocean. All around it are the giants of aerospace. Hughes. McDonnell-Douglas. Boeing, Northrup.

To the north and south are the famous basch towns where America's popular culture is being devised. Now music. New art. New drugs. The mind boggles at what might be going on in Venice and Hermoss Beach. You can tell that new wave rolling and rumbling toward you. And you're right.

From those wonderful folks who brought you metalflake customizing, choppers, funnycars, Tacoburgers, and drive-in-churches comes the all-new 1973 national sensation...Skysurfingl

Not 1000 yards beyond Playa Del Rey to the south is El Segundo, the skysurfers' beach. It's a perfect mid-September Saturday and you know they'll be coming around noon. That's when the onshore wind picks up.

It's just after noon when the first skysurfers show up in a ratty Volkswagen with a long bundle lashed to the roof. A couple of blond guys get out, lift the long bundle lightly to

their shoulders and walk it out onto a sandy bluff. They don't look as outrageous as the *surf* surfers. More like working duys in their mid-20's.

In less than ten minutes, they've set up a 15-foot triangle of aluminum tubing covered with a sheet of clear plastic. A trapeze-like frame of tubing juts rigidly down from the center and the triangle rests on it. It looks like some sort of spaceage tense.

One of the young men steps to the edge of the bluff and studies the wide beach 30 feet below. Out on the sea, sailboats are barely visible through a light mist. The boats are heeled over and the young man's Jeans and tee shirt are rippling in the refreshing breeze. He steps into a seatbelt and cinches it tight at the top of his thighs. A heavy rope dangles down from the front of the seatbelt and he looks momentarily like a windowwasher in search of The Lost Highrise.

He ducks under his teepee and ties the rope up in the framework. He grasps the trapeze and rises, bringing the huge triangle up flat over his head.

In an instant, the scene is transformed. The device isn't just tubes and plastic ... it's a delta-shaped wing poised for

skysurfing: the hundred-dollar-high

# if birds can fly, so can i

article By BRUCE GLASSNER

flight! Its plastic skin ripples and flutters and glitters in the sun. And beneath is a man, preparing to be carried away.

son. And belied in sea a main, pleba aming to be Carline d way. For a second he's silhouethed against the misty sea. Then he hurls himself and his wing toward the edge of the bluff two quick steps and, Jesus, he's lifting! He's sitting in the seatbelt, hanging, and floating slowly out from the bluff. The slope drops away and he's all up there against the sparkling sea and sky.

He's flying! It's beautiful! You can't believe he just walked up there and flew away. You pump yourself full of adrenalin just watching it.

He's gliding lower now, slowly drifting out over the beach toward the breaking surf. The nose of the wing rises slightly and it seems to stop. And then another metamorphosis. The great wing goes stack and in an instant that's hard to locate precisely, it becomes just aluminum tubing and cheap plastic sheet resting on a beach.

There's cheering, almost blown away in the wind. People who begun to appear on the bluff. A dirt-blker. A hiking couple backpacking a baby. More people are running from the road and cars are pulling off the highway. One is a station waton full of teenagers with three of the long burn-

dles lashed to the roof.

Another day of skysurfing has begun at El Segundo.

By mid-afternoon, eight of the big wings are shuttling between the bluff and the beach. A crowd of about 50 flyers, well-wishers, hopeful beginners, and curious spectators are strung along the bluff. They compete for airspace—and sometimes headroom—with a noisy squadron of radio-controlled model gliders. The flyers are mostly young—high school and early college—and mostly clean-cut. Long-hairs are not uncommon in the beach towns, but none seem to have found the skysurfers' beach.

All of the wings are the aluminum tube and plastic sheet type. All are flomebuilt from plans sold by well-knowled skysurfers or published in Low & Slow magazine. All cost well under Stol to build—the skysurfers' eithic puts a gravalue value on cheapness and simplicity. Not all are equally successful.

Many of the fliers are allowing the wing to tilt from the horizontal as they run toward their launch. The wind hits the big wing surface and stops them cold. A few get airborne, then stall trying to gain altitude and drift back into the fillside. But it's all very slow and no one seems to be def-





ting burt

Most flyers seem to be getting short, straight glides down to the beach, 15 to 20 seconds over 200 to 300 feet. Then Ray Weyl arrives with his father, Carl, and a wing. They're immediately surrounded by skysurfers and a lot of conversation comes down before they reach the bluft.

Ray Weyl is a 17-year-old high school senior. He and his father built Ray's wings in the garage and back yard of their small, ivy-covered ranchhouse in Westchester, a suburb near the skysurfer's beach with street names like Kithyhawk and Interceptor. Ray spotted two of the best-known wing designers, Dick Eipper and Dave Cronk, a year ago at Torrence Beach. By January, the Weyls had designed and built Ray's first wing. They've completed two more since and are currently building four more for other people. And that's exactly how Dave Cronk and Dick Eipper and Dave Kilbourne and Jeff Jobe wound up as full-time manufacturers of wings.

Weyl is a very good flyer. It also probably helps that his father is director of aeronautical design at Northrup and has supervised the designing of some of America's most formidable fighters and missles.

Ray's wing sets up in four minutes. Ray ties on, takes a few steps and lifts off. He banks the wing in a quick righthand turn and skims off parallel to the bluff. Suddenly, Ray and his wing are lifted several feet straight upward, rising a bit above the bluff and gliding onward. A wave of sea-wind is rolling across the beach and up the bluff. Ray is getting a powerful lift from this rising wind along the edge of the bluff. Ridge soaring, it's called. And it's the very essence of the sport.

Ray is following the contour of the bluff, steering the wing by shifting his own body weight with pulls, pushes and sideto-side swings of the control bar. The wing glides onward along the bluff, losing a few feet then regaining it in areas of stronger gusting. On a perfect day, Ray could execute a 180° turn and soar back along the bluff to his jumping off soot before swooping down to the beach.

But the wind is a little light, so Ray continues until the bluff itself slopes down to the beach and lands softly on the

sand.

It was beautiful. Everyone has stopped to watch the 'a mile, nearly 1-minute flight. Ray is the best flight of the El Segundo regulars. Ester Escovedo, a pretty 17-year-old premed student at El Camino College, is cheering wildly, and ya has helped her build her own wing and is giving her lessons.

"He's my hero," Ester shouts to everyone. "He's the greatest."

Ray has crossed the critical dividing line between beginner and expert. He doesn't just glide, which is just slowing and controlling your rate of fall. Ray soars. He can use winds to gain altitude. There are only a dozen or so men in the world who can do it with these ultra-light wings.

And as it happens, ten of the twelve are planning, independently, to go out to Palmadale and jump off a 1000-toot cliff the very next day. They'll be using highly-advanced versions of the wings at El Segundo, with stainless steel fittings and elaborite Dacron covers. A few will be flying intricately built wings far better than the delta-shaped ones.

It's somehow ironic that most of the men going to Palmdale for world records were out on the beach skysurfing just one year ago, flying bamboo wings that barely glided. The sport has come along very fast.

But somehow, Ray Weyl and Ester Escavedo and the El Segundo regulars seem closer to the point. Simplicity. Economy. Flying. Just flying.

It's that element of simplicity which is largely responsible toor the rapid growth of the ekysurfing scene. Really, soper is a revival of a very old science called hang-gliding, It was called hang-gliding because men simply hung beneath tethered kites or gliders in the earliest aviation experiments.

The Golden Age of Hang-Gliders, the first golden age, came in the 1890s and early 1900s. Men like Octava Chanute and Otto Lilienthal built elaborate—and sometimes bizarre—hang-gliders to test the rapidly-developing riciples of aeronautics. Their work led to Kittyhawk and hang-gliding was lost in the rush to powered flicht.

Two things brought hang-gliding back. First, the desire of men to actually fly. And second, the invention of a simple and inexpensive glider wing.

With the new design, it was possible for nearly anyone to build and fly an aircraft for under \$100. And better yet, it required no license, no FAA registration number, no formal training and almost no effort.

The promise was irresistable. And the experience almost unbelievable. It was almost as if aviation had been snatched back from Big Business and Government and returned to Everyman. Here. Go fly. Few people who get offered their first hang-glider flight need to be asked twice.

The delta-shaped wing that makes it all possible is something of an aeronautical miracle. It is correctly called a "Rogallo-type flexible wing," named after NASA windtunnel director Francis Rogallo, who developed it for spaceration re-entry. It could be built as a steerable parachute, a "paragidier." It could be built like a kite and flown tetheract could be towed to lift enormous payloads. And it made a damn fine clider.

In the early 60s. Rogallo's "flexible wing" caught the attention of Richard Miller, a saliplane enthusiast and editor of Soaring, journal of the Soaring Society of America. Miller combined Rogallo's ideas with some things sketched by Leonardo De Vinci in 1503 A.D. and a few ideas of his own about inexpensive soaring. The result was a Rogallo-type hang-glider built out of bamboo carpet poles and plastic sheet. Miller's "Bamboo Butterfly" was made to be built cheaply (about \$9), launched by running down a slope into the wind, and used strictly for fun. Miller allowed the plans to be published and went on flying his Bamboo Butterflies when the spirit moved him. In the late Sixties, Miller alunched another version. The Batwing Glider. Popular Mechanics covered it and thousands of sets of Batglider plans were sold.

It was Miller, flying his own hang-gliders at Torrence Beach, with friends, that set off the skysurfing craze early in 1971.

Traffic skidded to a halt whenever Miller and company flew the hang-gliders. One of the people who got out was

Joe Faust. Joe was a former Olympic high-jumper, competing for the U.S. in Rome in 1960. He was working for McDonnell-Douglas in industrial engineering while completing a degree in mechanical engineering at U.C.L.A. Faust was in and out of the bowels of DC-10s every day. But this was something else. This was better than aerospace. This was fiving.

By May, 1971. Faust resigned McDonnell-Douglas and, at Richard Miller's suggestion, took over a newsletter devoted solely to hang-gliding. Faust and his pretty wife, Joanne, were suddenly sharing their Venice home with the Self-Soar Association and Low & Slow magazine. Faust has become a one-man information center for the hang-gliding movement.

Dick Elpper showed up at Torrence in May of '71. He found out all he could from Miller and Faust and began building his own Rogallo-type wings. Thin, dark-haired Eipper is something of a mechanical marvel. He was racing blocycles and go-karts at 13, restoring Model As and building custom unicycles at 15. From 16 to 18, he raced motorcycles and drag cars. Between 18 and 20, Eipper reports, he "just fooled around." Eipper cruised the West Indles as engineer of a 127-foot schooner in 1969 and 1970. When Eipper returned to Southern California in May, '71, he was 23 years old and ready to fly. Hang-gliders were it.

In three months, Eipper built and flew 15 wings. He was building new wings every other day, tearing them apart, and rebuilding them in new configurations. Finally, he came up with the Dacron and aluminum buing "Flexi-Flyer," a giant step ahead of the bamboo Batwings he had found at Torrence. He began selling plans and building a few Flexi-Flyers. But by the end of the year it was impossible to keep up with the domand. Eipper and long-time Irlend Steve Wilson scraped together 3300 and opened Eipper-Formance Flight Systems in Torrence. They make complete Flexi-Flyers (\$400-\$500, depending on wingspan), hardware kits, Dacron airfolis, control bars and other skysurfer supplies.

The firm is staffed exclusively with skysurfers (except for the bookkeeper) and business seems to demand a great



deal of test-flying. Elipper, Wilson, sailmaker Mike Heuler, and designer Dave Cronk are planning to show up at Palemdale on Sunday. They think some other people may show up. Cronk plans to bring his "Cronk kite," a hug alway wingspan said to glide in calm air and soar in the mildest breezes.

. . .

Bill Bennett got into skysurfing the hard way—right out of the surf. Bennett and Bill Moyes are the only major figures in skysurfing who didn't learn their skills on Southern California beaches. They are Australians who developed their own Rogallo wings for a special purpose—to be towed into flight off water skis. Like the vast majority of Australians, Moyes and Bennett were avid water skiers.

Bennett and Moves began giving towed hang-glider exhibitions in Australia and, in 1969, Bennett toured the U.S. Six months on the Grand Opening circuit convinced Bennett that Americans loved ski-kites. He patented his "Deltawing Kites" and set up shop in Van Nuys. Bennett quickly became the major manufacturer of towed hang-gliders in the U.S. Moyes set up shop in America, too. But lacking Bennett's flamboyant promotional sense, his firm has grown much slower.

When the free-soaring, self-launched skysurfing craze began growing, Bennett entered the field with his ultrastrong Delta-Wing Kites. Made to withstand the high speeds and heavy stress of towing, the Bennett Delta-Wings are suited for high altitudes and strong winds. And that's exactly where Bennett has been taking them in search of world's records. World's records establish a reputation very quickly.

records. World's records establish a reputation very quickly. Bennett rounded up two excellent and daring hang-glider pilots, Bob Wills and Bob Kennedy, and began setting records. Bennett himself leaped off Dante's Point and glided down 5747 feet to the floor of Death Valley, setting a vertical record for unassisted gliding and a cross-country distance record of 5 miles. Meanwhile, the event was captured on film for an episode of Chuck Conners new TV series, "The Thrillseekers." Bennett is no dummy.

The Torrence Beach crowd was not thrilled. They prefer to keep skysurfing individual, social, and non-competitive. Joe Faust glumly concludes, social and non-competitive. Joe Faust glumly concludes, social and carries won't stop until "someone goes to Hawaii and carries duration records to boring heights...like the 72-hour sallplane record two guys set there by taking turns sleeping."

Bennett took Bob Wills to Hawaii in early September but flew only 45 minutes. Dave Killbourne had already flown 1 flow on and 4 minutes with his own Rogallo wing by jumping off 2500-foot Mission Ridge near San Jose. And that had been topped by 18-year-old Terras Kiceniuk flying an ex-



traordinary tailless biplane of his own making for 1 hour and 11 minutes.

Bennett promptly took Bob Wills out to Torrey Pines Soaring Park and set a 2 hour 17 minute record on a 19-foot Delta-Wing. Now Bennett plans to take a full load of wings and flyers out to the 1000-foot peak at Palmdale on Sunday.

Suddenly, in the almost mystical way that things happen in Southern California, the greatest collection of hang-glider pilots and wings ever in one place is beginning to get itself together.

. . .

The Palmdale hang-gliding site is just off of California Highway, a feeway built to service an international airport that doesn't exist yet. The place you're looking for its he last steep slope of the San Gabriel Mountains, just before the freeway sweeps down to the floor of the Mojave Desert and the town of Palmdale.

You pull off the exit ramp and run back along a frontage rodu pull off the exit ramp and run bace of a towering cliff. This is the landing area, where the flyers park their spare cars and pickup trucks and girlfriends and wives and kids. The place is so barren it doesn't even have sagebrush and they look odd out there. like a badly organized wagon train.

The hill seems to jut straight up out of the desert floor. It looks like a solid wall of stone, but it's a false front. A deep

canyon cuts down from the top behind the sheer face, leaving only a slim ridgeline at the top. Still, it's formidable.

The Bennett people have arrived first with a carvain of assorted cars and pickups. The wings are transferred to one pickup and Bennett, Kennedy, and Wills take off up a dusty and precarious read cut by Pacific Gas and Electric to service a power tower at the top. It takes a full ten minutes to snake up the undulating read.

The view from the take-off area is awesome, a sweeping panorama of golden mountains and brown desert. Edwards Air Force Base looks just the right size to slip under the Christmas tree. The freeway looks like a pipeline.

Peeking over the edge, you look right down the canyon shooting downward to the left. In the afternoon, the wind blows out of the mountains and right up that canyon. They launch themselves from the flat spot at the top and glide straight down the canyon. About half a mile down, the canyon walls and floor fall away and there they are in space, flying 500 to 700 feet above the desert floor.

The idea is to stay to the right going down the canyon, maybe getting a little lift along the slope. Then, as you leave the canyon, a hard right turn puts you flying parallel to the sheer outer face of the hill. If you're high enough, you should be able to ridge soar along the whole length. The wind can give you a hell of a lift and that's what everyone's



out here for. There's world duration rec-

ords to be had along that ridgeline. And even if you don't make the ridgeline to catch "the wave," you've got a fantastic two or three-minute glide down to the landing area. But, Lord, it looks high up there!

While Bennett and his crew are setting up and rigging their wings, word has gotten around that the Eipper-Formance people are coming out today: Eipper and Steve Wilson and some others. Dave Cronk is coming with that

big Cronk Kite. Terras Kiceniuk is expected to show up with Icarus, his biplane which clearly has better soaring potential and better controls than the Rogallo-type wings. Terras might take his world record back. Frank Lovejoy is said to be coming with a very exciting monoplane he calls "Quicksilver." And Volmer Jensen will be with Lovejov, Jensen is The Grand Old Man of Hang-gliding at 62 years old. He's been flying hang-gliders since 1925. His current ship, the VJ-23, is probably the best ever built-a 32foot monoplane glider with full aircraft controls. But Jensen is not expected to risk his thousands of man-hours of superb craftsmanship at Palmdale. No

The Bennett kites are lined up along the edge, a beautiful rank of multicolored Dacron. One is covered with red and white stripes and edged in blue. Another carries broad bands of orange and yellow.

Bill Bennett is 41 years old and out of shape. In his white tee shirt and baseball cap, he looks like the umpire of a Little League game. Under his big star-and-stripes Delta Kite, he's something else again. He's already seat-belted to a plastic seat tied to the kite with polyethelene rope. He just runs off the mountain.

He's the first off and it's a nononsense ride. Down the canyon and out into the open. From the desert floor it looks like he's burst from the mountain itself. Whooosh and there he is-red, white, and blue batman in the sky. He comes gliding straight in, stalls the kite, and settles like a thistle about 75 feet from his baby blue Cadillac. His wife, Paulette, a big redhead, is sitting on a lawn chair in front of the Caddy. She waves a cheery 'ello to old Bill and goes back to polishing 'er nails like he just breezed in from the office. Which 'e had. Bennett is not your ordinary

The Eipper-Formance crew is on top now, Eipper's new white Chevy pickup parked next to Bennett's. There's a lot of Rogallos up there, propped on their control bars facing the wind. Steve Wilson has a Flexi-Flyer in purple 72 Dacron with big yellow lightning bolts splashed across it. He calls it "Thor." Eipper is flying a black wing with bright red wingtips. It's stencilled in white. "You Asked For It." Guess why.

The big, colorful wings are going off

in a steady stream. It's a beautiful day and the mood is happy. There's a lot of

continued on page 179

#### SKYSURFING: A GALLERY GUIDE

#### READY-TO-FLY HANG GLIDERS:

Delta Wing Ski-Kites, P.O. Box 483, Van Nuys, CA 91408. Delta Wing" Rogallo type.

Eipper-Formance Flight Systems, 1733 Border Ave., Torrence, CA 90501. "Flexi-Flyer" Rogallo type.

Jobe Manufacturing Corp., 14615 N.E. 91st., Redmond, Wash. 98052. Rogallo type models.

#### HANG GLIDER PLANS:

Dave Cronk, "Cronkite 3" high-aspect Rogallo type. \$5. P.O. Box 1362, Torrence, CA 90505.

Dick Eipper, "Eipper-bird" and "Flexi-Flyer" Rogallo types. \$5. Eipper-Formance Flight Systems, 1733 Border Ave., Torrence, CA 90501.

Volmer Jensen, "J-11 So-Lo" biplane. Catalogue \$2. Volmer Aircraft, 104 E. Providenica Ave., Burbank, CA

Tarras Kiceniuk Jr., "Icarus II" biplane, \$10. "Batso" Rogallo type, \$5. c/o Kiceniuk, Palomar Observatory, Palomar Mt., CA

Dave Kilbourn, "Kilbo" Rogallo type. See Low & Slow Magazine

Jack Lambie, "Hang Loose" Chanute-type biplane. Lambie, 9460-C Artesia, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

Bob Lovejoy, "High Tailer" monoplane. Lovejoy, 416 Monterey, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254.

Richard Miller, "Conduit Condor" Rogallo-type. See Low & Slow

Mike Riggs, "Seagull V" high-aspect Rogallo type, \$8 Seagull Aircraft, 9083 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230.

PUBLICATIONS:

Low & Slow Magazine, 59 Dudley Ave., Venice, CA 90291. Monthly newsletter of skysurfing, hang gliding, manpower flight, and other related subjects. Single issue, \$1, 12 issues,

Ground Skimmer, c/o SCGHA, Inc. Box 246, Lomita, CA 90717. Monthly newsletter of Southern California Hang-Glider As-

sociation. Free with \$2 annual membership.

Delta Kite Flyer News, P.O. Box 483, Van Nuys, CA 91408, Free promotional newsletter. Quarterly.

#### NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS:

Self-Soar Association, 59 Dudley Ave., Venice, CA 92091. Only complete source of information about skysurfing activities nationally and internationally. Free lifetime membership on request.

Soaring Society of America, Box 66071, Los Angeles, CA 90066. National club primarily concerned with conventional sailplanes. Everybody's
a dreamer
and everybody's a
star, And

Everybody's a dreamer and everybody's a star, And every-body's a star, And every-body's in show biz it doesn't matter who you are. And those who are successful/be always on your guard/Success walks hand in hand with failure/Along Hollywood Failure/Along Hollywood Failure/Along Hollywood Failure/Along Hollywood

Boulevard.

The Chinese have made a religion of worshipping their ancestors and Europeans and overbearing in touting their historical heritage, but it's remained or Americans to come up with the most unusual ways of preserving the memories of the famous. In addition to naming everything from airports to apartment complexes after them-the John F. Kennedy Airport in New York City and Chicago's Sandburg Village for two examples—we also memorialize them with statues, stamps, coins, Halls of Fame, Honor Rolls, holidays, plaques, cornerstones and such esoterica as bubblegum cards, sandwiches (try any restaurant in the showbiz section of town), fan magazines, phonograph records and rest stops on the turnpike. America, of course, has one-upped the Chinese and the Europeans-you don't have to be dead to be immortalized. though it's perfectly all right if you've been all but forgotten. As you might expect, the strangest ways of remembering the famous are pracand commemories not only and nearthe totally unknown Nor

### nostalgia BY JAMES WALSH

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## SEX ON The Mount



"And why this paradox? The sullen, ugly, hostile graceless exterior, the seething sexual pre-occupation within.

A compensation for the altitude or for the monotony of harsh mountain life?

Perhaps this Peruvian phenomonon really was an adaptation, evolved over millenia: the survival of the fantasist."

article

By DRUMMOND RENNIE

"Discussion, thought and opportunity for expression of sex were remarkably absent at altitude. People began to notice what they had been missing only below 12,000 feet on the way home."

Peter Steel, 'Medicine on Mount Everest 1971' THE LANCET, July 3rd, 1971

Kathmandu, Nepal, 4,300 feet, 1968. People do indeed notice. I certainly did. Down from the binding, harsh, grumbling ice-falls of the South Annapurna Sanctuary into the soft willages. Long days of steep, slippery trekking and then the jostling noisy shock of Kathmandu. Through tortuous streets to the silent, crumbling palace, now my hotel.

averses to the siterin, crumoning parace, now my notet, I went up a tight spiral staircase to the attic where, months before, I had left my city clothes. I edged towards the closet, squeezing between two beds hung scantily with diaphanous white netting, bellowing in a soft breeze. On each side of me, two heaving, glistening, murmuring dusky bodies, as sinuously entwined as the carvings that lace the temple's beams, but straining, laughing, sighting.

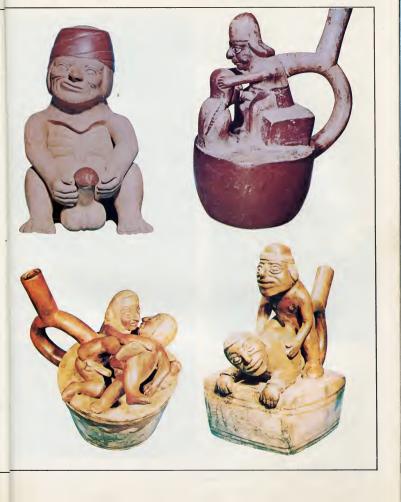
I coughed a discreet. British cough, mumbling "Excuse me" to the oblivious quartet as I hauled out my clothes. Months of abstinence, I reflected angrily as I descended Months so cold I could scarcely find it, let alone use it. Mountaineering suddenly seemed sick, perverted. I climbed into a huge sarcophagus of a stone bath, meditating morosely on the asceltic deal. Hermits in the desert a life-time of scorched self-abuse. Boxers, equally fanatic, laying off laying.

The hot water, a startling new pleasure after so long, began to lift my mood. Lather in the loins. Boccacio's hermit had shown his nubile acolyte how to attain salvation through bodily as well as spiritual exertions, and now I, too, was back: down in the cities of the Plain. Getting out, I reached for a reflective towel. I thought of Roger. Massive shoulders, huge, hairy hands, padding around in his foam inner boots. We had climbed together off and on for years. Now where was he? The last days of the trek back had changed him perceptibly. Bangkok, now that's what I call a transitive verb." I remembered his deep neolithic laugh and just hoped that if he found a chambermaid he'd remember not to do it in the corridor. There would just be time, before dusk fell, to review the question of the erotic temple carryings. I dressed rapidly.

Chicago, U.S.Ā. 600 feet, 1971. Now, a world away from Kathmandu, I write of Mountaineering Sexology, but with diffidence, for even in 1971 this is a delicate topic, hedged about by taboos: Mountaineering is still a hotly controversial subject. At a time when three in the marriage bed (and all of the same sex) is routine, it is quaint to observe and distressing to record the positively eighteenth century outrage of a climber who reaches the summit of a virgin peak only to find there a cairn, a flag and two rusty sardine cans.

The Mandarins of mountaineering demand, like livestock breeders, that who dose what and when be meticulously recorded. So, rather than lose my mountaineering masculinity, or Alpine Club standing, I must now tediously state my impecable credentials: must explain how I found out about girls, fell into climbing, and got paid for it (climbing). In short, how I became a high altitude physiologist.

I thought of the hundreds of shelves of ancient, delicate dun pottery, smooth, hard and brittle, which i had studied down in the museums of Lima. A canteen shaped like a great scrotum, draining through a glant, erect penis. Man with goat, puma with girl, man masturbating, girl with king, fellatio on a throne. And this was domestic pottery! mean, for break/sat!"









studying the workings of the body in high mountain, low oxygen environ-

ments, and why. First; why, for this is easier than how. The usual point-and only justification-of high altitude physiology is to understand better what is wrong with normal earthbound patients who, for one reason or another (a coronary attack, pneumonia, anemia and so on). lack oxygen in their blood. It is easier, cheaper and more productive to do these studies on high mountains (at 18,000 feet the atmosphere has half as much oxygen as at sea level) than in noisy, claustrophobic steel lowpressure chambers, from which air is continuously pumped to simulate high altitudes. To a climber it is also more pleasant

The physiologist is obsessed with measurement output, capacity, acceleration, efficiency, kidney blood flow, membrane potentials, muscle salt concentrations; the harsh mechanics of running, the biochemistry of cestace. He probes the silmy processes of birth, the dry tissues of death. He takes his experimental subjects—jocks, intellectuals, slobs—to high altitudes to stress them with the same lack of oxygen that any physician sees daily in his sick patients at sea levels.

The physiologist, at whatever altitude, measures processes, functions: circulation, digestion, excretion and, as far as I am now concerned, generation.

Mechanical or theoretical screwing is, of course, the sound basis of our intellectual and commercial life today. The questions hinted at by Peter Steele in my opening quotation, then, are not merely privately titillating, they are of universal interest. To answer the broad inquiry "How high and at what height?" specifics were required. As a scientist, by physician and practicing heterosexual I telt peculiarly well-equipped to find them.

Lovers, climbers mount. No farfetched Freudian analogy. "I've fucked the bitch." have been the triumphantly exhausted words on many a peak, including Everest. The fact that climbers' guide-books lead one into infinite subdivisions of the analogy merely reinforces it. One reads." This move is the crux of the climb. Swing your leg across and over and insert pilon.." Roger, biophysicist, who was, and is, single—and simple-minded enough to

Fantasy. Sinuously entwined carvings that lace temples' beams in Kathmandu. Shaped by years of longing, decades of self-indulgence, centuries of obsession. relish this process recorded girls like this..."First winter ascent..." and graded the positions, like routes on a rock face ... "very severe ... " "easv ... the last applying to girl and position alike. In the States grading of climbs is done by numbers, "F7" and so on. The Khama Sutra is subtly, mathematically changed, the sensuous Alpinist: "Take great care. Two men lost their lives from exhaustion at this point in 1956.... "prepare for five nights in very exposed positions..." "He lost his hold, ripned out his expansion bolt and fell thirty feet..." into the stairwell? Roger's flights of fancy are detailed as well as tedious

Climbers, then, are lovers with grandiose ideas of what to mount, or escapists from the tumble between the sheets. Or nothing so complicated. Merely people who want two things at once. Peter Steele is right in that high altitude is not where the girls are. Opportunity is limited, but not completely. And discussion? Thought? And 12,000 feet? What had happened to the Peter Steele I had known at Cambridge? Tall, wiry, tough, enthusiastic then, and now a celebrated mountaineer. Proper questions for me, a high-altitude physiologist, to ask, and particularly intriguing as Peter had given me my first intoduction to climbing.

Cambridge, England. 200 feet. 1955. Lingering mornings in the library, the early sun glinting on the white-dewed lawns. The thump and creak of punts gliding through the willows on the Backs. Pallid, spotty faces; rich, pink, intellectual buttocks. Tactful screwing in the herbaceous borders and sherry in the College cryot before dinner.

Full of Vouvray, rapelling down into the inky night from the seventeenth century college roof, ropes biting into me in a complicated, castrating manner. A sudden free fall into black eternity, a violent jerk around my waist and a splintering, inkling crash. Dimity aware of my flailing legs thrashing around as I swung through what must be some window beneath. A low shout and a high, female scream

Pitch blackness. Clutching hands, wood, glass, an eiderdown.

I clawed my way up the rope, kicking in window panes. Peter was peering down into the darkness. "I said, lean back." He was reproachful. Draped over the gutter I cursed him, with intensity

I have not seen Peter since Cambridge. He tackled hard new climbs in the Alps and Pyrenees, and reports of him would come in from places like Tibesti and Labrador and Bhutan. Reports of me came in from the remoter wilds of southeast London, from Southwark, Camberwell, Lewisham. Occasionally there were exhausting weekends in North Wales, climbing with Roger.

Llyn Guynant by Hafod-y-rhisgl, North Wales, 230 feet. 1964. Friday night. 1:00 A.M. A marsh. Slippery turds, a cold drizzle and the Ford Anglia up to its axles in a ditch full of frogs, its headlights illuminating a dour struggle with wet tents.

wet tems.

In the still, bright morning, impatiently
waiting, acutely, enviously conscious of
Roger's sealed tent, the whole tiny
structure rocking with his rhythmic efforts, drops of dew flying from guy
ropes taut as violin strings. Other climbers have long been on the cliffs. Roger
and his girl crawl out. "Come on Roger.
Let's get going." "Jesus. Get going..."

Roger leads all day, Compact, stocky, a long rope snakes down the wet cliff face to my stance. I can see only his boots and his chunky, muscular butt ("You can't drive a nine inch nail with a tack hammer"). I feel irribable. His girl, bulging shirt, tight denims, is too dis-

tant, too dreamily content.

Much later we came off the misty cliffs of Tremadoc rooks circling around us in the dusk. The pub is crammed. A long line of Welshmen, clasping great tankards at the bar and roaring "Land of Our Fathers" in massive, maukish harmony. Tears stream down their faces. I go outside to sit on an upturned barrel, leaning against an outhouse wall. Roger and his girl have disappeared. The roaring has changed to "Abide With Me." Men come stumbling and belching out into the darkness to urinate splashily in a tin-roofed shed. I begin to hear a rhythmic creaking; gaspings from the upstairs loft. Shoulders passionately pressed down into wet coils of nylon rope, cagouls, socks. "Abide with me. fast falls the eventide..." Jolly Roger.

Monte Rosa, Switzerland, 15,200 feet 1965. I, in my turn, eventually went to the Alps. Standing on top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, the Dufourspitze of Monte Rosa, I looked at the tiny hut on the rounded Gniffetti summit, the hut where I knew so much physiological research had been done at the turn of the century. I starred at the hut, and glanced down to where my companion sat, clutching his head and groaning with the headache of acute

nothing's happened and says, "I got this part and I know you can do it. Of course, this is with Big Duke, and Big Duke doesn't like any of that Method shit." I said, "Mr. Hathaway, you won't have to worry about that." And he answered, "I'm not worried, boy, I just know Big Duke doesn't like that Method shit." John Wayne, by the way, is a nice guy as long as you don't talk politics or mention the name Eldridge Cleaver. Anyway, I was in the first scene on the first day of shooting, did everything Hathaway told me to, and got it the first take. Hathaway came up to me afterwards, a cigar hanging out of his mouth and tears in his eyes, grabbed me and said, "That was great, boy, really great!" I said, "Well, you see, Mr. Hathaway, I'm a much better actor now than I was eight years ago." And still filled with emotion, he said, "You're not better, boy-you're smarter!" Which was like really strange. but now I love the old man.

GALLERY: How difficult was it to accept your eight-year exile from Hollywood?

HOPPER: There were times when it got to me, of course, but when I saw I couldn't get any acting work I started to get involved in photography; I carried a 35mm camera practically everywhere I went. And I think I did almost everything with it I'd ever wanted to do, from shooting fashion stuff for Voque and Harper's Bazaar to photographing crumbling walls, peace marches in the South with Martin Luther King, riots on Sunset Strip and hippie love-ins. Since I've begun making movies again I don't really take photographs any more, and while I'd sort of like to get into it again, I know I don't really have any great desire to. Sometimes, though, I'll be driving down a country road and see an old gas station and think, wow, I'd like to have a photograph of that. I won't have my camera with me so I don't stop, but I think about it-and at this point, to me, thinking about a photograph is as good as taking it. I guess a good part of my interest in photography was proving that I could do it, because I did it at a time when I had no other creative release except to write screenplays that might never be produced. During those years I was also involved in art, so I kept pretty busy. Still, I lost a lot of time, and that hurt

GALLERY: When you again reappeared on the screen, you quickly became a kind of dope culture hero, initially through your roles in The Trip and Easy Rider, and later on Because of the many press reports of your cocaine usage on the set of The Last Movie.

HOPPER: Right, there was cocaine around, because a lot of cocaine comes from Peru, and there was also a lot of grass around. One of those press reports you just mentioned bugged me, and that was Life magazine's, which inferred that I've shot heroin-and that's complete bullshit. I have openly admitted that I've smoked, dropped and sniffed, but I've never shot anything, and I really resented that

GALLERY: Yet you've testified before the New Mexico legislature in favor of legalizing heroin. Why?

HOPPER: Because around 80% of the crime in major cities is committed by people looking to steal something so they can pay for a fix. In the face of that fact, it's logical to me that rather than beefing up police departments we can cut crime more effectively by giving heroin to addicts at drug stores-and controlling the amount to make sure we're not giving them anything extra to sell. That would keep addicts from stealing your television, mugging and maybe even killing you. And it would be taken care of on a doctor-patient relationship, because addicts are sick people. Also, legalizing heroin would cut out tremendous money that the underworld is making-tax free money, part of which should be helping the society out. At the very least, by legalizing heroin, we'd stop financing organized crime while also dropping the crime rate way down.

GALLERY: A number of politicians have commented that such a "permissive" approach would only result in more heroin addicts. Do you disagree? HOPPER: I don't see how standing in line at a drug store waiting for your heroin is going to look glamorous, do you? Why would anyone want to be addicted? You know, people talk about marijuana and say addicts start with marijuana and it leads to harder stuff, and that's right. The only reason that's right, though, is because the dealer you get marijuana from can't make much money on it-but he can if he gets you addicted to heroin.

That's how people get hooked. GALLERY: Is that a theory of yours or have you actually seen it happen? HOPPER: A lot of people I used to know died from overdoses of heroin. They didn't start on it because marijuana led them to heroin, but because the guy who was selling them grass was also a connection for heroin. Like, they were stoned one time or the situation was such where the guy told'em, "Try this once," and zap!, they were hooked. But I can't believe marijuana itself leads to heroin because I've seen too many people, including myself, who smoke grass and never touch harder stuff. And compared to what it costs this nation in terms of theft, pain, murder and misery, giving heroin away would be cheap at twice what it will cost, which won't be very much: The price of heroin is outrageously expensive only because it's illegal. There's one more practical thing to consider about this, and I wish the politicians would keep it in mind: If such a thing as a free society is going to exist, then you have to put up with the fact that if some people are going to want heroin, they're going to find a way to get it. Keeping heroin illegal not only breeds more addicts, it also creates some fantastic other problems for the society to deal with

GALLERY: Such as?

HOPPER: For one thing, we've got all these guys coming back from Vietnam, where they've been getting heroinpure heroin-and really heavy marijuana and hashish. They come back home, we've trained them as soldiers to be killers-and immediately upon returning they're criminals. What would you say the percentage is of soldiers in Vietnam who use marijuana? It's enormous-and they're now outlaws. Well, if a person becomes a criminal and has to sneak around to get marijuana, then it's very easy for him to be influenced by kind of underground newspaper or political movement that wants to legalize marijuana-but God knows what else they're advocating. I just don't believe you can keep a society together in which you make the majority of your citizens criminals, and right, I believe at least 50% of the people in this country have smoked marijuana. It's no longer the hippie on the corner, and it hasn't been that way for some time. Grass is used by executives in every business. and socially it's the smart, hip thing to do. Candidly, even most of your politicians will tell you they've tried it.

GALLERY: Then why are they so against its legalization?

HOPPER: Because politicians are elected and worry that the majority of people won't vote for them if they come out in favor of legalizing grass. Politicians also know that the kids who use marijuana and heroin aren't the ones who go out and vote; more likely, they'll just be turning on come election day. There's one more really important reason, which is that we've signed a pact with the United Nations saying the United States will not legalize marijuana. Government leaders around the world, you see, are worried that if their people smoke dope it will lead to the decline and fall of their nations. Usually,



attire By BOB BEAUCHAMP

For the past several years, we've been hip-high in the Jeans Boom—a
boom that has gone worldwide and burst upon Europe and the Far East
boom that has gone worldwide and burst upon Europe and the Far East
when the "dress-down" look hit America in the mid-Skiles, the stury
when the "dress-down" look hit America in the mid-Skiles, the stury
garb associated with comboys, farmers and other assorted nitry-gritty
garb associated with comboys, farmers and other assorted nitry-gritty
workingman types became the uniform for militant generation-gap progegarb associated with the state of the progression of of the progre













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reached behind her back, unhooked her brassiere and shrugged her shoulders out of the straps. With a small speak, the shoulders out of the straps. With a small speak, the shoulders out of the strated to cover herself with her hands. She shivered. Very quickly, she hooked her thumbs under the loose, worn elastic of her panties, stepped out of them and put them on the dresser.

Her hand tembling, she picked up a heavy plastic comb. She glanced several times at the reflection of the seaman, trying not to watch his penis which had been lying limp over his thigh but gradually began to rise. Absently, she stroked her hair, watching the development of his erection until it stood at an upward angle, curved and traced with hard blue veins. She put down the comb and turned around. He leaned over and held out his hand. Very slowly, she stepped closer, her breasts quivering, her chest rising and falling with her nevrous, shallow breathing.

Hissing a harsh, two-syllable word. she jerked off his white cap and sailed it toward the chair, moaning as he pulled her down on top of him, one arm around her shoulder and neck, the other around her buttocks, the blunt hardness of his erection stabbing into her stomach, his breath smelling stale and foul, his beard chafing her face. In a muffled frenzy, she grabbed his long blond hair with both hands, her fingers snatching his head away. He lay back, wincing as she stared into his face, her eyes very wide, her nostrils flaring, her mouth open and gasping. Then she closed her eves tightly. Her hips began to squirm under his hand, her stomach undulating against his. She rotated her breasts against him and began to mutter, her words harsh and determined and angry.

For a moment, she lay quite still, her face against the crook of his neck and shoulder. Slowly, she began twisting her hips. She bit his shoulder with increasing pressure until he pushed her head away and then she nibbled at his chest, rising up on her hands and knees and rocking slowly back and forth, her breasts swinging pendiulously. She would stop, rotate her hips and sink down again, her head bent forward. And then she sat up. She tossed her hair behind her shoulders, grasping her own breasts in her hands, her eyes closed, her lips parted.

Whitey watched the girl through his eyelashes, the dim light of the overcast morning shining through the shade, casting a gray sheen on the girl's body. Softly, he caressed her hips and but-tocks, feeling drowsy and relaxed from the liquor he had drunk and from his

lack of sleep. Rhythmically, he thrust his hips upward in response to the girl's motion. He knew he wasn't going to make it. Yet he was fascinated by the girl's ecstacy, her movement, her abandon.

The girl opened her eyes and saw him staring at her. She wet her lips, smiling with a wanton expression. She glanced at the mirror and altered the rhythm of her motion. Leaning forward, she suddenly slid off and stood up, walking quickly to the dresser to turn the mirror down at a different angle. She went back to the side of the bed but returned to the dresser for a final adjustment of the mirror before going back to straddle his hips with her knees. She resumed her motion, turning her head, her eyelids drooping. She studied her own reflection and began to mutter harshly.

Whitey watched her, remembering how she first looked in the mirror behind the bar, knowing she was grunting every obscene word in her language. He turned his face aside to press his cheek into the pillow. His eyes closed and then fluttered partially open, watching the sweating and panting girl who straddled him, no longer able to meet her thrusts nor able to feel the friction. He looked down at her stomach and her thighs. Turning his head, he watched her reflection in the mirror, her breasts in profile, her face smiling with lascivious triumph. But she was wet and loose and very soft and he was overcome with peacefulness, drowsy and drunk, only vaguely aware that someone was whimpering and pleading, breathing into his face, kissing his mouth with entreating desperation as his hard insistence became passive and finally limp

When he woke up there was a weak nimbus of sunshine refracted through the shade and the curtains covering the window. He turned his wrist and tried to look at his watch. Squinting and closing one eye, he peered very close and saw that it was ten after ten. He sat up and swung his leas over the side of the bed. He squinched his eyes tight and shook his head. He picked up his pants, pulling them over his legs and standing up, buttoning them closed but leaving the fly unzipped and the belt undone. He staggered across the room, his hands groping for the sides of the door. He found the girl in the kitchen, dressed in a bathrobe, her hair damp and put up in curlers, her face washed and without makeup. She sat with her knees together, shoulders slumped, her arms folded on the table next to the cup of coffee and the magazine.

Hey. Uh. Good morning.

The girl didn't answer. She didn't move. Whitey hesitated and came closer, bending over to kiss the side of her neck, pretending not to notice when she arched her back and jerked away. He looked over her shoulder at the photographs in the magazine of some sort of celebrity; a local movie star, a politician or millionaire. He was shown playing golf, puttering in his garden, reading a book beside a large fireplace. He had also been photographed while tinkering under the hood of his sports car, holding a teacup at a garden party and shaking hands with a priest at the front door of a church,

Who's that guy? Your fancy boy friend?

The girl pulled her chin lower, her arms tightening over her breasts. Whitey stood up, looking around the kitchen. Going over to the stove, he raised the lid of the coffee pot. Trying to keep his balance, he paced the floor twice.

Hey. You got a drink or something? Anything? Aw. Come on. Why the hell don't you learn some English? Hey. You understand beer? No beer? What the hell's the matter with you anyway?

He began opening the closets on both sides of the window, looking back over his shoulder to see if she objected.

You act like I took your cherry. I was the guy who got took. One hundred bucks. And then I passed out before I could even get my rocks off. Christ.

He opened and slammed the cabinet doors. In a china closet he found a bottle of red wine, holding it up high.

Listen. Is it okay? I mean. Huh?

He mauled his face with his hand, running his fingers through his hair, massaging the back of his neck. He began vanking drawers open until he found a corkscrew. Sitting down on the opposite side of the table, he scowled at the girl.

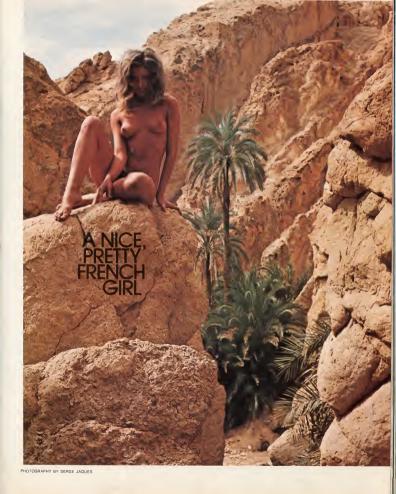
Boy. You sure are a joy to have around.

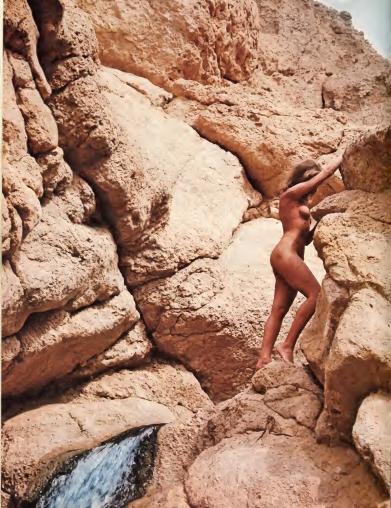
He drew the cork and raised the bottle, the wine gurgling several times. He wiped his mouth with his hand, sighing deeply as he stroked his mustache. Crossing his legs, he wiggled his bare toes. He studied the girl, his jaws tightening. He slapped his hand flat on the table twice, quickly.

Hey. He's just paper. You got a real man in the house now. Flesh and blood. You got to admit. I gave you a pretty good time. You were sittin' up there grabbin' your boobs in both hands—oh — h— Like this you were goin'.

He grabbed both sides of his chest,







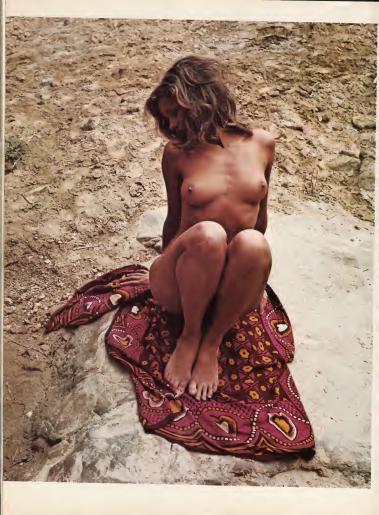


Once upon a time there was a airl named Claudie Perrin. Claudie Perrin was a nice, pretty French airl who was finally discovered by some movie people who thought she was a nice, pretty French airl. This all took place during a contest on the Cote d'Azur and the same day, the same hour she was signed for a new movie, "The Amazons." This was all very exciting for a girl who was born in Lille but moved. to Paris as soon as she could afford to, "because the north of France is so sad you know. It is not good to live in a sad place for very long because then you yourself become more sad ...

sadder?"
After finding her own apartment in Paris near the Arc de Triomphe,
Claudie took an interest in local drama and began sketching.
"I like to draw people."

Tille to draw people.
Today, between movies, she spends her time doing a variety of things, including posing for nude pictures of sunset in the water and by the rocks.
"I have no one special to care for me now. My future is open, I prefer to play life like that." And we all looked at these pictures and lived happily ever after.











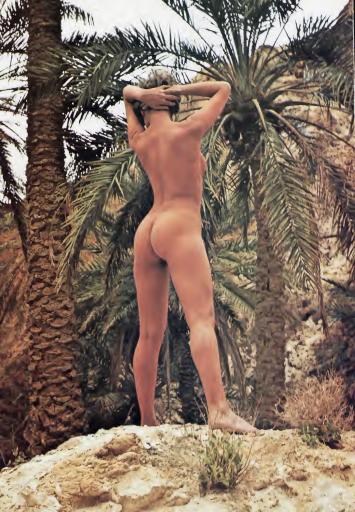














### **GALLERY'S LIGHTER SIDE**



We know a wise old sage who proclaims to one and all that marriage is the cause of all divorces.

The handsome young chap entered the local drug store and, approaching the shapely sales girl, asked: "Do you keep stationary?"

"Yes, up to a certain point," the girl coyly replied, "But after that I go all to pieces."

Our freaky dictionary defines curved line as the loveliest distance between two points.

Then there was the regretful fellow who took out a girl who wasn't doing anything that evening and discovered that she really wasn't.

The attractive woman continued on and on with her confession about an affair with a married man until the priest finally interrupted her, "This is the tenth time you've told me about this," he said.

"I know," the woman replied with a sigh, "But I just love to talk about it."

Our waggish statistician informed us that four out of five women haters are women.

The conversation at a cocktail party had turned to King Solomon. "You know, that Solomon was a pretty smart guy," said one fellow. "All those wives and concubines; sometimes I wonder how he arranged to provide the necessary food for all those women."

"How he fed all those women doesn't interest me," replied another chap, "I just wonder what he was eating himself."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Gallery Jokes Editor, 936 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

With the holiday season and its busy round of entertaining upon us, it's important to start thinking of something to have on hand when all those guests drop in.

Canapse and appetizers or hors d'oeuvres are, of course, just the thing. Frivolous, yet dainty morsels of food, designed to be eaten gracefully from the fingers, they are richly capable of setting the mood of entertainment and the finest properties. The state of the state



small plates-are offered with these appetizers.

This month we offer some suggestions on how to make a variety of canapes and hors d'oeuvres to supplement the usual ones you can find in any cookbook, such as caviar, foie gras. meat and game pates, fish or shellfish in aspic and the lowly, but always elegant, stuffed egg.

Among our favorite hors d'oeuvres is one that you will not be likely to find anywhere else. In a lifetime of browsing through cookbooks, we have never seen it listed. It's called, simply, cheese balls, and is a succulent and most unusual morsel we discovered, quite by accident, while serving our conscript duties in the French air force.

Imagine, Jean Paul in the French air force! And how did the authorities utilize his considerable talents? They assigned him as chef to the private home of the snobbish General de Hurst de Burtel de Chassey, chief of the French air force in charge of the Parisian air defense.

In the home of the general, the menage of children and servants was ruled by the even more snobbish Comtesse de Hurst de Burtel de Chassey. The comtesse's long thin nose always was tilted in the air. She never stooped so low as to look at a servant when she addressed him. Instead, she held her head turned regally sideways, as though she were speaking to the wall.

'Jean Paul!" she would exclaim, and she would list the number of guests expected for dinner, the time to serve them, and what the menu would be.

"Jean Paul!" she said one day. "I would like cheese balls included in tonight's hors d'oeuvres."

"Cheese balls, Madame la Comtesse?" "Do you not know how to make

cheese balls, Jean Paul?" she said to the wall

"No, Madame,"

"Then come. I will teach you."

In the kitchen she would touch nothing with her chubby little hands which she kept clasped and held beneath her ample bosom. She gave instructions to the walls. Jean Paul, private in the French air force, scurried about the kitchen, obeying her cold crisp words. The results were spectacular! That evening she stepped into the kitchen, biting into a cheese ball, a look of ecstasy on her face. For the first time she looked Jean Paul in the eyes. Then she said, "These are the best I've had since I was a little girl," and as a reward she promised to obtain him a three-day pass, which she did

That was how Jean Paul discovered the recipe for cheese balls, which will lead off the appetizers we are offering 100 below. Each recipe will generally provide for four persons.

CHEESE BALLS SOUFFLES 2 cups grated Gruyere cheese

4 egg whites, whipped firm Salt and pepper to taste Bread crumbs

Fold cheese and salt and pepper carefully into beaten egg whites. Shape cheese into small, round balls and roll in bread crumbs, coating well. Fry in deep fat at about 375 degrees, until golden brown, and serve immediately.

These may be reheated easily by redipping in fat until warmed through.

ANCHOVY ALLUMETTES 1 can (2 ounces) flat fillets of anchovies 1 package dinner roll dough

1 egg, well beaten

Roll out dinner roll dough to 1/s inch thick layer. Cut into rectangular shapes about four inches by one and one-half inches. Place one anchovy lengthwise along upper half of rectangle. Coat along edges with egg, then fold rectangle and press edges together firmly. With a sharp knife, shape the allumette into a thin fish form (using your talent and imagination). Coat entire surface with egg. Place on a buttered baking sheet or aluminum foil and bake in oven-preheated to 375 degrees-for eight to ten minutes, or until golden brown. Serve hot.

These, too, may be reheated in a 350 degree oven, and they keep well for a few days if refrigerated.

#### COCKTAIL FRANKS EN CROUTE

1 can cocktail frankfurters 1 package dinner roll dough

1 egg, well beaten

Roll out dough into 1/8 inch thick strips about one and one-half inches wide and three inches long. Roll the frankfurters in this dough, and place on buttered baking sheet or on aluminum foil. Coat well with beaten egg. Bake in a preheated oven at 375 degrees for six to eight minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot.

#### TARTARE STEAK CANAPES 1/2 pound lean chopped sirloin or ten-

derloin 1/4 cup onions, chopped

2 teaspoons capers, chopped 2 teaspoons parsley, chopped

1 teaspoon anchovy fillet, chopped 1 teaspoon imported French mustard

(it's stronger) 1 teaspoon white vinegar

1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

1 tablespoon salad oil 1 egg yolk

3 slices toasted bread, with crust removed

Dash of cayenne pepper Salt and pepper to taste

Mix together in a salad bowl the mustard, vinegar, egg yolk, Worcestershire sauce and salad oil. Add all remaining ingredients except salt and pepper. Season with salt and pepper and mix well. Cut toast into squares or small triangles and spread thickly with tartare steak. Serve chilled.

PUREE OF SARDINES CANAPES 1 can (31/2 ounces) boneless, peeled

and drained sardines 1 tablespoon mayonnaise

1 tablespoon parsley, chopped fine ½ teaspoon cognac

Dash of Worcestershire sauce Salt and pepper to taste Panrika

4 slices toasted bread, crust removed

Crush sardines well with a fork and then blend with mayonnaise and Worcestershire sauce, cognac, salt, pepper, paprika and half a tablespoon of the parsley until well mixed. Spread generously on the toast. Sprinkle the rest of the parsley over the toast. Cut into desired shapes and serve chilled. This puree can be kept for several

days if refrigerated and well covered. HARD BOILED EGG AND

ANCHOVY CANAPES 4 slices toasted bread, crust removed 2 eggs, hard boiled

2 medium tomatoes

1 can (2 ounces) rolled anchovy fillets with capers

Coat the toasted bread with mayonnaise and cut the toast into squares. Cut hard-boiled eggs into slices equalling number of anchovy fillets in can (about twelve). Cut tomatoes into thin slices. On each square of bread, place a slice of tomato, then a slice of egg, and garnish center of egg volk with a rolled slice of anchovy with caper. Serve chilled.

#### QUICHE LORRAINE

1 frozen pie crust (8-9 inches diameter) 2 eggs

2 slices of crisp bacon, diced

1 slice ham, boiled, diced 1 cup whipping cream 1 cup grated Swiss cheese

little salt-pepper-nutmeg Garnish bottom of pie crust with

cheese, ham and bacon. Beat eggs with cream, salt, pepper and nutmeg-pour into pie and bake in preheated oven at at 350 degrees for 25 minutes or till golden colored-cut into desired shapes and serve hot.







The groupie with the cupcake bottom and the Carole King hair was pissed. "I am *not* sixteen," she announced indignantly, drawing back her shoulders and making the little unleashed breasts quiver like foothills caught in a quake. "I'm fourteen," she

said-and unfolded a creased birth certificate to prove it.

Rod Stewart paid her no mind. He sat on the end table rubbing his crotch and staring absently into his cognac. Stewart is thin to the point of creating concern among grandmothers in the Deniver Hilton lobby. Tonight, he was very tired. This post-concert party limping along drearily didn't help matters. Last night in Wichita Falls had been better. There had been the girl who insisted upon having her body painted and there were the other three who had followed them up from Dallas. He swirled the dregs of cognac in the glass and ran a delicate hand thru his rooster tail of hair. Jesus, what a deadass affair.

"And now, if you will all shut the fuck up," howled Ronnie Lane, the mean-eyed bass player of Faces, "we will make a presentation to the man who has done so much to make us what we are—"ay Rod? You've been so very important to our suc-

cess

Stewart bobbed his head, acknowledging not the words but the sarcasm behind them. The whole thing between the Faces and Stewart is welrd. On the one hand, he is the killer single who, with songs like "Maggie May", has established himself as perhaps the world's premier rock and roll singer. On the other, he is, supposedly, simply another face in Faces, on of the world's tightest rock band;

Ronnie Lane continued laying it on. He and Ian McLagen, Faces' keyboard artist, had dragged something from the bedroom cloaked in the blue satin bedspread.

"In honor of the fact that our beloved Rod has been named top vocalist of the year by Melody Maker magazine, we have fixed up this little presentation. It is a fitting award for efforts above and beyond the call of duly and so forth. I mean, there's only one Rod, one true talented Rod, isn't that right?" Lane's cunning little face swung from left to right, a weasel ready to snap the necks of unwary bird.

"Oh yes, we love you, Rod," shouted Mac. "We need you."

With this last, the bedspread was whipped off—to reveal a large bland typically hotel-looking painting which the boys had ripped from the bedroom wall.

The applause was good-natured and full—tho the drummer Kenny Jones did not participate. He sat on the window sill, a solid muscled figure fingering his silver cross and looking blankly out toward the mountains hidden in the night rain.

Stewart jumped on a coffee table, balanced himself with the aid of a lady whose twitching body aptly illustrated the reason for her name, "Crystal".

"For me and me mom who, bless her soul, is not here this evening, I want to thank you all," said Stewart. He let fly a right hand that burst the canvas. There was much cheerful applause by the Faces and the roadles and the girls—except for Mike Quill,

personality By LES BRIDGES

## DRINKIN' THE NIGHT AWAY WITH ROD STEWART

road manager, who leaned drunkenly against the bar with a for rent sign stuffed into the front of his pants.

Later, Quill told Stewart: "We must tell

the hotel that it just fell from the wall." "Of course," said Stewart. "It just fell

from the wall." The Faces have been banned from all the world's Holiday Inns because of their penchant for trashing a suite. Indeed, the previous night in Wichita Falls, guitarist Ron Wood had done a number on the john's fixtures. The damage had escaped the hotel manager's nervous eye because of an artful scotch tape-and-toothpick repair iob. Now Woodie fantasized how it would be when the next tenant, probably some salesman from Des Moines, visited the crapper. "He'll go to turn on the light and the mirror will come down and the shelves will fall and the whole damn room will come apart." Woodie said delightedly. The image called for a drink. (Just about everything calls for a drink with the Faces.) Woodie sucked at the bottle of Pinot Noir and a trickle of the blood-colored wine ran down the side of his mouth and spotted his velvet lacket.

"The thing you might say about our dope and our drinking is that we control one-and the other controls us," Stewart explains wryly.

It is a joke, of course. Stewart may let himself slide into the grape on occasion, but nothing controls him. He won't let it. In that, he is a throwback to the pre-dope, pre-dropout era. In his music. Stewart returns us to vestervear when restraint was a virtue. It was the time when, if you worked on the line at River Rouge Ford or Fisher Body No. 1, you might well draw your check on Friday and stay drunk through the weekend, but you always punched in Monday morning. And if you were going to school, well, you were going to

Without taking a thing from Stewart's delivery and that incredible voice which seems to drag itself from the whiskeyravaged throat of a 60-year-old wino, a lot of Stewart's success has to be chalked up to his astute choice of songs. He is, above all, consistent in grabbing at what we had in the fifties-and let slip away when we began puffing the magic weed. It's no happenstance that Stewart reaches back for Sam Cooke's "Twistin' the Night Away" as his concert encore-and that people who weren't alive when Cooke first did the song come thundering out of their seats.

Indeed, Rod Stewart is what the times call for. He is as John Wayne is to movies-something you can hang onto in a time when there's damn little to grip.

A flat-out honesty marks his delivery. Stewart is 27, but there are 12 grueling. dues-paying years behind him. He sang with Jeff Beck-and it was not a happy time. Stewart can still work himself into a cold rage at what he believes was the shitty treatment received from Beck. Before Beck, Stewart performed with Steam Packet. And before that-eight or nine long years ago-it was Stewart in a group called Jimmy Powell and the Five Dimensions.

The Dimensions did not even rate second act status. Instead, they ambled out on the stage and performed a few numbers while the equipment was set up for the first act.

It may not have been much of a group, but Stewart usually sang to a full house. The group they readied the stage for was the Rolling Stones.

So Stewart has been around. There is much about him that reminds you of a fifties street kid. Years ago, he had this thing about death. A funeral cortege, an undertaker's parlor, might set it off. He'd get to moping about mortality. It was the ultimate downer-and so Stewart met it head on.

"I took this job digging graves. There were two of us. Three or four nights a week, we would dig the holes. When we weren't doing that, we would look after the graves that the cemetary was paid to mind. I didn't work it long, but then I didn't have to."

It's a faintly nostalgic, but pleasing idea-the macho trip. You got to prove yourself even if it costs you a bloody nose, or a broken ass.

Right now, I've got the same feeling about flying-it really bothers me. When I get back to England, I'm going up in a Hunter bomber, alone, and do a couple of barrel rolls, It'll scare the shit out of me, but after that, I should be alright,"

The Album Graphics people were up in Mike Gormerly's suite drinking Heinekins, awaiting Woodie and Mac and possibly, Rod, to discuss the album cover for the Faces' next release. Gormerly is a young rock writer and p. r. ace for Mercury Records, Stewart's label as a single.

Gormerly mentioned that Columbia had offered Stewart 31/4 million dollars to switch labels. Des Strobel, AGI's graphics chief, wanted to know whether or not the Faces had understood some of the early submissions including "the Magrite thing.

The tentative title of the album was partially lettered across the cover of an early favorite. It was a bucolic scene with a pull-out sunrise. The title read. "How you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen..."

To complete the message, you had to flip open the double cover. To no one's surprise the word "Paree" was lettered in red across the can can dancer's crotch. Someone mentioned that the Faces were tiring of long titles and "Ola-la" had been suggested as an alternate. "Not across her crotch, I hope" said Des. That title suggestion was topped immediately by someone who

proposed, "French Tickler" Woodie and Mac arrived finally. Both are short, razor thin with hawklike faces. Mac seemed a little spaced and spent his time watching the Republican convention on the out-of-focus TV while Woodie plunged into the layouts. One called for a blank cover which the Faces would take along on tour and jot down offhand graffiti. "No pictures-it's a very honest idea," said Des. Woodie looked at him blankly, and flipped the cover on the bed.

A second design formed the album cover into a wallet and featured both a three-dollar bill and a handful of die-cut coins. Woody was delighted with the bill. "Never be busted flat in Baton Rouge with that."

The favorite, however, still seemed to be the crotch shot. "I got an idea," said Woodie. "We'll get Warners to let us do our own album label and the hole will go right where her legs come together."

'Fuckin' far out," said one of the Album Graphics people, genuinely delighted.

That decision made, Woodie asked, "Anyone got any leapers?" Someone disappeared into the bedroom. He was back soon with a stash of pot.

"No, man," said Woodie, reefers, leapers."

Mac suddenly awakened after ten minutes of Gerry Ford and Ronald Reagan. "Anybody seen Rod?" he asked, a nervous little ripple in his voice.

Woodie, still fondling the three dollar bill, said slyly, "Rod doesn't exist. He gave up existing 24 hours ago. Only we exist-and I'm not sure about you." . .

"You with this feller, Steen?" the doorman asked

Everyone looked at him blankly. 'This singer, Steen."

"Stewart?" "Yeah, that's him."

The black Cadillacs were snug against the curb of the hotel entrance. It was very late. John Kay, ex- of Steppenwolf, already was on stage, miles away, at the Colosseum. Where the fuck was everybody? Mike Quill reached into his attache and opened his pharmacy. popping two reds.

Eventually, the Faces appeared wearing their brocade and velvet lackets. Stewart was the last to arrive. Hanging

# TRTTOPIA



there are nine million cattle in uruguay, these are some of them there also are a lot of happy people travel By LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

If we all leveled with each other, how many of us would finally admit we grew up believing South America to be a place where people changed governments about as often as they did underwear, which we usually calculated at roughly two or three times a year? And didn't we also know that poverty, illiteracy, corruption, repression, bemedaled military dictators and great infusions of Coca Cola and American aid ... were about all we'd find when visiting out downtrodden, exploited neighbors to the south? Considering the many historical fiascos Latin America has been heir to, perhaps some of our biases are understandable. But not forgiveable, for when you get right down to it, we are, as a nation, remarkably ignorant about South America

Scoffers of this thesis can put it to the test by naming the South American country that 1) has traditionally been its continent's most politically stable; 2) is

the home of the most daring and highlypublicized Latin guerilla movement now operating, 3) has the best public health and education record in the Americas, 4) has its continent's lowest birthrate; 5) has undergone an inflation that saw its cost of living rise 500% in the Sixties; 6) was the first to grant women the right to vote; 3) was the first to insist on separation of Church and State, and 8) has in the last three years witnessed an unprecedented series of attacks on its American corporate branches.

So much for your knowledge of South America. The answers to the above are: Uruguay. One through eight. Honest

Uruguay That dinky little country that sits, like an Oklahoma-sized spitball, between Argentina and Brazil on South America's lower east coast? The very one. And if some of it characteristics seem contradictory, they are, for Uruguay is South America's most idiosyncratic nation as well.

The country's singularity is mediately obvious upon encountering its people, almost all of whom are European in origin. Uruguay is the only nation in South America (or in the New World, for that matter) without a native Indian population, and this unique state of affairs hardly came about through coincidence: The Charrua Indians who first inhabited the land were slaughtered by marauding Spanish conquistadores during the 17th Century. (Of course, the Charruas hadn't been all that neighborly themselves, having committed a glaring social gaffe in 1516, when they ate Juan de Solis, the first Spaniard to set foot on their turf.) With the territory pacified in a totallyannihilative sense of the euphemism Spaniards settled in and their little, remote colony soon became the object of heated dispute among Argentina, Brazil and England, all three of which briefly claimed it as their own. Uruguay finally





achieved independence in 1828, and celebrated the event by plunging into civil wars lasting several decades. The country's internal strife proved to be Uruguay's first tourist attraction, for it caused thousands of Europeans to come over and participate, particularly Italians, who stayed, multiplied, and currently constitute a full 10% of the nation's 2.8 million citizens. The nation's European makeup continued to grow in the early 1900's, when Jews from Poland and Russia-now nearly as numerous as the Italians-and large contigents of Germans and Swiss migrated to its shores. Today, less than half of Uruguay is of Spanish descent. and only 8% of the country's people are non-white. This is South America?

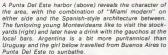
Until the early 60's the nation's mixture of cultures had made for an urbane society whose enlightened and solid welfare-state economy caused it to be known as the Switzerland of South America. But Uruquay has fallen on difficult times; it is still in the grip of a decade-long inflation that is only now beginning to abate, and in the last few years a band of Montevideo querillas. the Tupamaros, have become a disquieting factor to be dealt with. Aware of Uruguay's twin bedevilments, one arrives at Carrasco Airport, just outside Montevideo, expecting to find a country writhing in national agony, Instead, one soon realizes that the national agony is ours, not theirs: While we begin lamenting the imminent Commie revolution about to engulf Uruguay, little Uruguay-foolishly not recognizing its moribund state-is working hard to remedy the problems of its unique economy, while also trying to dissuade

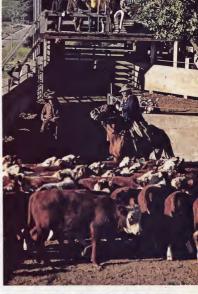
One of Uruguay's national monuments in Montevideo (babove left) represents settlers coming into Uruguay with wagons pulled by oxen. On a cliff north of Punta Del Este sits the home of 'Uruguay's Picaso," Carlos Paez of 'Uruguay's Picaso," Carlos Paez (set). It was constructed with volunter iabor by nearby residents. Old cars like the 1926 Cadillac below are common in Uruguay.



















The couple above anipys the free life of Punta Del Este. As in other Latin American countries, soccer is a favorite sport in Uruguay (left). Discoteques also are favorite sport in Uruguay (left). A strict policy of admitting couples only is maintained and there are no singles bars in Montevideo. The young lady below is the mistress of a leading citizen of Montevideo. He looked on With approval as this shot was taken in the rumpus room of his mansion. Posting in front of a buillight poster, she holds a pair of banderillas. These are stuck in the shoulder muscles of a buil to lower his head and expose his spine for the kill. The gaucho riding toward her at the right would probably appreciate her company. He's returning to his quarters after a hard day of work at the leading stock market outside Montevideo.







a few hundred young people from getting pathological in the name of national welfare. Somebody's out of touch with reality, and if it's not our Cassandra-like press, please direct this report back to its originator, who will strive to eat his words should pacific Uruguay indeed go the way of Cuba. Our newspapers may tell us that Uruguay is teetering (or is it tottering?) on the brink of revolution. but then, our newspapers tell us a lot of things that ain't necessarily so.

Half of Uruguay, about 1.4 million people, lives in and around Montevideo. a city that last commended itself to us when the pursuit of the Graf Spee ended with the German submarine being scuttled just outside the capital's harbor. It is a Latin-styled metropolis much in the manner of Madrid, its architecture is nothing to write home about, but its streets are graceful and friendly, its mood relaxed, and its people content to act on their compulsion to promenade through great stretches of parkland. Actually. Montevideo is surprisingly handsome, for it is filled with broad, palm tree-lined boulevards, modest but immaculately maintained residential areas, districts elegant enough to make Beverly Hills residents clench their gold-capped dentures in collective envy, scores of busy outdoor cafes, and dozens of high-rise apartment complexes, the most striking of which overlook the city's Rio Plate beaches. Conspicuously absent in Montevideo are the kind of abject slums that in Rio de Janeiro are known as favelas, in Lima as barriadas, in Caracas as ranchitos and in Buenos Aires as villas miserias. Uruguay may be undergoing a money pinch, but you'll find more beggars in New York than in Montevideo

Uruguay's inflation can be traced to its traditionally hyper-enlightened government, which at the start of this century created a complete welfare state that has finally proved too expensive to fund Even Americans (whose life expectancies are shorter than Uruguayans') would envy the benefits available to citizens of South America's tiniest nation. Among the more munificent: Uruguayan men retire at full pay for life upon reaching age 55, or completion of 30 years of work, whichever comes first. Women retire at full salary at age 47, and if they've worked 10 years and have a child, they can retire at 28 and be paid a third of their salary for the rest of their lives. Civil service and bank employees, who between them constitute 40% of Uruguay's work force of about one million, labor only 30 hours a week and during summer their offices close at midday, at which time they hit the beaches to work on their tans. Other government assistance in-110 cludes free medical care, free education (including college), subsidized housing, free unemployment and life insurance, allowances for each child in the family, a month's extra pay upon completion of a year's work, and annual three week paid vacations. Until the start of the Sixties, Uruguay's social largesse hadn't seriously overtaxed the budget, but then the nation's "passive class"-retirees-suddenly numbered more than 300,000, and the economy soon fell apart. In 1965 alone, the cost of living jumped 135%, Governmentgranted pay raises of as much as 50% at a clip have somewhat softened the inflationary spiral, and in 1971 the inflation slowed to 21%, which Uruguay, at least, took as a favorable omen.

Unlike other South American nations. Uruguay is not ruled by a landed gentry urging peons to believe that happiness is lugging aroung 30-foot-high statues of a bloody Jesus come Easter. Essentially. Uruguay is and has been for some time a democratic, middle class society whose ambitions are rather easily attainable. Too easily, perhaps. Uruguayans don't want much more than a relaxed, amicable family life enjoyed in one's own home and amplified only by minor hedonistic joys, the pursuit of which will not lead to coronary occlusion. The pleasures may not be monumental, but neither are they negligible: to sit in a sidewalk confiteria during the three-hour daily siesta and sip mate-a blend of tea and herbs-through silver straws; to enjoy Montevideo's beaches or the mostly secluded strands that make up the nation's 200-mile Atlantic coastline: to own a television and car of one's own. Owning an automobile is especially prestigious, for the government places a 400% tax on cars, which brings the price of a 1972 Volkswagen to just over \$8,000. But Uruguayans, always crafty, have solved their wheels problem by importing old American makes, and the country is now filled with classics that would force even a collector like Bill Harrah to take notice. Model T's, 25-year old Packards, you name it and you'll find it purring along in Uruguay. It's only a matter of time until an enterprising American begins buying up these oldies for resale in the States at three times his cost. Want to buy a 1926 Cadillac in fine running condition? In Montevideo you can do it for \$800

More refined entertainments are not ignored by Montevideanos. Contemporary American drama is performed (in Spanish) by a growing number of little theatre groups, and the municipallyowned Teatro Solis always manages to book the internationally famed orchestras and operas that first play Buenos Aires's Teatro Colon, 130 miles away. But the country's most ubiquitous

pleasure leans more toward expanding its out rather than its mind: Uruguay has an insatiable love for steak. In fact, it leads the world in per capita consumption of the stuff, with each Uruguayo downing more than a pound of lomo daily. Uruguay can afford to do so: nine million cattle roam its flat, purple plains mostly because Argentine cattle trusts have captured Uruguay's best overseas beef buyers. (One of the results is that filet mignon costs less than 75° a pound in the best Uruguayan meat markets.) But the nation doesn't owe its mounting cholesterol count solely to a decline in exports: Uruguay has always been unshakeable in its belief that 16 ounces of steak is the minimal daily requirement for human beings of any age. And if beef exports were to improve dramatically, workers at meat packing plants would still be given 4.4 pounds of steak to take home each night.

The nation's historic addiction to steak has made the asalto-outdoor barbecue-the leading mode of food preparation, to such an extent that cowpunching gauchos in the hinterlands and construction workers in the capital can both be found building small fires to cook their lunches. This preoccupation with grilled meat has also led to the creation of parilladas, informal restaurants that feature huge charcoal grills and rather awesome choices of meats to be cooked thereon. Although it's impossible to happen across a really bad parillada, the two best in Montevideo are Mi Tio and La Azotea, where filet mignon goes for a buck and chateaubriand for a dollar-fifty.

One shouldn't conclude however that Montevideo is so knocked out over seared beef that other cuisine is neglected. The city's dense Italian population has given rise to a number of excellent pasta parlors, among them Cicilo, Catari and Portofino. Most Montevideo restaurants that bill themselves as continental actually present choices of Spanish, Uruguayan and Italian dishes. The four finest restaurants in the capital are El Galeon and Le Chateau. both of which are intimate outposts of French cookery, followed by Morini's, a gathering spot for the city's businessmen, and Del Aquila, whose atmosphere is aristocratically formal (even though one needn't wear a tie and jacket), and whose decor is 30's camp. without being regarded as such. Dining in Montevideo is at least as pleasing to the budget as it is to the palate: El Galeon, the most expensive restaurant in town, charges under \$3 for its costliest entrees, beef stroganoff and a few chicken and veal specialties. Not to

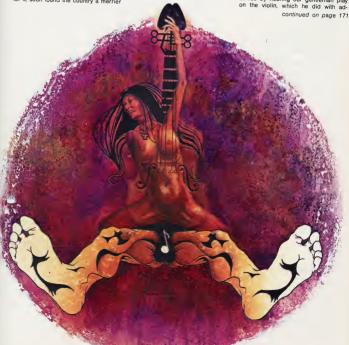
There was a certain Walter Tracey who, having robbed a fellow student, was forced to flee Cambridge lest he be forced to swing from the deadly nevergreen tree. After traveling a safe distance, he had the good fortune to enter the service of a wealthy farmer who dwelt in a pleasant and rustic village.

This Tracey, having an excellently well-shaped body, and a face that had power to draw a thousand admirers after it, soon found the country a merrier

The Wondrous Instrument of Walter Tracey

scene than the rambling and dull college. He had a genteel air and means, and after a hundred liberties were given him by his master (which the other servants in the household were not allowed to take). Tracey soon became

Every evening, after the labors of the day, the old farmer and his wife, with their daughters, would divert themselves by hearing our gentleman play on the violin, which he did with ad-



dwell overlong on Uruguay's romance with gustation, but the nation is at least as enamoured of desserts as it is of steak. Most restaurant menus list all manner of crepes and other flaming concoctions, cakes, pies, cookies, ice cream inventions, dessert souffles, and just about any other confection worth a couple of thousand calories, including a national favorite known as dulce de leche (literally, milk jam, as oversweet and gooey as it sounds).

Montevideo doesn't sit down to supper until around 10 o'clock, a habit which until recently caused the city's after-dark diversions to consist of little more than a spectacular feast followed by a visit to one of two governmentoperated casinos, neither of which will readily be mistaken for Monte Carlo. In the last few years, however, a number of discotheques have sprung up, and they've revitalized the capital's nightlife. Elegantly so, for at least three of Montevideos many discotheques, Lancelot, Zum Zum and the Ton Ton Metec, are as poshly perfect as Rome's Lo Scarrabochio or Montreal's Chez Zou Zou. The most memorable of the three is probably Lancelot, which is housed in a detailed replica of a Normandy chateau, built by a homesick French marquis after he settled in Uruguay several years ago.

American disco dancing often seems predicated on the idea that if you can't dazzle the pants off your own partner, you'll be sensual peacock enough to similarly impress someone else's. Montevideo's discotheques rarely witness such exhibitionism. Instead, dancing couples stay in gentle communication with each other and even when raucous rock is on the turntable they still interact as if the music were a rhumba or plain. old crotch-grind ballad. The discos themselves are engineered to promote such civilized behavior. Speaker systems direct sound primarily to the dance floors, with the sensible result that seated couples can converse without having to scream above the music. Rock only became a national staple in the late 60's, and young Uruguay prefers the soft sounds of James Taylor. Crosby, Stills and Nash and Carole King. More abrasive pop artists-the Jaggers, Cockers, Joplins et al-have never caught on, probably because the nation's youth is not into marijuana.

One feature of Uruquay's discotheques that Americans would definitely find disconcerting is their strict policy of admitting couples only. There are no singles bars in Montevideo, which is less an expression of

prudery than it is the result of a social system that places a premium on couples belonging to cliques. The groups usually run from a dozen to four dozen couples, formed when youngsters are in their teens and often lasting as long as their members do. Group activities include such things as beach picnics, asaltos, mass appearances at discos and restaurants, masquerade and birthday parties, and several affairs during Carnival, which Montevideo celebrates almost as passionately as

The first groups youngsters invariably seem to join are booster organizations for a soccer team, with the biggest such clubs pulling for Penarol or Nacional, Uruguay's finest teams. Despite its tiny population, Uruguay is a global soccer power, having won two world championships and two Olympic gold medals in the sport. And while the country is admittedly irrational on the subject, Uruguay's crowds don't panic when their teams are defeated through the connivance of referees, whose acts of athletic espionage are well-known throughout Latin America. Futbol riots are considered declasse, fit for the Brazilians perhaps, but certainly not for Uruguayos.

To compensate for the absence of pick-up bars, Montevideo's singles frequent midtown cocktail lounges in segregated groups of males and females, and then matters take their natural course. Conversations and telephone numbers are exchanged between tables, and it's all done with a great show of politeness. In Uruguay, everything seems to sooner or later revolve around food, and this is true even in the bars, which serve enough platitos (hors d'oeuvres) with every round of drinks to generally discourage dinner appetites for several hours. Cocktail lounges periodically engage in platito wars to attract new business, and recently a German-owned establishment, Le Gran Munich, offered 34 different canapes with each highball. The bar's generosity attracted a great deal of new business, which is why it went bankrupt in exactly three weeks. Among Montevideo's more affluent young adults, the most favored spot for an aperitivo are Horniman's, La Campana, and the Manchester Bar. As far as pickup places, that's it.

The lack of easy entree to feminine companionship, however, is not a crusher to Montevideo's men, at least not in a sexual sense, for prostitution is legal and government-regulated. Since the country doesn't regard its whores as anything more or less than congenial and skillful purveyors of sex, the girls themselves are neither neurotic or pathetic. Far from it, for their high incomes are not handed over to (federally-discouraged) pimps, and at 24 girls can walk away with a small bundle to seek husbands in Buenos Aires. And they do. There doesn't seem to be any old hookers in Montevideo.

The capital's prostitutes actually have a highly-stratified career field. Apprentices work quiet residential streets such as the Boulevard Artigas, and their services cost about \$4, plus two more for a room at a casa de huespedes, a motel-like guest house whose clientele changes by the hour. Street girls next graduate to such bars as the Cubitete. where the tariff escalates to a top of \$12. The most expensive prostitutes in Montevideo finally reach nightclubs such as Sarandi 640 and Bonanza, both of which are a few minutes' walk from the city's commercial hub, the Plaza Independencia. Nightclub shows feature singers and strippers, there are no cover charges, and customers aren't hustled to buy drinks for the girls or hassled to keep a fresh one for themselves. Montevideo's men may have unlimited access to sex whenever they want it, but the city's women don't, leading many of them to openly challenge the Latin morality that judges premarital sex fine for a man but all wrong for a woman. Complains Nelly Brandolini, a 29-year old sales clerk, "If a girl my age isn't married she's expected to stay a virgin, which is ridiculous. In Uruguay, the only time you can live apart from your parents is when you're married, and so young people only become free of family restraints when they wed. That forces girls like myself to go on with the fable of telling my parents I'll be sleeping over at a girl friend's house on certain nights each week.'

Says Olga Reyes, a 26-year old tourist guide, "Latin men have always arranged society for their own convenience, and this is very true sexually. When many Uruguayan boys are 14 or 15, their fathers will bring them to a prostitute. Can you imagine what would result if some of their daughters were treated to a similar experience?" Rather a large flap, one suspects.

Such feminine frankness is not uncommon in Montevideo, and if Women's Lib ever really gets underway in South America, its first stronghold will undoubtedly be Uruguay. The nation's women are already South America's most educated and outspoken, and although one hesitates to point it out,





The opening page of this feature is, appropriately, the most famous calendar pin-up, Golden Dreams. This 1951 pin-up introduced Marilym Mornice's allure to a spelibound public and launched Miss Monroe as the world's greatest sex-goddess. Photo: Tom Kelly Studio. First and exclusively published in Champion Calendars by John Baumgath Co., Meliose Park, Ill. It was a link in a long chain of fine American pin-up calendars. One of the first in a long line of superb American pin-up artists was Rolf Amstrong, who built a fine reputation on calendar art. The calendar illustration above left [1928] predates Pethy and Varga who may have been influenced by Amstrong. Brown & Bigelow. But perhaps the best-known of Brown & Bigelow's pin-up artists was Gill Evigren. As is obvious by the 1948 illustration above night. Evigren came closest to Varga in the overt esxual appeal of his subjects. Times change and new calendars foil the years and, as can be seen by examining the contemporary poster-calendar below (12" X 60"), published by Minerva Art Prints. Copenhagen, 1971, the current trend is toward public hart and full ruddity.





"September (1941)." (above) by perhaps America's most famous pinup artist, is from the first in a long line of Varga calendars; it appeared in Esquire. December 1940. The first Petry Girl to appear in Esquire (upper right)—Aulumn 1933—had set a trend by establishing the pin-up on an "upper-class". I evel. Joan Caulfield (lower right) starred in the Columbia Pictures film The Petty Girl in 1950. A pin-up can represent whatever we love, want to love, or want to have. Any printed image that can be hung on a wall could conceivably be regarded as a pin-up, and in common usage the term extends even further-to pin-up images, for example, on playing cards, key chains, drinking glasses, cigarette lighters, and other objects that never reach the wall. In World War II, pin-ups frequently adorned the sides of tanks and aircraft as mascots or good-luck talismans. Thus, despite the literal meaning of the term, it is clear that the essence of a pin-up is not so much its physical form as its quality of image, the image most commonly being that of a person—particularly a sexually alluring woman.

Our intention here is not to stretch this popular conception of the pin-up but to explore visually the scope and tradition of the classic pin-up types—cheesecake, movie stars, cult heroes, and other varieties. To avoid straying too far into the realm of the idiosyncratic and purely subjective, we have based our working definition of the pin-up on the intentions of the artist, photographer, or model. A pin-up is a sexually evocative image, reproduced in multiple copies, in which either the







On the film scene, Theda Bara, "The Vampire," 1915. (below, far left) was Hollywood's first sex-goddess. Miss Bara was famous for her long kisses, bare shoulders, revealing exotic costumes, and erotic intensity. In the course of Hollywood's first colossal publicity campaign, her agents claimed she "ruined 50 men, made 150 families suffer." Her high-paying contract forbade her to marry, to appear unveiled, or to enter a Turkish bath. Annette Kellerman later-in 1917-appeared in what was considered a scandalous scene (left) in Daughter of the Sun. Miss Kellerman, an Australian who started to swim to overcome infantile paralysis, began her celebrated glass-tank exhibits in 1906, and three years later invented the "revealing" one-piece bathing suit. She initiated the "swim star" tradition that culminated in the 1940's with Hollywood's best-known aquatic star, Esther Williams, And in 1933 Lucille Ball-yes, Lucille Ball-did her thing in Roman Scandals (below, left).

expression or the attitude of the subject invites the viewer to participate vicariously in or fantasize about a personal involvement with the subject. And, because of their overwhelming predominance, we will focus on printed pin-ups—those that can, literally, be pinned up.

The classic pin-up genre-cheesecake-fulfills our definition perfectly.

A photograph entitled The Body Beautiful (right) (New York) was considered unusual in 1936 for its unabashed exposure of pubic hair. In June, 1942 Esquire featured a foldout of the famous Jane Russell pose from the Outlaw (above), a film which was not publicly shown until 1946. The four-year promotion campaign for the film cost Howard Hughes \$1.5 million. By the time the film appeared. Miss Russell's bosom was better known to Americans than that of the Venus de Milo. Her publicity agent mailed to all newspapers 5-foot-high pin-ups of Russell, and when a skywriter flew over San Francisco and made two circles with a dot in the middle of each, everyone knew what and who was meant. The Outlaw eventually grossed more than \$6 million. This first exposure of pubic hair-albeit modest to the point of invisibility-in a major magazine's girlof-the-month pictorial (far right) was considered a breakthrough in qualitymagazine centerfold features; almost all other high-quality magazines followed suit within months. Penthouse (London and New York), April











In summer 1944 Cassie Evans appeared in Glamorous Models (Dunellen, N.J.) (left). This magazine presented "models," page after page, each accompanied by her dimensions—height, weight, bust, waist, hips. In this case, an extra heading, "Navy Pin-Up Girl," was added.

Rita Hayworth is shown below in a 1945 pose. Miss Hayworth was second only to Betty Grable as a wartime pin-up favorite. Dressed in scanty negligde, perched on a bed, she had appeared in Life. August 11. 1941, which proclaimed her "The Goddess of Love of the Twentieth Century." It was reported that a pin-up of Rita Hayworth was stuck onto the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima. At the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, when Miss Hayworth's popularity with G.I.s was at another peak, she was receiving 2,500 requests per week for pin-up photos.

Cheesecake (which Webster defines as "photography displaying especially female comeliness and shapeliness") is said to have gotton its name when, in September 1915, a newspaper photographer, George Miller, noticed a visiting Russian diva, Elvira Amazar, just as she was debarking from her ship in New York. Miller asked the opera singer to hike up her skirt a little for the sake of his picture. Later, the photographer's editor, something of a gourmet, is supposed to have exclaimed, "Why, this is better than cheesecake!" The story, apocryphal or not, dates from an era that saw the birth of an international mode in illustration that still teases the eye, the libido, and the wallet of most men. It continues to thrive in the worlds of entertainment, publishing, and advertising and is used to sell almost every-

The famous 1942 Betty Grable possible (right)—with the "million dollar legs"—helped win World War II. The Gl. demand for this pin-up are as high as 20,000 per week. It was printed in Time's overseas edition, as well as in Yank, the official Gl. magazine, and as late as the 1950s it appeared on material designed to teach Army cercuits how to hit their mark. The original pin-up photograph, reproduced here, was black-and-white.

Super Nova Girl (1971) (far right) serves up a dramatic contrast to the Grable pin-up. An almost-life-size photo of a black beauty in a contemplative mood—It is a superb example of so-phisticated contemporary poster conception and color reproduction. Photography: Leandergrass. Published by Poster Verkerke Reprodukties NV. Bennekom, Holland.



thing, from ball bearings to ideas

The cheesecake image is based on notions of teasing and allure-and frequently humor as well. But other styles of pin-ups have been used in association with a vast array of emotions, attitudes, pursuits, subjects, mediums: violence, satire, romance: eroticism purity, fetishism, lesbianism, "softcore" eroticism (i.e., pictorial punning on erotic themes); dance, drama, burlesque, aspiring stardom, sports; cartoons, comic strips advertisements: domesticity, nature, nationalism, pacifism. Yet overall, erotic fantasy is the key to understanding all styles of the pin-up

Some men still dream about Marilyn Monroe, untouchable but eminently touchable; divine but earthy; strong but vulnerable. Others fantasize about "Ann", presented as "a whole bunch of woman." There are doubtless as many kinds of fantasy desires as there are individuals who look at pin-ups.

The only overt sharing of pin-ups seems to exist in men's working or living quarters-on factory walls, in men's room, locker rooms, "back rooms," dens, clubhouses, dormitories Gathered around the wall plastered with pictures of "girlies," or "birds," men admire the women they crave the most and boast about how they would or could perform with their fantasy objects. Men may love their wives, but many would seem to have one affair after another with their pin-ups. They can treat the pin-ups as they wish they could treat their wives-buy them, seduce them, pamper them, rule them.

Many categories of image border on the pin-up: nude or erotic original art, pornography and obscenity, comic strips, candid photography, nude "art" photography, pictures of animals athletes, and children, technological illustrations, and advertising. Many such images, to be sure, are pinned up-cinema stars ranging from Rin-Tin-Tin to Shirley Temple, athletes like Pele or Joe Namath, and racing cars, motorcycles, or the Boeing 747-but in these cases they are pinned up because of individual viewers' associations and inclinations, not because they were intended as pin-ups in terms of our definition

Although the pin-up depends for its success on a sexually evocative image, it should not be confused, for instance, with original nude or erotic art. The pinup is a printed form, intended for general distribution to a large audience. An erotic painting or drawing may be, and often is, reproduced, but in most cases the artist's intention would be thwarted if such a reproduction were regarded with the special state of mind normally applied to a pin-up. A reproduction of Botticelli's Venus could be construed as a pin-up, but in doing so. surely the viewer would limit not only his psychological perception but also his esthetic and historical appreciation of this great work of art. Why force Venus into such a narrow mold? You may pin her up, but she is not a pin-up,

Many pin-ups do originate as drawings or paintings-for example, the Gibson, Petty, and Varga girls and innumerable calendar subjects. These images are pin-ups simply because they are intended to be pin-ups-to be mass produced for the purpose of arousing sexual fantasy.

Candid photography does not normally convey the purposeful erotic evocation characteristic of the pin-up. Although many candid photographs can be described as sexy, they generally lack the tease or allure that pinups-through eyes or body-address to the viewer. In candid photography, by definition, the subject is unaware of the camera and hence the audience.

In the case of a cartoon sex image-such as Al Capp's "Daisy Mae" or Britain's World War II darling, "Jane"-it is not the medium (drawing) that rules out these sex-kittens as pinups, but the fact that their semi-nudity or tease serves primarily the purposes of a story and only indirectly arouses the viewer. To put it another way, they are unable to dislodge themselves from their frame-by-frame context so as to exist solely, specifically, and separately for the reader's delectation.

One of the most common uses of the pin-up image is in advertising, and there are many well-known examples of sex-for-the-sake-of-selling. Although at various points throughout this article we will touch on the use of pin-ups in advertising, our attention will be directed mainly to advertising pin-ups that have transcended the sales pitch and are now esteemed for their artistic value or for their intrinsic sexual allure.

Pornography does not qualify as pinup material because it accomplishes-and realizes-exactly what a pin-up must not do: Pornography is explicit, acting out the rituals that are only suggested by the pin-up and removing vital-and potentially more intoxicating-possibilities of imagination

Most pin-ups are not even completely nude. The reasons may already be obvious: A fully exposed nude woman is not nearly as tantalizing as a partly clad lass who seems to be asking to be further undressed by the viewer. The traditional male preference for teasing rather than direct sexual confrontation is analogous to the relationship between cheesecake and a totally nude pin-up. Completely nude pin-ups do exist in special situations, however-usually outdoors, in natural surroundings.

The lack of clothing alone does not constitute nudity. There are, in fact, several important features of some "nude" pin-ups that traditionally indicate we are definitely not seeing art nudes. These features comprise jewelry, makeup, carefully arranged hair settings, and an endless assortment of props-ranging from sashes. belts, shawls, towels, and pillows to toys, sports equipment, and bric-abrac-all carefully arranged to cover particular vital areas of the anatomy. True art nudes do not wear high heels and earrings.

In addition to this distinction between nude pin-ups and art nudes, there are several other indicators: the context of nudity-whether it is natural and esthetic or contrived and programmatic; the degree of erotic evocation-whether we are seeing beauty for its own sake or for its deliberately sexual suggestiveness; the printed vehicle of presentation-whether it is an art book, a photography magazine, or a "girlie" magazine.

The classic cheesecake pin-up shows a curvy woman, sumptuous breasts exposed (or nearly exposed), posing coquettishly in a predictable, stylized setting-a bedroom, perhaps. or a studio, beach, or theatrical environment. There are in cheesecake endless variations of setting, pose, and anatomical emphasis. Cheesecake is the type of pin-up found most frequently in girlie magazines, Hollywood magazines, calendars, and posters.

There is an equally large range of esthetic quality in cheesecake pin-ups. The best of the genre these days can be found in the centerfolds of such magazines as Gallery and Playbox (Chicago), Club, Mayfair, and Men Only (London), Penthouse (London and New York, ER (Munich), Lui (Paris). Playmen (Rome), and Aktuellt (Stockholm)-all of which display attractive young women more or less tastefully posed in elegant and inviting surround-

#### MAGAZINES

There are as many kinds of magazine pin-ups as there are magazine markets. Indeed, even as a magazine grows up with its readers, its use or non-use of pin-ups can reflect their change in age and taste. During the 1930s, for example, Esquire included pin-ups in each issue; but in the 1950s, as the magazine realized its literary aspirations, and as its college boy readers became young professionals and successful members



"Alright, so I may sag a little, but I'd like to see her make love in a tree."

They were all decided but Earl, who was afraid he would be fired if his em-

ployers found out. -It won't matter, Earl, you'll be rich.

-But my job is all I know, he whined. He was convinced, ultimately, by Michael, who said it would mean more for the rest of them if he left. They called Mr. Herring and told him and he said they could draw up the papers tomorrow, but they must move in tonight.

It was settled then, and the rest of the afternoon was spent moving belongings, until ten o'clock, which hour found the six sprawled around the new living room, waiting for someone to speak.

- -Well, to our protracted engagement -Why, I wonder? Why us, I mean?
- -Why anybody?

- -Well he knows us, the man said. I wonder how, mused Joshua, I think it will be almost impossible to figure out how we're linked in his mind. whoever he is.
- I don't know, we're obviously here for some reason. Maybe he wants us to discover something. Maybe he just wants us to find him.

-I'm sure you're right. First, there's a drawer in this table with a lock on it and

And so they talked, into the night, four of them. Anille and Earl were cloven off early in a dialogue of their own, initiated by a discussion of the manner in which they would share the remaining bedroom. Anille, Earl found, talked continuously, tended to be very loud. She eventually decided he was a bore, no longer cared to entertain him.

-Goodnight everybody, she said to the group. I've got to get up for work tomorrow. See you at supper.

Earl went to sleep shortly after, leaving the others quietly pondering their presence at one in the morning. They were all students, they found, at various stages of matriculation. discovery, dismay. Joshua, recently, disengaged, at loose ends, an undergraduate of many years, prone to sudden regrets, periods of despair; Sara, being sufficiently prevented from enjoying life by a particular mental obstruction so as to be called hung up. devoted much time to her fantasies; Regan, approaching thirty years from one direction or another, fused five years in mortal wedlock, now in a last hour reassertion of her ego with things academic; and Michael, in eternal quest for internal domination, not yet distinguished, by him, from external. These various facts and impressions 122 were gleaned, inferred by each about the others over hours of casual remark, shadowed confession, tactic question. Three thirty, four, it began to idle, then break up, Regan speaking sleepily of her research, surgery on rats.

-... purpose of mid-pontine lesions.

-It was good, said Michael, but it wasn't pioneer work. -Well, it was for the rat, protested

The conversation sat, silent, seemed to have blown itself out, stale cigaret smoke hanging over everyone's head. And then, like a recently dead animal's nerve-convulsive muscle spasm. someone spoke again, a joke, something involving a pun.

-What's Earl do?

Light smiles buoyed the inevitability of this last, heaviest silence, and when the smiles slowly bent back to even keel, the quiet was completed, and they all stood up and went to bed.

Josh undressed and stood momentarily in front of the rose-tinted mirror that covered one entire wall of his bedroom. In walked Sara, and for a microsecond there seemed to be some embarrassment as they realized that he was naked, that it was her bedroom too. that they liked each other, and then the confusion passed and he got into his bed as she removed her blouse.

—You don't sound like the last feminist I lived with, he said. You're not nearly obsessive enough. And much

-How would you know, she smiled. Her voice was very low and quiet, and it pleased him, as it did her,

She was without clothes now, and he tried to study her body as discreetly as possible, but she noticed, and not wanting to embarrass him further, turned out the light next to the bed.

-Goodnight, she said

-Goodnight.

For five minutes they were both motionless, thinking of each other, considering the situation. And then he sat up and turned on the light, and she sat up and said Hello? and he just looked at her, pretty, and looked at the newly decorated walls, Miro poster, Picasso litho, black fish mobile, books, books all over, records, four-color histomap of geology, typewriters, jewelry box, colognes on a dresser, perfumes, powders, loose earrings, magazines, books, New Yorker, Gallery, New Republic, Ramparts, EVO, Guardian, Tolkien, Marx, Weber, Marcuse, May Hesse, I Ching, Kama Sutra, Tibetan Book of the Dead, Watts, Johnson and Kiokemeister, Nietzche, Milne, SaintExupery, Alain-Fournier, ten thousand hyphenated names, Gregorian chants. madrigals, motets, Miles, Menuhin, Shankar, Butterfield, Bach, Beatles, beads, bras, boxes, assorted etchings. cutouts, kudos, kotos, pasted, taped and tacked over the desks, beds and windows, and he took this all in within a moment, and said.

-Are we going to be lovers? to which she nodded and smiled and said good-

The kitchen was spotless, completely stocked with food; it was possibly new bacon sputtering that woke Josh at eleven next morning. He washed and dressed and followed the sounds to the bright table to find Sara in jeans and pullover, Regan in an ugly flowered seethrough nightgown, and Michael in his underwear, seated around a plate of breakfast.

-Hello, everybody

-Morning, sunshine

-Where are the others? -At work, Back tonight

-What's on the schedule for today? -Treasure hunt. I think it's our mission here. Look.

Josh took the book that was handed him, read the title, One.

-What's this?

-Look inside. Leaf through it. He did, noticing nothing at first, then he saw that occasionally words were circled in red ink.

-What are these words circled for? -What an eye the boy has. That's how I found it. There are thirteen books in a hidden cabinet in our room, titled One to Thirteen. They all have circled words. I wrote down what the first four words in book one say. Look.

—To...find...the...kev. Christ, it's a message. Was this guy kidding? What's the book about?

-Witchcraft.

-Aha, he was looney. Maybe he's going to put us in a spell from the grave. —A grave statement.

-Ho ho -And I haven't got any classes today anyway, said Regan. So let's look

around Sara was standing behind Joshua's chair, her dark hands rubbing the nape of his neck.

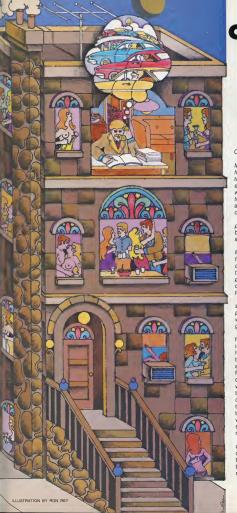
-I told you, she whispered, I told you he was a witch.

-No you didn't

-I did -You did not

-Well then, I meant to -Why did you think that?

-The mirrors all over, and those books, and I found a drawer full of candles this morning.



## COMMUTER'S GUIDE TO IN-TOWN PADS

article

#### By RICHARD HARRIS

full and part-time bachelors may apply

Commuting can do strange things to the mind. About ten years ago, a man who worked hour About ten years ago, a man who worked hour dimarkatan and commuted daily to Long Island found himself in need of a drink during the train-change at Jamaica. He idled long enough over his Martini to miss the train was waiting for, and gratefully used the delay to order another round. The sun went down, along with a few more drinks, none of which coincided with train times.

But the commuter's basic survival instinct, probably derived of railroad strikes and train breakdowns, is to sometime, somehow, and at

any cost, get to the suburbs.

He eventually returned to the platform and found no commuter train to board. But a slow freight was going by headed in the general direction of home, and instincts, the spirits of the moment and a boyhood impulse overpowered him. Suitcoat flapping, briefcase in one hand, he grabbed the ladder and climbed to the top of a freight car.

Eventually he was spotted by railroad personnel and arrested by police, to whom he protested and waived his commuter ticket. He was taken to his home in the suburbs and given a token fine by a sympathetic judge.

On the hundreds of commuter trains and freeways that carry thousands of suburbanites into and out of U.S. cities every working day, happiness is rare commodity. The trains are typically comfortless and usually crowded; the average commuter endures them twice a day for some 40 hours a month, not counting bus or car trips to and from the stations and the waiting time on platforms. Occasionally the train is missed; sometimes it simply doesn't come. And, anymore, only a handful still have the bar cars that once gave commuter trains their only redeeming quality. The only thing worse than riding the Long Island Railroad is sitting behind the wheel of a car inching along miles of Los Angeles freeways.

Today, the commuter's life can be a pretty dreary one—unless a person has the option of occasionally foregoing the long journey home to suburbia and heading instead to a nearby townhouse or apartment equipped for instant relaxation.

The idea of maintaining an out-of-town

home and an in-town house is a revival of a 19th-Century custom founded originally on transportation problems. The problem then was a lack of any transit system more rapid than a horsedrawn buggy. In those days one did not commute, but rather traveled, spending the working week in the city and weekends on some decently distant estate. This, of course, was a luxury enjoyed by the wealthy, but as urban transportation problems gradually achieve their former magnitude, people who can afford it are rediscovering the virtues of having-to paraphase Polly Adler-a house that is not a home.

The trick is affording and supporting two residences, but there are some ways to cheat. And the reward is not merely sparing oneself a daily two-way trip on some Toonerville Trolley or logjammed freeway. Anyone who's seen "Captain's Paradise," the old Alec Guiness classic, will sense other possibilities. There he was-the British gentleman-captain enjoying the contentment and comforts of pleasant cottage and a coddling if homely wife on those days his vessel was at home in Gibralter. But at home in Tangier, at the other end of the run, waited his hotblooded mistress and a chockfull life of wicked pleasures. This idvllic combination could not last forever in an Alec Guinness comedy, but one can still be inspired in his flexibility and resourcefulness.

For the man with gobs of discretionary income, a home away from home can be had simply for the hunting. Where the money tree is less bountiful, some business imagination and a creative tax accountant can sometimes make up the difference. Tax laws are most sympathetic toward property that is "income producing;" they are likewise tolerant of rent money that is a business expense. Of course expenses and deductions must be legitimate, but legitimacy, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. When the beholder is a tax examiner for the Internal Revenue Service, the important thing is to have confined one's imagination to the realm of plausibility, along with some recordkeeping. There may be sad occasions when the I.R.S. cannot be persuaded that a particular claim is allowable. The important thing is that the I.R.S. not be able to prove that an especially creative claim qualifies as intent to defraud. More on tax matters later.

The most obvious but least desirable cost-cutting technique is to go into partnership on a place with some compatible friend. It helps greatly if the friend is an airlines pilot or at least travels like one. Roommates, like cops, are always

around when you don't want them.

Because the great virtue of an in-town

house is convenience, it makes little sense to locate in some interesting but inaccessible neighborhood. For New Yorkers this is not too great a problem. Thanks to Manhattan's waffle-iron layout, the man who works in Midtown, say, can often subway, bus or cab it to Uptown or Downtown almost as quickly as he can reach the last car of the commuter train to Connecticut. By contrast, Chicago has basically a North Side and a South Side, and trying to get from one to the other can be worse than a commuter trip to a distant suburb. Once its new rapid transit system is finished and functional, San Francisco may become the commuter's dreamtown. For Los Angeles, the only hope may be to wait for freeway traffic jams, lay new asphalt over the cars and try to start out fresh.

In any case, the geographic criteria for any in-town house are neighborhood and accessibility, which may require some compromises. The Washington. D.C. commuter who lives near Baltimore and works on Capitol Hill should forget about Georgetown, which can be a good hour's bus-ride in the wrong direction when traffic is bad. (Washington is a town of mostly wrong directions; it was laid out by a Frenchman who may have been the first to discover psychedelic drugs, and it is presently run by men under the influence of the U. S. Federal Government). Luckily, Georgetown and Capitol Hill, because they are a considerable distance apart, make them readily accessible from different parts of town, and both have features to recommend them. There are also some old and new high-rise neighborhoods, such as Foggy Bottom and the Waterfront. Washington probably has a wider selection of relatively accessible and interesting neighborhoods than most cities, but their desirability depends largely on where one works and what one likes to do after dark (and in some cases, whether one is a mugger of a muagee).

What constitutes a desirable neighborhood depends mostly on individual tastes. For the person with a circle of friends and tooking mainly for a piace to entertain one or more of them, a nightlife neighborhood may offer little more than noise, traffic, trouble and parking problems, although most people would consider it essential to stay in walking range of a late-night grocery and a good alloon or two. For people who get sufficient peace and quiet in the suburbs, the fun may be in locating in a district crammed with clubs and singles bars and olenty of friendly nichheoole.

Regardless, it's important to know a city well because scenes change so rapidly that one year's swinging neighborhood can become next year's honkytonk ghetto, or a previously unappealing district may suddenly come into bloom. Chicago, for example, has its Loop, Old Town, New Town, Gold Coast, Lincoln Avenue, Hyde Park and Rogers Park-to mention the main ones. The Loop is the mid-town business district which, like New York's Times Square has fallen on hard times. It retains some good hotels, restaurants and theaters. but is no place to set up housekeeping. Old Town used to be the Chicago equivalent of Greenwich Village, Georgetown or the French Quarter-a swinging bohemian neighborhood favored by artists, intellectuals and young people, and featuring interesting shops, bars and townhouses ideally suited to full- or part-time bachelors, hip young marrieds and horny working girls. Today it's a trap for tourists who stand about an equal chance of getting robbed in a high-priced dive or a dark alley. The hip people generally migrated west to Lincoln Avenue or north toward New Town, meaning that these areas in turn are going up in rent and down in quality as business starts to boom. The Gold Coast area remains a fairly stable combination of expensive Rush Street boutiques and wildlife and fashionable townhouses and high-rises.

On the city's South Side, Hyde Park is an oasis surrounded by slums and inhabited mainly by University of Chicago students, ex-students, teachers and the sort of people who normally gravitate toward academic communities. Rogers Park, on Chicago's far North Side, is likewise and old and rather quiet residential neighborhood which has been attracting its share of Lovola University people and unobtrusive longhairs. Neither neighborhood has much in the way of discotheques, singles bars or high-fashion boutiques, but both have single people, neighborhood shops and decent watering spots. Whether either is an alternative to suburban commuting depends on where one works and what one wants in the way of urban environment.

Chicago is a good example of neighborhood change and variety, but the same is true in every city. After New York's Greenwich Village became sufficiently tashionable for its low rents and bonemian qualities, much of it was torn down to accommodate high-ries apartments for high-rent sophisticates—who then wondered where all the artists, writers and sculptors went. The same sort of thing happened in New Orleans and San Francisco. The so-called Beat Generation popularized the North Beach area, and then seeking to honky-lonks and strip joints seeking



# UP AGAINST THE **WALL**OUT IN THE **STREET** article By MIC

By MICHAEL DEMAREST

is there such a thing as a financial article that Isn't boring? we give you our stock market primer

Money, far more than sex, is something that no one ever really has enough of. Not even, to judge from their perennial ventures in search of more loot, the Rockefellers or the Murchisons, Niarchos or Onassis (not to mention Mrs. 0.). For the ordinary citizen, lacking the means to acquire a multi-million dollar concession or latch onto a hot new company, the challenge remains pretty much the same: To make money make

Obviously, there are many ways to put money to work. You can invest the sweat of your brow in a savings account or in E bonds. Both are safe, of course, but as investments with a fixed-dollar value, they will barely return you more than inflation will take away. (The Consumer Price Index climbed an average 4.6% a year from 1967 through 1971.) Well-chosen real estate can be an excellent hedge against inflation but, as the moneymen say, it lacks "liquidity": it's not easy to convert into cash if you need money in a hurry. Same for Aberdeen Angus cattle or antiques. As the late Billy Rose remarked, "Never invest your money in anything that eats or needs repainting."



# **NEUER JUMP ON A BLACK MAN'S FOOT**

While being interviewed for our last month's The Man Who Reads Gallery feature, Dave Aiken constantly broke up our staff by wandering off into stories of his past; stories of "the mean little kid" back in grammar school, stories of "the mean bigger kid" in high school, stories of "the mean young man" in the Marines, and stories of "the dirty old man" in the world.

After considerable coaxing on our part (about three minutes), Dave finally agreed to try to put some of these experiences down on paper so that our readers could enjoy his humor as we had. To our delight, not only did Dave write of his exploits, but he accompanied his manuscript with drawings to illustrate it. Being so pleased with his efforts, we have gotten Dave to produce a series of these little glimpses into his past.



For those of you who never have jumped on a Black man's foot, I hope this story will help you understand why you never should.

When I was a young man (I mean a little kid), I went to a school that was mostly Blacks. Black, white, brown, or purple, all schools have bullies. Being that most of my school was Black, my bully was Black. Every morning on my way to school this little kid bully person would grab me, beat all over my little body, and then would stick my nose in his armpit. (That was especially bad on very hot days.)

One morning during the great fight, my older-man-cousin caught me and the bully kid. He broke up the fight and later after school he sat me down to give me some advice.

Quote from man-cousin: "Davy, (he always called me that and I hated it. but I never said anything because he'd let me smoke when we were together) down South I learned a trick that works every time. Ya see I found out that them Negros (Black was not vet beautiful) all have terrible bad feet. So when you're fighting with one, all you have to do is just jump as hard as you can down on his foot. This whips 'em every time.

"Every time," said I.

"Every time," said he.



Well, that was on Friday, so I'd have to wait a whole weekend before I could try my new jump-on-the-foot trick. Being a very impatient little kid, I decided to try it out ahead of time. So I set out to find a Black, bully-type person. There was a man waiting for a bus on the corner. I mean he was a full-size, adult-size man. But, knowing my new trick, size didn't matter.

I walked up to him and tried my best to scare him. (My cousin told me that all Negros were chicken anyway.) So I began to scare him. "All right Black, adult-type person," I screamed, "You've had it." He looked at me questionably, I don't think that I scared him. "O.K. chocolate drop, you're going to get it now," I continued.

"Say what?" said he.





I still don't think he's scared, I thought to myself.

And with that thought I decided that I'd better go right into action. Then with a big jump, I came right down on his foot. The Black, adult-type person did not even move. He just stood there glaring down at me. was really scared. Then after what seemed like hours of him glaring at me, I saw this huge black hand coming at a very great speed. But it stopped, right on my forehead. My feet left the man's shoe. They were high in the air and my little body was somewhere below them. The Black person had won! And I was fairly sure that my cousin had lied to me. My dog was happy that I had been hit because I was always mean to my dog. That afternoon, I came home with two very black eyes and a very strong dislike for my used-to-be-favorite man cousin.

I must have revenge! But my cousin was too big to beat up and jumping on his foot probably wouldn't work on him either. What could I do?



A week had gone by and the bully-kid was still beating me up and putting my head in his armpit. That evening while I was mowing the lawn my cousin stopped by. He was making fun of my black eyes when I stopped pushing the lawnmower. "Leroy, the lawnmower is stuck," said I. Leroy came over and looked at it and when he put his finger on the blade trying to pull out some clumps of grass, (yep, time for revenge) I closed my black little eyes and pushed. Well, a nice amount of my cousin's finger came off and I was sent to bed without dinner. And even worse was the fact that that night we had my favorite dessert, strawberry shortcake.



The next day I was still really pissed-off about the strawberry shortcake when I saw my bully coming. I, in my rage, hit him in the nose with my books. His nose broke and I was never bothered by him again because I had learned about weapons, and it was wonderful!

Now, let me leave you with some advice, never jump on a Black man's foot because, if you do, you'll have to cut off your cousin's finger and never get any strawberry shortcake.....

-Candles, eh? Sounds suspicious to ma

-Well up yours, did you see those hooke?

-You win. I'm going to take a shower. check out the plumbing system. Call the quard if I'm not out in two days.

-We'll give you four.

He stayed under the water about an hour, it felt that good. Hot, thick soft streams eddying around a bathtub of roman dimensions, dried himself, emerged in the towel. The other three were huddled around the living room table, the big drawer now unlocked.

-We found the key, and it opened the drawer, and look what's in it.

He looked, and they all shared their amazement for some time, without speaking. There was a large jar containing some pink-tinted oil, resembling glycerin, but sweet smelling; a candelabra in the shape of a hexagram. candle holder at each apex; the left foot of five different animals, chicken, cat, dog, monkey, bull, and a human hand; about eight ounces of the strongest smelling marijuana any of them had ever seen; some large Egyptian knives, exquisitely tooled: a quantity of incense: a long stem pipe; a box of strikeanywhere matches; and six small mirrors

-Jesus H. Christ, said Joshua, and sat on the floor.

-He wants us to have a black mass. said Regan. That's what he said in the circled words in book one. He wants us to get stoned and celebrate the devil.

-Jesus Christ, he repeated. -He says even if we don't hold a

coven, we should feel free to use the not

-He was a witch

-I told you

-Oh, wow

 He gives very explicit instructions on how to do it if we do want to call the devil. But he says it won't work unless all six of us participate, and Anille is Catholic, so I'm sure she won't, even if the rest of us would, so I think we should just use the grass.

-What a batty old man. I'll bet he really dug all this stuff.

-So Michael and I are going to the store to buy some goodies for a party tonight. Housewarming. Anything you can

think of to get? Josh said No. and Regan and Mike left. Sara on the floor next to him and the miscellany

-What are you thinking? she asked him.

-Oh, it just seems sort of sad, this old man leaving a lot of toys for us in the

hope we'd join his little fraternity of evil. It's not even like any of this shit offends me. I'd probably enjoy a Voodoo game some night when I'm on dope. It's just sad because he was serious and he wants us to be serious and we're never going to be. Instead we're having a housewarming party.

-Listen, c'mon, I'm sure he didn't leave us ten million dollars just on the off chance we'd become witches. Maybe this is a test of our character or something. C'mon, it's not such a big

-You're right. And it's a drag to be sad.

They were quiet for awhile. Then he -It's nice to remember having been

sad, though, I guess reflecting on anything lends itself to sentiment. Maybe it's like patriotism growing out of a sense of history.

-And what jaded history do you have to brood on so melodramatically? A lost leg? A lost friend? A truant tricycle? Greater tragedies, perhaps?

-Nothing so significant as any of those. Maybe just a sense of drama. After three wars and two depressions I find myself condemned to live in perpetual memory. Perhaps a gift, that, but at such expense. Bittersweet, I would say.

A pause, smiles at his oration. -What memories? she asked.

looking at his face Another pause, a smile.

-It was a girl, of course. It just didn't work out, and now she's gone and so am I. I'm sorry I got oratorical, it's just that I tend to view my life with a sort of pitying smirk, as a sort of landmark proof of the law of inertia, or gravity; and I have dangerous tendencies toward the maudlin

-Not so dangerous, she said, and leaned over and kissed him on the mouth, warm tongues, warm spirits, two friends together again; but it gained momentum, and they mingled, slowly, for an hour, in love, And afterwards, they lay still on the floor, still on the floor, side to side, and he whispered.

-That was nice

and she answered Yes.

They finally got up, and took a shower together, laughing and roaring almost as if life were all there were. They dried and dressed again, both blue-jeaned and T-shirted in the kitchen when Regan and Michael returned with the party

-I got pretzels, I really like pretzels when I'm high.

-Stop talking so loud Regan, said Michael.

-I can't help it, that's how I talk. -When we met, it was a blind date, he told Sara. I was told she was hard of hearing and she was told I was, and we spent the whole evening shouting at

each other. She keeps forgetting. -What? velled Regan, and went into the bathroom.

It was four o'clock and Earl walked in. humming.

-Hello, everyone

-Hello, Earl, what did you do today? For some time, they discussed, Earl's day, school, the real world. Finally, there was a pause, almost an uncomfortable transition

-Earl, have you ever smoked not? -Once, but it did nothing for me.

-Well you should try again sometime. It took me four times before I got high, and besides, the pot might have been cut.

He looked around curiously. -OK, maybe I will

-Tonight

They showed him the cache, the cipher, were all irritated by his cosmopolitan attitude

-Don't be so fucking blase. I don't care if you don't believe in witches or gods. We're just being friends and turning on together.

-I don't know if I want to tonight. though, I've got some work to do. -That's OK, it won't take long; a

study break.

-What about Anille? Probably she won't want to, but we

They passed the hour alternately reading and making supper, and around

five thirty Anille came home. -Hello, people.

-Hello, Anille -Hi, Anille, How was work?

-Oh, you know, fine, I guess. Oh, and I made manager of the cheerleading team today.

-Cheerleading?! What do you do? —Oh, keep track of the pompons. carry the uniforms at away games, keep up morale.

Regan was annoyed. Anille annoyed her anyway, but this conversation was degenerating into something to insipid to endure. She said.

-When I was a cheerleader, we had a dwarf come into the locker room before a game and play a miniature piano with his penis. He was very talented and it gave us a real boost of morale

Sara couldn't completely choke a laugh, but clattered some dishes over it, muttered

I'll bet that's not all he boosted,

## COME ON DOWN TO MY DOME, BABY

and we can make love underneath the geodesic lines

It may be found anywhere on Spaceship Earth, On the beach. In a garden, On a hillside, in a bedroom. Under the sun. Under the stars. Under the roof. It's a dash of Bucky Fuller, about 14 square feet of nylon-reinforced winyl, and a good measure of American Corporate know-how. Dome East Corporation makes it. It's a bed with a myriad of possibilities. The metal struts that enclose, support and suspend the bed can be fitted with just about anything: lights, stereo, TV, radio, a convenient bar, You put it together yourself—it takes about a half an hour—where you want it, and how you want it. A 75 cubic-foot multidimensional environment, your own world waiting for the moment. Luvidome, from Dome East. 325 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, N.Y., \$249.95



the tourist trade. As soon as the hippies discovered Haight-Ashbury, the country discovered hippies, which ended that. In New Orleans, parts of the French Quarter retain charm and residential possibilities, but the atmosphere has been steadily souring over the years.

The moral of the story is this: the person who has been living in the suburbs of a city can be as ignorant as a new-comer—sometimes more so—concernig neighborhoods if he relies either on past memories or advice from the wrong people.

For one thing, it can be a mistake to put too much emphasis on neighborhoods per se if a person's needs are met in a huge high-rise complex that very nearly constitutes a neighborhood in itself. There are still local business establishments to consider, and such things as transportation, but some cities have new apartment buildings located strictly for convenience and which practically promise sex in the lease. Some of these are rip-offs rivaled only by lonely-hearts clubs and dancing schools.

Where there's no experienced friend to consult, one place to do research is

in singles bars. Another is on any airliner with enough empty seats and a long enough flight to permit social conversation with the stewardesses. Airlines people, because they have so many homes away from home, usually know where the action's at in any layover city, or have heard some social advice from their colleagues. And it can probably be said that for any subtrabanite seeking in-town quarters, there are worse places to live than an apartment building swarming with stewardesses.

Other factors equal, there's not much difference between locating in a modern high-rise or an elegant old courtyard apartment building. It's a question of neighbors, privacy, management and personal preference in decor. The main alternative to apartment buildings are townhouses, which may or may not be divided into different apartments on different floors. When meeting people is not a consideration, the townhouse has the virtue of affording greater privacy and, often architectural charm that is rare in so-called modern buildings. On the other hand,

most townhouses are older buildings that may have their share of plumbing, electrical or heating problems—and no-body on the premises to fix things that stop working.

The one type of dwelling place that heat offices the

The one type of dwelling place that has almost nothing to recommend it is the apartment in a private home presided over by an elderly couple who take a parental interest in their tenant's spiritual and physical welfare, want no activity that might be audible after 9 p.m., or who fear that visitors might scandalize the neighbors. Contrary to popular belief, such landlords (or apartment managers) rarely reveal themselves through stern questioning on personal habits or by reading lists of tenancy rules. More often they lull a person into a false sense of security by displaying a facade of benevolence, tolerance and informality which, it turns out, is based on the assumption that everyone leads a lifestyle very close to theirs. Which may not be the case.

The ideal opposite, certainly, would be to rent from a sane sensual and single landlady—assuming that such creatures exist and one doesn't have a rutting female roommate already lined up.

Having looked at neighborhoods and dwelling places, it's time to reconsider the matter of financing a second residence in ways that are frugal yet legal. One of the primary reasons for having such a place is to entertain. Entertaining oneself and a lady friend is, as a rule (and as a pretty strict I.R.S. rule), a personal luxury that does not qualify as a legitimate business expense. But if one's income depends to any plausible extent on acquiring the good will of clients, buyers or whoever (and you're not the only blivot manufacturer they can deal with), some portion of rental cost may be deductible as business entertainment. This would entail some form of record-keeping which would establish to I.R.S. satisfaction that the place is being used to entertain or provide overnight accommodations for business-related visitors. In some cases it's possible to lease an apartment in the name of one's company, which is all the better.

The person who is self-employed, either full-time or part-time, in either a service or creative field can usually contrive to write off some portion of apartment expenses by using the piace as an office or studio. If the work is a side-line, it must be actually or potentially profitable and not just a hobby. The I.R.S. becomes annoyed with a fellow who occasionally fixes cars on Saturday afternoon as an excuse for deducting the cost of renting and equiping a personal sports car garage. On the other hand, if such an enterprise

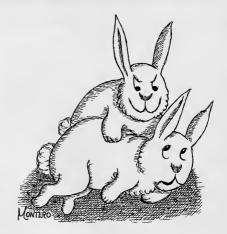


"I've consolidated my debtors."

does show income, expenses are, by God and the I.R.S, tax deductible. Come accounting time, a line must be drawn between the personal and the professional and expenses claimed accordingly. Where to draw that line is best figured out with the help of a savvy tax accountant, not the outlist hat praper returns for "\$5 and up." A good accountant is one who can persuade a suspicious and misanthropic tax examiner that truth is stranger than fiction.

Most of this presumes one's second residence is being rented. When brains and capital are available and plans are fairly long-ranged, it may be preferable to buy-particularly if a person knows something about real estate, is already in a high tax bracket from salary income and can afford to gamble on future property values. Indeed, where the right neighborhood is changing in the right direction, it's possible to pick up a townhouse that not only pays for itself but turns a profit. Ten years ago Washington's Capitol Hill neighborhood was a low-rent ghetto filled with decaying townhouses that were once elegant and still basically sound. It was also a neighborhood most convenient to thousands of people working in and around the Capitol Building. So a few farsighted people began buying and restoring townhouses, and turning them into what the tax people call incomeproducing property. This means that the tenants not only pay off the mortgage with their rent money, but afford the property owner beautiful tax write-offs for renovation, maintenance, utilities, property taxes and the interest on loans. It takes only one tenant, maybe living in the basement, to transform a private residence into income-producing property with one or more floors still providing the owner with his in-town residence. The tax and other breaks still must be apportioned according to how much of the property the I.R.S. might think is for strictly personal use, but this can be haggled over once the property qualifies as truly income-producing. House-buying of this sort is tricky

business-essentially a gamble where the odds depend on how much one knows about real-estate investment, the costs of renovation and maintenance, and on how good his guesses are for the future of a particular neighborhood. The people who guessed right on Capitol Hill and also knew about house construction made out like the purchasers of Manhattan Island. A good number of Manhattan's present speculators have tried the same thing and made out like Indians. A couple of years ago, Manhattan's townhouse-buying fad attracted many innocents who had no appreciation of the electrical, plumbing



"Is that all you ever think about?"

and structural problems that can beset an old building, nor a proper appreciation of how far the American labor movement has come since 1910 in immovement has come since 1910 in immovement has both, they found themselves the owners of expensive monuments to the city's elegant past and learned why callous real-estated professions are so quick to demolish grand old edifices and build from scratch.

The premise of this entire discussion has been that some people like suburban living, dislike commuting and would prefer the option of staying in town whenever the mood strikes. There can also be the opposite arrangement: a second residence in the suburbs or country to which the otherwise contented city-dweller occasionally escapes. Sort of commuting in reverse. Securing a secondary residence out in the boondocks involves many of the same logistical problems as finding an urban townhouse or apartment. Location and transportation are key considerations; others are how to make the property either income-producing or a business expense. One disadvantage to outward commuting is that it usually requires keeping a car in the city where it's mostly a burden-especially in a place like New York. On the other hand there can be substantial licensing and insurance benefits when a city automobile is registered to an address in the country or across a state line. (Such chi-canery is illegal, immorat, unpatriolic and widely practiced despite, occasion-al crackdowns by city police. In otiles where virtually all commuting is by car, costs and regulations are usually too standardized to make any great difference where one lists his home). Otherwise, having a country place can be the luxury that makes urban living fun.

It's been said that commuting is a way of experiencing all of a city's problems and none of its virtues. It's also claimed that no sensible person either works or lives in a large city except through ignorance or necessity. And there are hardnosed urbanites who at most will concede that the country is okay to visit, but they couldn't stand to live there. (The silence is deafening.) If those differing points of view have anything in common, it's an appreciation of having some lifestyle options. With a few wits and resources, a man can have his suburban cake and a city's adventures too.



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So, if you have some savings for emergencies, and still have some money to make more money, consider investing it in the stock market-like more than 32.5 million current shareholders. And with good reason. Studies have shown that the investor who bought any stock at any time from 1926 through 1960 had a better than 50-50 chance of doubling his money in seven years. While he had only a one-in-13 risk of losing as much as twenty percent a year on his investment, he had a onein-five chance of gaining up to twenty percent a year, compounded annually.

Foolproof? Hardly. The stock market is probably the most sophisticated and competitive business in America. It is not, as many call it, a "casino"-unless you're foolhardy enough to play it as such. Like any other business, investing in the market takes common sense, patience, intuition and a grasp of the rules of the game-as well as the extra cash you can afford to put into corporate stocks and, preferably, leave there. To assume that a good tip or two and a little bit of luck will land you in J. Paul Gettysburg is not investment; it's speculation, gambling. As James Blumgarten noted in his excellent Up Against The Wall (Street): "Wall Street's Lady Luck is a proud and doughty broad who frowns on one-night stands.

Broadly, as another sage observed the question of which stocks to buy is whether you want to eat well or sleep well. Simply put, one can invest in companies that promise to grow dramatically in value and yield liberal dividends, classic examples being Xerox, I.B.M., Polaroid, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Gulf & Western. Or you can put vour bread in stable, unglamorous, wellmanaged hardy perennials-"widows" specials"-such as American Telephone & Telegraph or Pacific Gas & Electric or a local utility. In between are the blue chips; leading companies in their fields that will, in all probability, appreciate only gradually yet pay good dividends along the way. Among them are such tried-and-true favorites as RCA, General Electric, Standard Oil of California or Standard of New Jersey. Other blue chips, notably the automobile companies, are equally safe over the long run, but tend to follow the business cycle fairly closely (hence their classification as "cyclicals"); chemicals, petroleum and metal stocks also fall into this category. They go up and they go down

The best approach is to balance your stocks-your portfolio, if you want to sound grandiose-between eating well

and sleeping well, always bearing in mind that fancy meals can suddenly go down the drain, and tranquil nights be wrecked by I.O.U. insomnia. In any case, you must know what your investment objectives are and be sure that you have the self-discipline and selfknowledge to achieve them. "If you don't know who you are," wrote the pseudonymous "Adam Smith," "this (the stock market) is an expensive place to find out."

For the novice, the best way to acquire a balanced portfolio is probably to set aside a regular fixed sum-even \$50 a month—for investment. A Monthly Investment Plan (M.I.P.), if you stick with it, enables you to acquire substantial shares in the companies of your choice on a systematic basis; though you may have to sign a contract to pay so much so often, you can skip payments as often as you want.

Now: How to buy stocks.

Investigate Before You Invest. To this old Wall Streeet adage, Author-Investor Samuel Mitchell (How to Make Big Money in the Stock Market) adds his own three E's: Exploration, Examination and Evaluation. Market letters, prospectuses and annual reports of companies that might interest you are readily available. A serious investor will take, or read in the local library, such specialized publications as Business Week, Barron's and Forbes. The Wall Street Journal, apart from being one of the best newspapers published anywhere, gives an immensely readable, informative overview of the business scene, as well as up-to-the-minute details of how individual companies and whole industries are faring. The daily stock tables in any newspaper, if studied regularly, will give a good idea of whether a stock is basically speculative (wide price fluctuations) or investment-caliber

The professional analyst will take into consideration all of a company's vital statistics, from total operating revenues to long-term debt. More important, and easier to comprehend, are such questions as whether a company has shown consistent growth, and whether. because of sound management, the nature of the business or prudent diversification-or all three-it can be expected to keep on growing. Possibly the most accurate clue to a stock's performance is what's called the "priceearnings ratio." Simpler than it sounds, this indicator is merely the price of a stock divided by its annual earnings per share. (A stock selling at 40 with earnings at \$2 a share would thus have a p/e

of 20.) The price-earnings ratio not only reflects other investors' opinion of the stock; a marked drop in the p/e, for example will indicate that the company's sales are falling off or its operating costs are rising to a serious extent.

Don't Try to Outsmart The Market. J.P. Morgan, when asked to forecast the market, replied succinctly: "It will fluctuate." That observation-about the only valid generality that can be made about Wall Street-means simply that stocks will go up or down in any given period: the ambitious investor figures therefore that he can't lose. If his stock is going up, he holds on to it; if it goes down, he sells and hopes to buy back in at a lower price. The trouble with this approach is that it's wishful thinking at best, pure gambling at worst. A stock may decline for any number of reasons unrelated to its integral value, just as the market itself wavers up and down for reasons that often defy the shrewdest analyst. The day after it sinks, the stock may rocket far above the price at which the hopeful investor sold it, thereby robbing him of a profit. Conversely, selling a sound stock to make a quick killing can fatten your ego as well as your bank book, but you won't feel so good if it subsequently doubles, trebles, quadruples in value. As Louis Engel points out in How to Buy Stocks, suppose you had put \$50 into Sears, Roebuck in 1906 and decided to sell in 1940, when your investment would have been worth \$1,276. A nice profit. But if you had kept the stock, it would have been worth almost \$20,000 by mid-1966-and your 1940 "profit" would in fact have been a massive loss. The lesson here is, once again, that if you buy a stock on its merits and growth prospects, and these remain good. you're only going against your own judgment by taking a quick profit. One hoary axiom to beware of, Engel notes is: "Buy when others are selling. Sell when they buy." This may work occasionally with a particular stock at a particular time, but anyone who followed this advice during the great bull market of the 1950's and 1960's would have been better off selling neck-

Making Money on the Market Takes Work. Unless you have a lot of spare time and a good head for figures, it stands to reason that you will have trouble keeping a close eye on more than a few stocks-most likely, those you already own. One solution is to look into an investment trust, a professionally managed company with a diversified portfolio, whose own stock can in many cases be bought on the market at stan-

## MOBIUS STRIP TRIP

cont'd from page 130

but only Josh heard her, patted her fanny.

Seems to me, said Anille, he would have done better to work with your morals

-Oh, he did, among other things, -Yes, I can see

Oh no vou can't

But before this could continue, Josh rushed,

 Anille, we're having a party tonight, can you make anything French? And Regan, leaving the room,

sidelonged, -Don't bet the ranch.

So they occupied themselves with food preparation until almost seven, then retired to the living room to rest. Sara began. Tactfully, Regan was ab-

-Anille, have you ever smoked pot?

She looked stunned, said only -No

-Why not?

-Because it's wrong. The body is a sacred thing ...

-What about the mind? asked

-Look, don't intimidate her, if she doesn't want to, she doesn't want to, said Joshua

-What's going on?

-Well we found a bag of it in the drawer, and the five of us are going to smoke some, and we'd like to know if you want to join us.

Silence, Sara continued.

-The four of us have been smoking it for years. It's not addictive, or anything, we just do it occasionally, and it feels nice. Earl has never done it before, but he's going to try tonight. So it would just be really nice if you would too.

-No. I'm sorry, I'm sure your intentions are good, but it wouldn't be right. A moment of nothing, then

-I'd like to watch, though, if I may Sara smiled the quiet smile Josh liked, called Regan in, pulled out the pot, the pipe and the matches, and down the shades.

-Here we go

The pipe went around once, astounding them all. It was like a different drug, it had such power, hot smokes searing the bottom of their lungs with magnetic warmth. By the second drag, four of them were on the floor with the rush, only half in touch with reality. Earl was stone motionless, sitting erect, trying to understand what was happening to him. Anille, lounging on the sofa, was slowest to react, getting only what was in the air. Which was considerable; it produced smoke at a phenomenal rate.

In fifteen minutes they were all won-

derfully gone. On the carpet the five lay, still, holding hands in a ring, faces on the ground almost touching each other; they all felt very close, brothers and sisters, and were content to lie and touch for a long time. Then, Josh, opening his eyes, thought

-What? Who said that? Sara and Regan looked up and regarded him questioningly. Immediately, the others blinked awake, and then they

all heard it, a voice in their minds, saying

-Welcome, love, Die now, and live. They looked around, and Josh said

-Did you hear that? and startled himself that he had spoken. They arose to ask Anille, but she was prostrate on the couch, eyes closed and

hands folded in her lap. They grinned at each other and padded into the kitchen, where bright light hurt and warmed They were now a little jolted from the strange voices, began to get giddy. -Now where are those parfaits? We had either three or five of them, so we're

missing two, if not four, Goddammit, help me find them, Michael, or I'll leave you for someone with a longer tongue.

—That's a goose of a different gander, giggled Earl, who was then goosed.

—I'm hungry, said Josh

-Here, said Sara

-What is it? —Cold roast beef

-Mmmmmmmm. Thank you. Wait a minute. This isn't cold. It's not roast beef either.

-So<sup>2</sup>

Earl, now in reverie again, turned to Josh and whispered,

—Don't you think Regan has a nice

—An ice chest? shouted Josh, misunderstanding.

-No, no, whispered Earl, Her breasts, her breasts!

Regan heard this, took it lightly at first, even blushed, and then strangely, she stopped talking and looked at him in distant reflection, an unknown dimension added to her face. She said

-Earl, come here, I want to show you something.

He followed her out of the kitchen, down the hall, and into the bedroom. The others ate in silence for some minutes, and then Anille walked in, but Anille it was not. Her hair was down now for the first time, it reached her waist: she wore nothing, and seemed to be sweating. She stepped into the light, squinting and flushed, and asked for a mirror.

-Are you alright? asked Sara.

-Yes, I'm just very hot. Please, just give me a mirror.

Suddenly Josh was spinning, scared, something was terrible. Sara felt it too, and then stopped breathing and whispered to her lover,

—Josh, look at her face.

At first he didn't see it, but then it came. It was not Anille, but perhaps a sister. Her lips were slightly fuller, there was a dark red spot on the side of her temple, but most striking was her complexion: The acne was gone, no more scars, skin as smooth as dead water. Joshua twitched involuntarily, sat on the table. When Anille saw herself in the mirror, she smiled faintly and faced them.

A loud throbbing pressure filled the room; it was heavy, and smelled fetid. Then the lights went out. It was very quiet, and in the distance, a flute, straining. —Will you smoke with me? she asked

Michael walked over and put his hand on the inside of her hip, and they returned to the living room. Josh was in great fear, and fell to the floor, cold,



"It says they're forming their own conglomerate."

faint, pulling Sara down with him. She was no easier; delirious, crying, she straddled him as he writhed on his back, tore off his shirt, drew her nails down his chest and stomach, drawing blood. She pulled off her own clothes. and they rolled along the floor together, locked in a violent terror that hung on their souls. Her nails broken bleeding, she slid her open mouth down the front of his body, hard, biting, driving screams from him, as he pulled the hair from her head, caressed her cheeks with his hands, dug fingers into her soulders, until they collapsed, torn and dissipated, and slept.

And in the other rooms strange trysts.

Earl was frightened as he followed Regan to her room. He was apprehensive about something he could not define, and his fear grew when she shut the door

He felt a familiar sensation rustle between his legs as he watched her remove all her clothes. He was lost. though, and he trembled as she approached. She pulled off his pants, stroked with delicate fingernails. His legs grew weak and he fell back onto the bed. She came forward, smiling, and pulled a knife from behind her. He felt himself drifting towards hysteria, tried to move, couldn't move.

She moved the flat of the blade along the front of her breast, and then kneeled next to the bed. She lifted the knife and drew it across the inside of his thigh, and he, frozen now in horror, only

You excite me she said.

watched. She put her left hand palm up on his stomach, and with her mouth opened slightly, raised her right arm and slid the sharp edge of the dagger transversely across her left wrist.

He watched her, terrified. Her blond. long tresses tumbling about his knees, the top of a golden head half buried between his legs, beautiful smooth breasts nuzzling the front of his shins, a small pink hand limp in supplication on his belly, its wrist, faintly marbled with blue veins, suddenly violated by a flash of silver. A thin straight line appeared across the skin where she'd cut herself, turned red, and slowly started to overflow down the side of the arm, onto his stomach, down, a little puddle collecting in his navel, moving down in a scarlet stream when that was filled, now a river washing into the hair in his loins, sometimes finding a path to Regan's mouth, sometimes running to the floor. He watched, unable to move, as she slit her arm again, and a third time; and when, with wild green eyes, she opened his flesh with the steel, he fell unconscious.

and of a peculiar odor. He was suspended somewhere and could turn his head 360 degrees, but could move nothing else. Nothing happened for some time, a few milky secretions ran by his eyes, and then a hand emerged from the black carrying a knife, and cut off his bottom lip. It caused him the most excruciating anguish he could imagine. and he screamed for a long time. The knife returned, though, and quickly dismembered his arms and legs. He felt nothing for days, a slowly increasing, pervasive agony, as the parts of his body floated by in space. Later, his head was painfully severed from his trunk and then his ears were lopped off. his nose; his cheeks cut in two. His jaw flapped loosely as he tried to scream, and then the hand split his skull, his brain, and then it didn't hurt anymore and he knew he was just a presence in space.

Michael felt an exhilarating power and urgency as he followed Anille into the living room. They smoked again, and everything fell into slow motion, half speed. He viewed her from arm's distance, and she was suddenly beautiful; he moved toward her with a feeling of conquest, found her crotch with a big hand, sank large equine teeth into her neck, laughed as blood spilled to the floor. He rose up with a knife now in his hand, laughing, glowing as he plunged it into her breast, her stomach, over and over as motion slowed even further. slowing, slowing, as into the center of her heart it went, and all motion ended, an isolated final frame of film.

She didn't quite know what she felt as she closed the door to the room, but as she undressed, a quiet overcame her.

He was on the bed, his legs hanging over the edge, hinged at the knee. She opened herself up with the knife, delicately carving an intricate pattern in the flesh, ancient designs, living out of time, and then she opened him with the knife, and flowing and melting into each other, they were one, falling, floating down, one.

He was alone with Sara now, terrified, and he fell. He felt simply lonely, sliding down a long, empty tunnel. He watched her above him, tearing off his skin in thin strips, and soon it was all gone, and she stood and looked at him fiercely, smiling, and he saw himself and was silent: he had no skin, just a body of red muscles, dipping in and out of each other around his bones, his sunken eveballs. And then all else fell away, and in a rush of sensation he realized he was God, that he had been God since before the beginning of the sky, and that he had always been lonely. He had created the earth and the people to keep him company, and had descended millions of years ago in the form of a human to enjoy the blessings of comradeship. And only now for the first time he realized that all of human existence for all time had been devoted to the completion of a secret conspiracy to make him take this drug this night so that he would remember who he was and what he had done, that he would be lonely again, as they had been for so long. And now he remembered, and remembering, was lonely.

Feeling so strange, she lay down on the couch and heard a voice, and when she awoke, she knew she was beautiful, knew she knew God, was God, knew she was free for the first time in her life. She received Michael.

She loved him and felt evil, and hated herself and her love. And she tried to tear the skin from him as she had his clothes, and wrap his skin around her until she could no longer see herself; she threw him to the floor and pounded him, she wanted to be him so badly; and peeling the flesh from his face and chest and legs, she wrapped herself within it, and when she was totally blind, she penetrated him, and concentrating all her soul in the sense of touch, felt herself enter every pore of his body, probing and forcing into the depths of his spirit. And she loved him completely.

They slept until the next evening. Earl was the first to awake. He disentangled himself from Regan's legs and walked into the kitchen. There, Josh, scratches over his chest and back, roused himself up and went into the shower. Earl helped Sara into a chair, and rummaged through the cupboards, as the others slowly wandered in, slept out, and sat down.

-What happened last night? -I've never been so stoned, said

Michael. That was the highest I ever

-But what happened? demanded Sara.

And when they thought, none of them really knew. They all felt very refreshed, very comfortable with one another, but each a little confounded that he could not remember what had happened.

-Well I feel pretty good, said Michael. So it couldn't have been too

There was a relaxed silence as they tried to recall, when Sara rose and looked worried. -Where's Josh? she hurried,

momentarily upset.

-Oh, he's in the shower, said Earl,

computer-monitored test benches and a control room which recorded aroundthe-clock running tests.

For three years Toyo Kogyo labored away, spending \$11 million, taking 90,000 hours and testing about 500 different Wankel designs-demolishing 5,000 engines in the process

Finally, in 1966, Mazda dealers throughout Japan were given prototype rotary-engined cars for street evaluation. After nearly half a million miles, using thousands of drivers, the first Mazda production car, given the unlikely name of Cosmo Sports, was ready. It was a frumpy-looking vehicle. but it was the first two-rotor production car in the world and it went on sale the following year. The Wankel revolution was launched.

And all the while, Detroit's giant automakers, eyes riveted straight ahead, continued development of the conventional piston engine. If U.S. auto executives had been asked about Toyo Kogyo then, they might have correctly stated that it was the only Japanese automaker to survive the World War II atom bomb blast. Beyond that, they would have had little to say. Who cared?

It wasn't all that long, however, before Toyo Kogyo and Mazda became very familiar names to Detroit auto executives. Ironically, it took a man who'd worked for U.S. automakers for 14 years and who had, like his contemporaries, regarded foreign automakers as bitter enemies, to really shake up Motown. This man was C. R. "Dick" Brown, and more than any other individual he is responsible for launching the Wankel revolution in America.

A conservative outfit, Toyo Kogyo didn't enter the U.S. auto market until July, 1970. By then it had another rotarypowered auto, the 100-plus mile-anhour R-100, which was the world's first truly mass produced rotary-engined car. Mazdas initially were sold in the Northwest, Southeast and Texas, but Toyo Kogyo had a pretty hard time trying to get people, outside of auto buffs who knew what the car was all about, to buy one. Solid on the technical front, the company lacked marketing savvy for the rough and tumble American auto market

Then one day late in 1970, Dick Brown, a Michigan State University graduate who had held high-level executive spots with Chrysler Corporation for 12 years, visited a banker friend in California. Brown at the time was director of sales and marketing for American Motors (Canada) Ltd. His friend introduced him to some Mazda people and, after driving the R-100, he was tremendously impressed with the car. He'd never really liked small foreign cars, considering most of them too underpowered to get out of their own way and thus dangerous, but the R-100 went like a banshee and he was fascinated by the Wankel engine.

Surely, he thought, this was a car with a bright future, and when shown pictures of the now popular RX-2 Mazda. which possesses slicker styling and more power than the R-100, he decided to take the job as general manager of Mazda Motors of America Inc., which is responsible for the entire American

Mazda operation.

Brown, at 39 years of age, is a tall handsome soft-spoken man who wears neatly-tailored suits and white shirts. He recalled his first days with Mazda in January, 1971, while reclining on a couch in the Chicago offices of Foote, Cone & Belding, which does the advertising for the car.

"I couldn't believe the setup," he said. "Mazda's main office was just a room in a warehouse off the San Diego Freeway. It had rented furniture, even the typewriters were rented. It was a pretty ratty place, but the Toyo Kogyo people in effect were giving me the opportunity to build an auto company in the states from the ground up. If done properly, I felt the operation would really take off."

Just days after settling into his new job, Brown sat down one night and hammered out a strict book of Mazda dealer standards. To this date, he hasn't changed a word in it. Mazda dealers must be of top quality, they aren't allowed to sell any other kind of car on the showroom floor, they must be willing to put up \$150,000 to even get a dealership, and so on.

Besides his dealer requirements, Brown, falling back on his years in the auto business, recruited the best men he could find to start building a national Mazda dealer network. And he was re-



"Little did I think when I joined the Elks-

and this seemed to quiet her; she walked into the bathroom.

The other four talked little talk, not seeming to mind, or even notice their nakedness. The evening went. They lounged with books and pillows in front of the TV in the living room until about

midnight, and then got ready for bed. Josh was brushing his teeth when Anille walked in, and noticing the recent claw marks all over his front and back, smiled.

—You must have had a good time last night, she said.

He smiled back and said, —Yeah, I guess I must have.

—With whom, I wonder? said Sara from the bathub, submerging as he threw-his toothbrush. Anille jumped up on the sink and sat there to make room for the other three, who were now converging on her. There was a short-lived water fight, Regan ending up in the tub with Sara, Anille and Earl locked in naked combat on the sink. Josh opened the medicine cabinet to put the toothbrush away, and in the commotion, another one fell out. He picked it up and noticed the name printed on adhesive tape on the handle, Anille

—Hey, whose is this?

No one answered because no one knew.

—Is it yours, Lisa? he asked Anille, but he was caught for a second, confused because he knew it couldn't be hers; it belonged to someone named Anille.

-No, of course not.

It belonged to none of them, remnant of an old tenant, and it bothered Josh only a moment of a second before he slid into the bathtub with Regan and Sara.

The days proceeded. Even months managed to stumble by the contented family, now friendless save for themselves. They used the marijuana in the living room drawer now and then, always to awaken the next morning happy but blank.

Earl was fired in February. Lisa quit her job and started auditing courses. Michael and Regan, on the other hand, both quit school and spent close to all their time in the apartment, reading and eating, eating and sleeping.

Sara and Josh remained pretty much as they had been, more melancholy perhaps, but not really so isolated as one might have expected. Sara took up the recorder, could be heard down into the midnight, enchanting the quiet, drawing fine threads of sound through airwoven space.

Lisa was liked by all, had managed to have sexual relations with overpone in the house at least a few times. Her life, in fact, had evoid quite fully around a central erolic component, as tree roots around a rock, she had become blissfully happy in a lifestyle of unashamed, almost naive sexuality. One of her favorite diversions was to sit on the bed and watch Jobs and Sare make love.

while playing her own simple but haunting little tunes on Sara's recorder. Michael spent a lot of time drunk. He

Michael spent a lot of time drunk. He often fought with Regan, often bitterly. She, in time, turned to Earl for support, found it easily...

Months upon months. Nine, ten, eleven. A winter, a summer gone, passive days, then restless. And it was September, one month before the end of the first year, the sea voyage, the quest. At the beginning of October, Mr. Herring, bearing six envelopes, a name on each.

—You remember the instructions, he said. Each of you is to read the contents of his envelope, burn it, and proceed within the week to Scotland. My man will meet you there. Have there been any problems? Fine. Here are your letters. Bon Voyage.

And he left them their futures, encased in paper and glue, without a thought of what he did.

Dear Josh,

With you, I think, rests the final key to this game. You must try to remember, for memory is neither more nor less than the reoccurrence of something that has happened before.

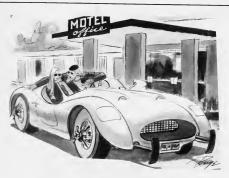
As a child, you had a housekeeper one day one summer, who played with you for hours. It was I. The play we were engaged in was of my own invention, and consisted of this: You were blindfolded and placed in a maze I had constructed in the huge backyard, out of cardboard. The tunnels were just big enough for you to crawl through. In the center was a small room. You were very excited and serious about the whole affair. I was amazed at your perseverance; at every corner you would stop and reflect, like a giant rodent smelling for cheese, and sometimes you would hurry ahead, spurred by some transient certainty. You passed the door several times in your travels, and when, hours later, you thought you had found it, you tore off your blindfold and yelled, for you saw you had returned to your original position. You looked as though you had been struck. The true path, though, was so simple. Remember it now and you will find me and know the way. Tell no one else of the contents of this letter.

Always, I. MacHine

I. MacHi

Dear Sara, You are

You are not happy? A parable of the jugglers: The juggler manipulates his colored objects quickly, they are all aloft at once, and the world applauds. No one is aware of the man's inadequacy until the balls fall to the ground. Likewise the man who juggles books. When his numbers tumble before interested eyes, the act is over. Consider now the juggler of



"Okay, okay, I'll register as Mr. and Ms. Smith"

human life.

For five days after birth, a baby is a name-tag. The tag relates the baby to a specific mother, and the baby is the name-tag. Did you ever read HMS Pinafore? Well, I worked in the hospital where you were born, and I simply switched your tag with Josh's. Josh does not know; you must not tell him. Know only this, to find me-look within.

As ever. LM.

The other letters were similar, similarly cryptic, relating to past and futures. The six spent a long time on them.

-I wonder what it was, said Lisa as they sat in the living room.

-What? said Josh -I'm supposed to remember something that happened a long time

ago, something given to me. -So am I, said Josh, interested. What

about you? he asked Sara. There was a long silence.

-I can't tell you, she said finally. He told me to tell no one.

The other three nodded, in silence. -It's so vague in my memory, continued Lisa. I have a single image of the next morning, my father laughing, and my mother telling my aunt, "Daddy said we rented a dog for a night," or something...And she suddenly stopped talking and looked puzzled, withdrawing into some private dream.

They called the airlines and booked flight to England for the next day. They decided to get stoned that night, put some aside for that and packed the rest, somewhat excited at the thought of becomina international smugglers. They packed virtually everything, books, clothes, old sea shells, broken semi-precious pins. When they were all ready, Lisa, still pensive, said,

-Let's hold a coven, the way he tells in the book

All agreed but Josh, who was hesitant, but finally convinced. They assembled in the largest bedroom, conspiratorially, and a keen sense of the electric filled the room as they opened the Book.

Before them lay the box, and in it the pills, the oil, the appendages, the candles. They each took one pill and got undressed. The specifications of the Book required that any three of them had to oil the body of a fourth, and this procedure repeated until all six were totally covered with the sweet-smelling ointment, as if they had been immersed, baptized in perfumed glycerin; then they began to smoke.

They sat, yogic, in a semi-circle, the flat side contiguous with the mirror that was the whole east wall of the bedroom. With their mirror images, then, they formed a complete circle of twelve, six in the mirror and six out. In the center was the hexagram candelabra, also flat to the mirror, also creating double the number with the image in the glass, twelve candles burning full, plus a thirteenth in the very center, melted to the mirror, sending a streak of charcoal smoke up to coat the silver reflection with a thin, straight black line. And in front of each reflectioned participant, a claw, a paw, a hand, on the floor.

They smoked. A darkened room, save for the thirteen candle-images, in the center of a circle composed of six naked, greased people and their glassseated enantiomers. And then the pipe had gone around three times, and the candles began to glow brighter. The flames smoked now too, heavy fumes, incensed, glowing, and they rose straight up from the double hexagram, a black pillar that existed through the mirror as well as in the three worldly

Slowly the pillar took form, constricting in places, expanding elsewhere, growing blacker, but brighter too. making the air shake and the bodies steam. And then it was not a pillar of smoke, it was a man of smoke, and then not smoke, but a man, dark and terrifying, not a man, a devil. It was, and they knew it was Satan, and he faced them and stepped out of the mirror, so he stood completely on the real side of the glass, and smoking still, he had now no reflection, he stood among them but he had no reflection; and the six of them and their images in the mirror, and He lacking a mirror image, they numbered thirteen, and it was a coven.

They recoiled when He stepped out of the glass, but rooted, could not look away. Fascination soon, and then, randomly, hysteria, horror, intoxication; but for long periods of time, wild staring amazement

He was eight feet high, reared up on his hooves. He was of red-gray in color, gold flame eyes. And fantastically, he was alternately man and woman, and it was impossible at any one time to be certain which. During one sense, the tall female body writhed slowly, fluid form; black, floor length hair that tangled sizzling around perfectly gelled dancing breasts, undulating to the music while hard thin six-inch fingernails scratched endlessly at the skin, down the lush stomach, streaming, steaming muscular leas. And during the other sense, the body remained lithe and fingernailed, long-haired and beckoning, but between His legs now, a giant phallus, glistening, curving up, swollen, pulsing willfully as long nails fondled it, etching smoking lines into its contours.

And always the tail, bending, continuously moving, twisting, wrapping around a lean thigh, obscenely caressing.

He moved forward to Regan, penetrated her with his fingers, her oiled chest arching up to his bronze teeth; and simultaneously, his tail fixed Sara, transfixed her, moaning, squirming, helpless, while Michael's heart was being squeezed with His other hand. He proceeded around the circle, handling each of the six in turn, molding each body, fondling to impossible heights of sensation, until he reached Lisa. He spent a long time on her, massaging, encouraging; and with a long insistent wail, he entered her, descending, plunging in, down, further, further than possible for her body to endure, searing deeper into the fired belly.

And while this was happening, the images in the mirror grose and stepped through the glass, began to dance; Michael, Earl and Regan joined their counterpart reflections; Josh and Sara joined hands with their own and with Lisa's image. In the rings they formed, two bodies would meet and merge into one body, dance into and out of the mirror again, and finally split, to let two other bodies fuse.

In their own meld, Josh and Sara's bodies joined, fused, sliced through the mirror, slipped out, went back and this being that was both Josh and Sara thought.

-It looks the same on one side of the mirror as the other, but it feels changed, more whole on one side.

Back and forth through the glass they went, and each trip it was harder to distinguish between the two worlds, the world of mirror and the world of unmirror. Suddenly all movement stopped. Satan rose, satisfied, from Lisa's torn body, and flew into the mirror with a concussion of sound, and the mirror shattered into smoke and fire, leaving the twelve figures alone in the room. Moments passed into vapor, as Michael's image dispassionately floated over to Michael, fused with him, and they were one; while slowly, each image-person glided over to his enantiomorph and became one with him, until only Sara and Josh and their images were left. And then, as if without question, Sara's image slid over and became one with Josh, and Josh's image did the same with Sara.

But before anyone had time or cause to think or understand, they were all

They awoke at ten the next morning. Josh and Sara went to their room, to finish packing they said; the others ate a silent breakfast. Earl thought,

-I learned something last night, but

Michael and Regan too, both seemed

perplexed, searching for some fragment, elusive, distorting. Only Lisa seemed unqualifiedly happy; excited about the trip, certain of herself, her future, her past, a girl in love with life, possibly even with something other.

Sara and Josh were in a confusion of their own, initially dismay. Joshua, he found, was in Sara's body, and she in his. They felt themselves, each other, looked in the mirror, sat, talked.

They were, perhaps, a little embarrassed that their fear and and observations on mitigated by, if not overshadowed by the pleasure of absolutely new physical sensations. They laughed and fell onto the bed together, and for the next few hours, explored.

-Whew, said Sara finally. Let's get dressed.

—I feel absolutely perverted pretending I'm a girl, he said.

—But you are a girl. Haven't I just proved that to you? You have breasts, rather nice ones I might add, you lack a penis...

—This is sick, he repeated, clumsily pulling up a stocking around his long, smooth leg, letting his hands touch the skin at every opportunity, hooking the stocking to the garter.

-We won't tell the others, she cautioned.

-What if it's happened to them?

-Well, we'll wait and watch, but don't

And they went out, where the others waited them, and the six drove to O'Hare, BOAC to London, and boarded. Hours in the air, Josh feeling what it was like to be stared at by cold-palmed salesmen; some rough weather, a few games of Botticelli; shitting over New Jarsey, over the Atlantic; London, debark. They were met at the airport by Herring's man, who escorted them to a waiting helicopter, deposited them almost on the doorstep of a large cottage in an open meadow, near a small wood.

-The Loch is half a mile east, said the pilot, and flew away.

Over the house, a weeping willow dripping eternally its branches to the shingles, they entered. Six rooms, large, a wood-burning stove pleased them all, a fireplace, shutters. Earl went immediately to sleep; Regan, Michael and Lishe alt to look at the lake, and Sara showed Josh the bedrooms.

The three walked, it was a footpath, until they reached Loch Ness. It was craggy and desolate, and at early evening, without people. They circumambulated for awhile, came eventually to a boat, a wooden dinghy.

—Let's go out on the lake.
—It's scary. I don't know.

-C'mon, maybe we can see the mon-

They climbed in and cast off, rowed without words for minutes. The water was filled with peat, which seemed to radiate when wafted by the dank breeze. It was thick, organic in consistency, primordial.

-It's not a lake, it's a bog.

—A fen of stagnant waters, mused Michael.

He shipped oars, and they floated in a falling mist that chilled. Darkness was coming, and they started to row back in, but after twenty minutes, were still in deep water, no land in sight. Visibility was about ten feet.

—What are we going to do? said Lisa, an edge to her voice.

Regan was standing up, trying to see the shore; Lisa, exhausted, her head on her Knees, eyes closed. And Michael, calm to a whisper, looking once in earl, tipped direction, as if to check for cars, tapped direction, as if to check for cars, topped water. There was an unexpocted splash that took the wind out of her, and while she was thrashing uselessly below the surface, Lisa looked up and said.

—What happened? Where's Regan?

Michael said nothing, but gestured her quiet; six, ten seconds, finally Regan appeared, spitting brown water, gagging, five feet from the boat.

—Help herl yelled Lisa. She tried to reach out, but Michael held her back, stared interestedly at Regan.

She was losing the battle rapidly, panicking, trying to grab when she should have been trying to swim. She swallowed more water, choked, inhaled some, went down again. She was under twenty seconds this time, swimming underwater in the direction of the boat. But when her half-full lungs were tearing part her organs in search of oxygen, she surfaced to find the boat ten feet away, almost out of sight.

-Help, she whispered, Help me.

Don't make me die

He could barely see her now, and she made less noise because her movements had weakened her so much. She went down once more, quietly, and felt herself starting to fall into an infinity.

—She's gone, said Lisa sadly, and

looked to Michael.

—To her reward, he said.

And taking off his clothes and hers, he made long, detached love to her in the boat, letting her first struggling responses excite him more, then watching her lips part in strange pleasure.

They were all aggrieved when Michael and Lisa returned with the news of Regan's accidental death. For Earl, it was unbearable, and he vanished on the moors for about a week. When he returned, he was changed, withdrawn.

Meantime, Lisa was getting fat. Her size increased over the months of inactivity of the group. They had no heart for

search, power gone. They walked in the woods, enjoyed nature, the brook, the rock. Once more, though, vague apprehensions robbed their sleep of dreams. They waited.

In early spring, Lisa had a baby. Clean birth, no pain, no trouble. It was a girl. Lisa was on her feet again the next day, caring for the child, nursing. Earl fell in love with the baby, spent all his time with it.

Another month, it was summer. The grayness of the grounds turned gray-green; the monster was sighted by photographers; the baby grew. Lisa walked in one day to find Earl stroking it, tender hands, loving, and she had a flash, an image, of the same scene twenty-five years before, and she felt strange, and said.

-It's time now, I think.

She called them all together, and told them that she wanted to get stoned once more by the Book, and then go home.

—What about your money?

-You can have it, she said.

They tried to convince her to stay, but she just said to wait and see after tonight. So they got undressed, and massaged each other with the lubricating substance, and sat, with the baby, in front of a huge rose-tinted mirror that had waited in the back room for this moment.

Blackness, the smoke, He rose from the smoke and emerged again. With a knife, he carved ornate designs in the baby's face and body, and as he did, the child's image in the mirror changed, grew, redeveloped, and soon, it was Regan in the mirrors. She stepped through, as did the other images, and all started to dance, back and forth once more, in pain, in delight, in knowledge and darkness. Each image merged with its human form, Regan with the baby, and all went through the glass one last time.

—You are in glass, screamed the devil, and they knew they were no longer on the human side of the mirror. —You are in glass, and it is to you to

—You are in glass, and it is to you to escape.
And as He approached the mirror, it

crystallized, and they were in a room identical to the one they had started in, except in mirror image. They were notionless, terrified, shivering, very small animals. Suddenly Regan stood, and said,

—Without any one of us, the rest can-

not be filled. Now you must join me.

So saying, she took a knife and stabbed it into her head, falling, floating, falling forever.

—Well, what now, said Lisa.

Earl, grief-strangled, lay beside the dead body, kissing the bloody face. He

wouldn't move, so they left him and walked into town.

—We have to find MacHine to return. He's our sixth member.

-How are we going to do that?

-Well, he wanted us here for a reason. Let's go around the town and ask for him.

They decided to split up. Lisa went one way, Josh and Sara another, Michael a third. Everywhere they went, people were dying. There were vards filled with only dead bodies and flies. An occasional rape, some murder; but by and large, people would simply die, some happy, some not. And no one had ever heard of Ian MacHine. Nor did they care. They were all glad to be asked, though, for this allowed them to begin their own extended discourses on how they arrived, when they arrived, when they would be leaving. After two hours of this, Josh and Sara took a room and lay down, weary and sad.

—We'll never find him, you know. No one is interested in anything but his own search. They wouldn't tell you if they knew.

—But we can't stay here forever. I'll kill myself first. And she started to cry. —Ssshhhh, take it easy, we'll think of something.

So they lay in each other's arms, on the bed, musing on histories, mysteries, wisterias. A slow tear in the corner of one eye, trickling patiently to an ear, evaporating.

When they awoke, they discovered they were in their own bodies again. They smiled.

They smiled.

—The other was nice for awhile, but this is nicer.

-Yeah, I guess this is really who I am, said Sara.

She was crying again, Josh only watched her; a premonition of what was about to happen crept into the room; or perhaps deja vu.

He watched her walk to the window, pen it and fall out, breaking her neck. Lisa walked with purpose. About a mile into the city she heard music, and into the city she heard music, and into an old brownstone, up a flight of slairs, a door. She entered, and saw bodies drawn.

slairs, a door. She entered, and saw bodies strewn around the room, naked, some dead, some in armor, some screwing. She glowed, removed her clothes.

streets for a long time. He passed Michael's corpse once, and he saw Earl, but Earl didn't recognize him.

—Only Lisa left, he thought.

He turned corner after corner, circling the city, going back sometimes, going in again, around and around, long corridors of buildings, deadend streets, one way streets, left turn, right, culs de sacs, always remembering the last turn,



"We could have reached them in time if they hadn't used up their oxygen so fast!"

planning the next, crucling, moving to the center of the city. He heard music, was drawn. Turn, turning, backing, remember, look, turn again. He stopped before a building, two doors, he took one, walked upstairs into a room. There was Lisa, on a bed slone, an orgy of sorts proceeding around her, leaving her untouched, quietly surveying the panorama, naked, unencumbered.

Lisa, said Josh. I've found you.
 But I've been right here all the time.

And taking the sixteen inch blade, split her lowerbelly once, twice, and a third time to the hilt, smiling still.

He stumbled down the steps, out of the maze, out of the city, to a train station, an airport, return over the Atlantic, back to O'Hare Field, debark comatose, home again; home; highways, trees, telephone wires, lines, lines, everything conspiring to be an alley, a tube, a tunnel, inevitably in the labyrinth again, turning once more. A car to the city, remembering, trying to remember what had happened, his friends, five people, gone. All dead, gone, dead forever in his memory, and he still turning, in a car now, turning to look for the right direction, trying to remember the wrong turn he made twenty years, two years, ago, trying to recall what combination of directions would bring him to the right place, the center, away from the treadmill that left him standing only inches from his point of departure. Searching for clues, he drove, back to Chicago now, a hint, driving south, expressways, tollways, the Loop, the Loop. Familiar ground. and suddenly a fear gripped him, and he slowed. Not even a fear, a warning, click, preparing him for something suggested; what the others had seen, perhaps, before they died. What is it, a glimpse of mortality, of immortality, recognition of purpose, of no purpose, irrelevance of purpose?

Slowly, and with minimal fantare, the summer road straightened out of the curve in which it had just been locked; and in the rear-view mirror, Jean steen the see it return to its twisted origins, the thought about the see it return to its twisted origins, the thought about the wisted origins, the thought with the see it return to its twisted origins, the thought about the wisted origins, the thought what passed. This graph with the seed of the se

of memories. My new mobuls life, continuum of memories. Which way? Back, up, left? Sniff the air, lest for danger, head for the center, but always keep upwind, always change direction with the wind. Veering right, to forly-seventh street, past an empty lot, a lot of empty, under the viaduct, and left on Lake Park, like left in Lake Ness. A nice street, the IC clackering by. He stopped for a light at fifty-third, wated turned green, for a sulking pedestrian to cross, crossing without thanks or acknowledgment, even a hint of disdain. Josh restrained a strong petulant.

impulse to gun the man down, roll him

over flat with a slow deliberate motion,

let the car sit on the man's leg, rock

back and forth until the car's horizontal

movement was no longer disturbed by

the incongruities of the body in the

road; he eased the car forward, leaned

on the horn, missed the man's backside by the width of a tissue. On, then, right at fifty-seventh, to Blackstone and stop. Around the back alley, down two steps and wait. Ring the bell. A girl answered, lean, dark, very quiet mien, shyness by innuendo. She

smiled. —Hi

-Hello, I'm Josh -I'm Sara. Come in, I guess.



## UP AGAINST THE WALL

continued from page 134

dard commission rates. The commonest form of investment trust is the mutual fund, which has seen spectacular growth in the postwar years. Because most mutual funds require the buyer to pay a hefty commission, or loading charge, of which around seventy-five percent goes to the salesman, the funds are more aggressively peddled than any other form of investment except life insurance. Though their performance has been somewhat spotty in recent years, the mutuals have done well for their customers over the long haul. Despite a number of "down" years, a \$10,000 investment in a mutual fund in 1950 would, on average, have grown to \$94,008 by the end of 1971. Despite recessions and "bear" markets, the "down" years, mutual funds have performed well because they a) spread the investor's money among 150 or so different stocks and b) can fairly effectively get out of a falling market and

get back in when their expert analysts sense the time is right. They don't always succeed, of course—but then investment is not a precise science, even with the help of computers and skilled managers.

For the individual who wants to have some feeling of participation in his investment program, the most sensible approach is to go to a broker. Many would-be investors with only, say, \$50 a month to place in securities are understandably shy about going to the professionals who, they feel, are used to dealing with million-dollar customers. In fact, most brokerage houses actively seek out the small investor, and will do their best, in time, to make him a big investor. Consult the brokers' ads in the financial pages of your newspaper. After visiting a few brokers' offices, you will almost certainly find a sympathetic. highly-trained customer's man who can assess your investment goals and how

to achieve them. Thereafter, even if you decide to make only a small monthly investment, a good broker will always be available to advise you on the stocks you hold or to discuss alternative possibilities. He is, after all, a full-time pro, backed up, if he works for a good firm, by a research department and computers that can instantly retrieve the company's assessments of several thousand different stocks. A big company's branch offices, in U.S. cities or abroad, can in seconds get you a printout of its estimates of a stock's future price range, dividends and earnings. A good broker, moreover, should call you when he senses a major opportunity in the market. He will also educate you in the intricacies of "selling short" (banking on a market decline), trading on margin (borrowing to buy stocks) the possible advantage of buying bonds (which will generally yield a good fixed income but will not grow much in value) and other complicated ways of making your investments work for you. The broker, of course, gets a commission each time he buys or sells for you, so he's not doing you a favor but a service.

Watch Out! With memories of the Great Crash and recent recessions still very much alive, the majority of Americans continue to regard the stock market with suspicion, if not outright distrust (the number of Americans who own stocks represent less than twenty percent of the population). Moreover, as Louis Engel points out: "We may be the richest nation in the world, the very bulwark of a modern and enlightened capitalism, but the blunt fact of the matter is that we are as a nation financially illiterate." On the other hand, the novice who makes a fast buck or two on the market may all too readily assume he's more sophisticated than he is, that he can make money when the market goes up and make money when the market goes down. A few geniuses can indeed profit from bull and bear markets with equal success. The average investor, on the other hand, can make money in the long run by seeking good professional advice, selecting stocks that meet his needs for income or value growth, keeping an eye on them and social trends in general-and above all, by resisting the tips and temptations that can so easily negate the patience, thought and good advice that guided him into the market in the first place.

the market in the first place.

There's an old saying on Wall Street that's worth keeping in mind:

Bulls can make money. Bears can make money. Hogs never can.



"Your what is frozen?"



his face tilted back and his eyes closed. moaning and squirming in his seat. He grinned. The girl's mouth puckered into a harder pout. He raised the bottle for another drink as the girl turned the page of the magazine and refolded her arms. With a wide swing. Whitey swept the magazine and the coffee off the table, the pages fluttering, the cup and saucer crashing on the floor. The girl didn't move, closing her eyes tight.

What are you? Snow Princess of the Magic North or somethin'? Listen, I made you a pretty good deal. Five times the going rate for shacking up in this

country. Agitated, he got up and paced the floor, his feet cold on the bare linoleum. He carried the bottle by the neck, swinging it up for another guzzle. He stopped, stooping down to pick up the magazine, wiping off the soaked and crinkled pages on the side of his pants. There was another photographic essay on a female celebrity, a montage of glimpses into her private life as she basked by the side of her pool, worked on an oil painting in her home studio. served with a charity organization and sat on the rail of an ocean liner. Whitev stared at it, then tossed the magazine toward the girl. It hit her shoulder and by reflex, she kept it from falling, held it briefly, spread it on the table and turned several pages.

Whitey shuffled behind her chair, standing quietly. Very gently, he put his hand on her shoulder.

Listen. I'm sorry. Huh?

His fingers stroked the material of her bathrobe. He bent over and kissed her ear, his cheek grazing one of the hair curlers, pulling the collar down to kiss he side of har pack

and looked away. Again, he took her arms and with very slow and gentle insistence, he pulled them apart to open the robe further and to massage her breasts. He rolled her nipples between his fingertips as she gasped spasmodically with a muffled sound of sobbing Then he released her, his hands timply sliding down her stomach and waist and over her bared thighs, dropping again to his knees

Cursing under his breath, he got up and took another drink. The girl didn't cover herself. Whitey paced up and down several times, kicking over a chair which got in his way. He reached the door and whirled, the girl blinking away her tears, resting her elbows on the table as she turned the pages of the magazine.

GOD DAMN YOUR LOUSY ASSI

Whitey threw the bottle of wine into the sink, a dark red stain splashing up on the curtains, pieces of glass ricocheting out and down on the floor. The girl flinched at the crash and at the sudden violence of his voice, her lips and fingers beginning to tremble.

Look at me. damn it! Not those phony photographs!

Snatching up the magazine, he ripped it several times, tossing the pieces over his shoulders. Reaching into his open fly to take out his penis, he held it with two fingers and shook it at her. With the other hand, he gripped her hair and jerked her head back and forth.

Here! Here! This is what you need! Forcing her head down, he thrust his hips closer, rubbing his penis against her contorted face as she tried to pull away, her lips compressed, her eyes shut. He rubbed her cheeks, her nose

quickly, crouching over his hobbled legs, her cheeks hollow, her tongue active. Whitey stiffened, his head lolling, his eves shut. Feebly, his hands reached out for her face, her neck and shoulders. And then he felt nothing. He opened his eyes and saw her sitting up on her knees, the neck of the broken wine bottle in her hand, the jagged points like an upraised dagger

There was a gasp of instinctive terror as his hands flew up and he tried to lerk away his imprisoned legs.

Jesus Christ! Hey! Wait!

The girl's eyes were very wide, the robe open and her breasts bared as she breathed with deep, rapid gasps. She sat astride his knees, squeezing them together with her thighs. With the palm of her free hand, she cupped her vagina. The neck of the bottle wavered. And then she began to sob, several convulsions racking her violently as she clenched her thighs against her hand, her breasts quivering.

With a low scream, she blindly threw the piece of glass against a nearby cabinet and scrambled to her feet. Whitey didn't move, his hands still defensive, his fingers shaking. When the girl ran out of the kitchen, he sat up. Trying to pull up his pants, he began to crawl and then stood and hobbled after her into the bedroom, holding his pants together at the waist as she slapped at his face with futile, aimless blows. She turned, the bathrobe fluttering behind her as she ran back to the kitchen. Whitey let go of his pants and tackled her around the waist, dragging her down to the floor. Weeping and slapping at him, he turned her over on her back, his mouth trying to catch her bouncing breasts, his bare feet trying to get a grip on the smooth linoleum as he strained to crawl higher and closer. Catching her hands, he bent them back to the floor on either side of her head.

sponsible for such complex things as the car's national parts and service

"I had no predecessors," he recalled. "Toyo Kogyo told me to do anything I felt was necessary to make them successful."

If the car was to become popular, people had to know about it. After setting up a string of California dealers (he had more than 10 applications for every new sales outlet), Brown went to Foote, Cone & Belding's Los Angeles office and ordered a dynamite advertising campaign, which was carried out via television and newspapers.

Finally it all came home for Brown and Mazda. About 85,000 Californians flooded Mazda showrooms the first few days after the car went on sale, believed to be the largest crowds to turn out for a new car debut since just after World War II.

Mazdas soon became hot items in the fiercely competitive Southern California auto market and the word quickly spread; if a car is a good seller in this market, it'll be a winner nationally. When interviewed late last summer, Brown had 200 dealers open in the West and Southeast and more than 3.000 applications for dealerships in the Midwest and East, though only several hundred are being chosen. Brown, who still oversees every detail of the Mazda operation and who is lucky to get home once a week for dinner with his family. remarked that he wants a limited number of dealers selling a lot of cars. "We've got the parts to back them up and the most sophisticated system in

the country to get them the parts.' In 1972 Brown said Mazda will sell 60,000 cars in America. But he predicted that by 1975 this number will jump to about 350,000 annually, which is more cars than American Motors sells each year. By the time GM introduces its rotary Vegas, Mazdas will be solidly established and Brown feels that sales of GM rotary-engined cars can only help Mazda sales because as a particular auto market grows all automakers benefit. Also, Brown remarked that Mazdas will be constructed with more care than domestic autos. And Toyo Kogyo in 1974 will introduce a larger, more powerful Wankel-engined car to penetrate the U.S. market more deeply.

Mazdas have been available only with a four-speed manual transmission, but in January an optional three-speed automatic transmission will be available and it doubtlessly will hypo sales in a country where automatics are taken for granted. It's amazing that there's been such a demand for Mazdas despite the fact that they don't have an automatic. Asked if the new Mazda transmission will hurt the car's acceleration, as automatics do on many small foreign cars, Brown replied that the Toyo Kogyo automatic "feels like a turbine."

"I drag raced a Mazda with the automatic against one with the manual transmission and won," he said with a grin. It was a peculiar anecdote-the head of the American Mazda operation drag racing down a California street. But no more peculiar than the fact that Thomas A. Murphy, the powerful vice chairman of GM, has a model of the Wankel engine on his desk.

Right now, Toyo Kogyo isn't standing still with the RX-2 model. Late this year

it introduced its sporty RX-3 line which has a Ferrari-style grille, and this line includes America's first rotary-powered station wagon. One can almost be certain that wealthy suburban matrons will want to be the first on the block to own one of these.

Since there are more than a quartermillion rotary-engined Mazdas on the road in 80 countries, there's little reason for potential buyers of the car to be afraid of the Wankel's novel design. Purchasers include both white and blue collar workers and 60 per cent of Mazda buvers trade in their domestic automobiles. A poll conducted by J. D. Power & Associates, an independent market research firm, disclosed that 80 per cent of the first 1,000 buyers of Mazdas would purchase another one.

As for the engine's durability, Road Test magazine took a Mazda R-100 engine apart after 50,000 miles of motoring and said the engine seal wear-weakest point in a rotary engine-was so low that a life of more than 150,000 miles was projected.

While driving the RX-2 around the Chicago area for several weeks, I encountered three other Mazdas, which probably were bought in California. Their drivers waved, beeped their horns and flashed their headlights at me. Once, while pulled alongside one at a traffic light, I deliberately ignored the other driver. Then just before the light turned green, I glanced at him. He gave me a big smile, put the car in gear, and rapidly accelerated out of sight. And I thought somewhat sadly that soon the country would be so full of Mazdas that owning the car no longer would make one feel as if he were a member of a private club.



vérité films, the Leacock-Pennebaker-Mayèles Primary and Robin Spry's Prologue, but hose were records of big political events (a Jack Kennedy speech, the Chicago convention) at which I was a spectator. I suppose I should have been terrified, but all I could think about was how much fun it was qoing to be.

Shooting in Tijuana was impossible, I learned the next day, because of some government edict against taking cameras across the border. So we gathered at Welles' house to shoot a birthday party at which the directorhero, Jake Hannaford, is besieged by the myrmidons of the media.

"The joke is that the media are feeding off him," Welles explained, "but they end up feeding off themselves. It's sort of his last summer. That's what it's all about."

Welles sat down with Bogdanovich and me and two other young cinéastés, Eric Sherman and Felipe Herba, who had also been recruited for the film. He brimmed over with amusement as he told us about our roles-Bogdanovich would be a foundation-backed hustler following Hannaford around doing an interview book; I would be a pompous cinema aesthete spouting blather from my book about Hannaford; and Sherman and Herba would be a blase cinema-verite crew ("the Maysles brothers," Welles called them) doing a documentary about the great man. Welles said he did not yet know who would play Hannaford; so our scenes today would be shot with the hero offscreen (which would certainly help point up the isolation of the man from his sycophants).

Welles asked Bogdanovich and me to with the well of the saked bogdanovich with the Bogdanovich asked if his character should be effeminate, and it was decided that no, he should be excitable. Welles away like Lewis, and Welles toned the voice down here, broadened it there, parrying the lines back and forth with him.

In mentioned a pet theory I had about ford, how his films since 1939 can be taken as an oblique reflection on the changes in American society, and Welles quizzed me on how I would develop it, warring me to keep It fairly straight. He finally went to the typewriter and we concocted a speech (Welles supplying the final wording): "The main thrust of my argument, you understand, is that during the Thirties Hannatord's predominant motif was the outsider in notification."

absurd conflict with society. In the Forties he achieved salvation. In the Fifties..."

Here Bogdanovich would break in with, "Never mind the Fifties. Open the whisky bottle."

Welles roared with delight; so much for the critics!

We spent half an hour thinking up these ridiculous questions. Once, when I suggested asking Hannaford about the work of Dziga Vertov, Welles said, "You're kidding! Who's that?"

"Dziga Vertov, the Russian director of the 1920s," I replied. "He made newsreels known as Kino Pravda."

Welles had a great time with that one before ruling me out of order. "Come on, now," he said. "You're supposed to be playing a serious character."

We did wind up with a Godardianvertovian question, though I would ask Hannaford, while riding in the back seat of his car, "Mr. Hannaford, is the camera eye a reflection of reality, or is reality a reflection of the camera eye? Or is the camera a phallus?"

I was beginning to fully appreciate Welles' sense of humor, which is sometimes submerged under the rhetorical cocon surrounding his characters and usually fails to emerge from an analysis of his films.

And when the shooting started, I could see first-hand the delight he takes in the physical act of direction. His young crew officially numbered four, but eventually all twelve people present pitched in to help, and almost everybody appeared before the camera, including Welles' houseboy.

It seemed that what Welles was shooting today—brief, fairly simple, hand-held shots—was pure caviar to the director. I quickly realized that couldn't be either good or bad, just myself, because the character I was playing was a fool. Comic relief was the order of the day, and Welles brio belief the idea that directing comedy is a dour business. It certainly was hard work, though

"Now you appreciate what actors go through," Welles told me when I sighed after the seventh take of one shot went wrong.

Since I was the buffoon among buffoons, I was loaded to the teeth with props—a tape-recorder, a still-camera, a coat over my arm, papers in my shirt pocket, and a gigantic whisky bottle. I apologized for my awkwardness with the props, and Welles said reassuringly that the only actor he ever knew who could handle so many props well was Erich von Strobiem. Adding to my surrealistic appearance was something Bogdanovich had noticed the night I went to his house—I had been without notepaper that day at a screening of Fellini's Satyricon, and had scribbled some notes on my wrist in the dark. Welles told me that, in the film, I should have my wrist and arm covered with notes—Toedipus Complex," "Mother Fixation," and so forth. When the shooting was over, he paternally insisted that I scrub my wrist and arm completely clean, even though I

was too tired to lift a bar of soap, In twelve hours of shooting, Welles completed twenty-seven shots. It was fascinating to watch him socuple each shot from the bare bones of dialogue. For example, the pontificating about Hannaford in the different decades of his career was broken into two shots, the second of which required fourteen takes.

takes.

I began to understand what Welles once said about his direction of actors: "I give them a great deal of freedom and, at the same time, the feeling of precision. It's a strange combination. In other words, physically, and in the way they develop, I demand the precision of ballet. But their way of acting comes directly from their own ideas as much as from mine. When the camera begins to roll, I do not improvise visually. In this realm, everything is prepared. But I work very freely with the actors. I try to make their life pleasant."

Setting up the first shot for the scene, Welles chose a stark wall, couch, and table for the background. Because the setting was a party, with cameramen's lights present, the lighting was not to be over-refined.

Directing from a throne-like chair at the ypewriter table ("because this is an auteur film"). Welles took an active part in the lighting, ordering his cameraman, Gary Graver, to forget about an elaborate cross-lighting pattern he had set up when the director wasn't looking. But he did tell Graver to set up a light behind a bedroom door in the background so it would cast a serrated pattern on the floor.

"That's the only beautiful thing I want in the shot," he said.

Then, turning to Bogdanovich with an arch expression, he muttered, "Von Sternberg..."

Welles ran quickly and efficiently through the lighting, keeping Graver (whom he called "Rembrandt") constantly on the move.

Bogdanovich and I were rehearsing our lines, and Welles interrupted us to give directions.

The scene would begin with an off-

## **ROD STEWART**

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like a gun from his right hand was a half empty bottle of Couvosier. He was wearing a gold lame suit with a flowered see-thru blouse bowed in front. "Hhhm, yeah, well I wear on the street what I wear on the stage. Damn

few guys can say that."

The Faces said little as the limos bulleted thru the night rain, breaking lights, cutting off irate burghers in their station wagons. Each had a bottle, and each bottle was dead by the time the cars eased by the respectful guard into the bowels of the huge auditorium. The cement echoed flatly to the sound of Kay's group.

"When I was 19 or 20." says Stewart. "I could just go on stage and do it. If they didn't like it, well fuck them. But not anymore. It isn't just the money. There are people out there who can see thru me like a glass of water if I put them on. I'm not about to have that."

The roadies responsible for such things had prepared the dressing room. Cheese, cold cuts and fruit were stacked on a banquet table that appeared lifted right out of a 17th century Dutch still life. A dirty plastic tub was filled with Coke, 7-up and Budweiser. The open guitar cases were set along the bench where the Roller Derby team usually -underseed. Inside the plush lined cases, the instruments lay, neatly as men reclining in coffins. Everywhere

there were bottles of wine and styrofoam cups of cognac. The road manager, a doe-eyed young man who wore his hair in a pony tail, carefully covered one bottle of Courvoisier with his jacket, effectively securing Stewart's

favorite drink.
It was very hot in the dressing room.
Stewart stripped off the gold jacket.
Mac began fanning himself with a limp banana peel. Stewart thought that very funny. He was less amused when Quill stabbed him on the chest with a peeled banana.

In the corner alone, Jones took out his sticks and began tapping out a jerky littler rhythm on a chair seat. A girl reached down into the tub for a soft drink. In a flash, Stewart was behind her play-flicking.

Out front, John Kay played on relentlessly. Every fifteen minutes for an hour, someone would stick his head thru the door and shout "ten minutes."

To an impassive British journalist, Stewart bitched about Britain's immigration policy. "'ere's 70,000 of them fucking Asians what have British papers—and nothing we can do about it."

—and nothing we can do about it."
"On in two minutes." After the long wait, the call hit unexpectedly. Some hidden impulse drove Kenny Jones to the clothes bag for a change of shoes. Mike Quill poured two fingers of cognac into his Coke can.

The house was full—perhaps 15,000. Like all super groups, Faces receives a guaranteed fee against a percentage of the gate. This evening's take would be about \$75,000.

To stage left, there was a cluster of 20 young people in wheel chairs. Stewart looked past them awaiting the swelling roar to crest.

Then he was on. The spot caught him on his first long leap and turned the gold suit to fire.

The day of the studio band is dead. A band must tour to make it, to let its fans see the power as well as absorb it thru headphones.

"We sing our guts out every night. That's why we only do short tours—10 days or so," says Stewart. "Any longer and you can't give 100%. We'd just flake out or do four or five bad shows."

The crowd was theirs totally when they started their fourth number—"Maggie May."

With Maggie May, Stewart had propelled himself into the super star class in 1971. The song has a lot going for it. There are allusions of innocence corrupted by experience.

You led me away from home
Just to save you from being alone
It is not Stewart's best song

It is not Stewart's best song —Gasoline Alley, for one, is better. But Maggie May has that honest, down home quality of a great Hank Williams song.

All you did was wreck my bed And in the morning kick my head Was Maggie May the story of a real



"I hear the health store down the block is now selling organic pot."

affair? Stewart does not comment directly. He talks of writing "non-songs" that are "just conversation about how it is to live today."

You stole my soul...

....that's a pain I can do without If Maggie May was the monster single that made Stewart, it was also the song that almost tore the Faces apart.

"That was the worse period," Stewart admits. "There were a lot of stories that we might break-up. But we're by that now. I think we'll be together for a long time."

Ronnie Lane shares the feeling that Faces will hang together. "There weren't no real friction. Never any actual violence. It was just kind of weird. Up until "Maggie May" we were trying to make it totally as a band thing. But after Maggie, it was obvious that Rod was very big.

"Look at it this way: If Rod didn't have his own albums, all ours would be dominated by him.

"It don't bother me. I'm doing what I want, making good money and getting me rocks off on the music I like."

That is bullshit, of course. There is jealousy. You could see it in the cold eyed stare of Kenny Jones when he finished a brilliant drum solo to modest applause—then watched Stewart bring them boiling out of their seats by merely shaking a quivering finger.

Stewart was pure theater, spinning the microphone stand as agilely as a drum major pinwheeling his baton, dominating the stage with Nureyev-like leaps, teasing the straining front row fans with an outstretched hand.

On one occasion, he slid down the microphone stand like a man shot and lay flat on the stage as Woodle came prancing forward, his guitar driving, It was a phony death, however, which cost Stewart nothing. Though Woodle had the audience for an instance, the night belonged to Stewart.

They waited a little too long for an encore while Woodie searched frantically for a cigarette backstage. The applause had begun to fade as they headed back to the stage. "Make sure the house lights come up half-way thru the song." Stewart instructed.

Then it was over. The Faces, like a major league ball team, demand fifteen minutes of privacy after a concert to discuss the evening's hits and errors.

Finally the door was opened. Fresh wine had been brought out and everyone was guzzling. Before the show, there had been only a couple of girls in the dressing room. Now there were a dozen. Ronnie Lane was feeling good about

the audience reaction. "America has got energy, man. Some of it is good, some bad. But nowhere else do you find



"...Oh don't pay attention to the little brat, Rosalyn..."

so much energy."

Stewart sat in a corner. He had changed and now held the gold lame trousers up to the light and fingered a hole in the crotch. "Nothing lasts today," he said. Back at the hotel, the Faces sat in the

lounge, drinking cognac and debating whether or not they should cut down an especially ugly chandeller in the room. "Hilton Hotels have a reputation for being ugly," said Mac. "Deserved, too."

The lounge singer, a pallid imitation of Neil Diamond, finished his act and headed for the Faces' tables.

"Slick," said Stewart, indicting the guy before he arrived.

The house singer sat down, said several stupid things, was politely ignored and eventually went away. Stewart wanted another drink, but not enough to suffer thru a second set with the singer.

It was agreed that everyone would head for the party suite where the girls were waiting. "Though I don't know why—I belong in bed," Stewart complained.

The party leaked on into the morning. There was a modest amount of dope. Everyone drank relentlessly. Tomorrow there was San Diego and the next night

L. A. and after that Seattle and Portland.
"I'm aware that it won't go on forever.

In a few months, I could fall flat on my face, "Stewart says, missing the double-edge meaning of his last words. "But I got to do it my way—instead of listening to critics or reading Rolling Stone or whatever. I don't follow trends. I set styles."

But of course! That's the cocky conidence that made America great! It may be music instead of steel or autos, but in Stewart. Here's that same rock hard individualism of a Carnegie or a Ford it's a philosophy that never gets involved with intricate moral judgments, but looks for simple answers and has deep respect for tradition—the basic no-crap approach to things which America always comes back to.

That was too much philosophy for a rock singer. The whole thing was getting very heavy and who needs that at 6 AM? As the morning light began to shape the Rockies outside the 29th floor window of the Denver Hilton, Rod Stewart picked up the cognac bottle, motioned to the girl, and headed for the bedroom.



screen hand giving Bogdanovich the whisky bottle from camera left, and bits of dialogue were added, to be spoken while I was talking. (When someone broke into the shooting of another scene to tell Welles that there was overlapping dialogue, he replied, "We always have overlapping dialogue.") Bogdanovich would disdainfully ignore me while I was talking

When I would say "during the Thirties..." he would give me the bottle, taking my tape-recorder, and tell me to open the bottle. I would ask, "How?"

In the meantime, the houseboy (standing in the background wearing a camera around his neck and munching a chicken breast) would slowly cross in front of us, and Bogdanovich would ask him, "Where's Andy?"

The question would go unanswered-the houseboy would act stoned.

Then Bogdanovich would tell me, "There's a cork, isn't there?" and I would look down and find no cork on the bottle.

The Maysles brothers, who would be chattering in the background all the while, would now run like hell behind us with their equipment in search of a shot.

I would resume my talking, and the Maysles's assistant (actually Graver's assistant) would dash between us holding a still camera and a blazing sungun, chasing after them.

Bogdanovich would then interrupt me ("part Jerry and part Noel Coward." Welles told him) with, "Never mind the Fifties. Open the whisky bottle."

In addition to all this, the tape flew off my recorder when I handed it to Bogdanovich during a run-through, and Welles insisted on keeping the action in the film. So we rehearsed dropping the

Finally, we were ready to go. The first part of the scene-up to the exchange of the bottle and the taperecorder-went fairly quickly. Welles said he would cut to an insert of some kind and return to the same shot of Bogdanovich and me from the knees up.

We began to shoot the second part of the scene. Chaos. I would bobble my lines, Bogdanovich would react too slowly, the guy eating the chicken would take too long in getting past us, the Maysles brothers would run through at the wrong time ..

After several takes fell completely flat, all of a sudden one of them worked. But in a rhythm totally different from what Welles had planned. All the cues were different, but it seemed to jell 148 anyway. Welles said he might wind up using the shot, but would appreciate it if we'd try it again, his way.

Bogdanovich and I started to chatter about ways to improve the shot. Welles ordered quiet.

"The thespians are causing trouble," he said. "What do you want?" Cowed, we fell silent

"All right, then," he said. "Let's do it again, shall we?'

About an hour later, we were done. The rest of the day was taken up with scenes of the media people assembled in various parts of the house, thrusting equipment forward at Hannaford, and with some hilarious scenes inside and outside a car moving through the streets of Los Angeles and Beverly

Welles told us to leave without him to shoot the scenes inside the car because it would be more interesting if we'd spring the results on him after following his instructions.

"I did that with one scene in Touch of Evil," he recalled. "Remember that wide-angle shot of the two men driving through the street? There was no sound man, no cameraman, and no director."

"Where was the camera?" I asked "Strapped to the hood of the car," he said with a triumphant grin,

Relaxing aboard a home-bound jet that night, I began to think back on recent events. Four days earlier, Renoir had told me that to learn about directing, I should try a little bit of acting (he meant in an amateur movie). Now I had ceased looking over Welles' shoulder and had begun looking directly into his eyes. My subject had climbed down off the pedestal I had built for him and, curiously, he now seemed larger than ever. As his cameraman said admiringly after the day's shooting, "Welles doesn't play it safe."

I had the good fortune recently to take a premature look at the story which will appear all over the world, under the auspices of a major wire service, when Orson Welles dies. Newspapers keep these instant obituaries on file for every celebrity, but Welles' holds a special fascination. After all, his first act in his feature film, Citizen Kane, was to die.

and most of his other films begin with

intimations of that strange moment in

which a legendary life becomes a lifeless legend. Welles' obituary begins by calling him a twentieth-century Alexander the Great, forever seeking new worlds to conquer, and then launches into a long account of the incident which made him

legendary, The War of the Worlds, his

1938 radio show which fooled the country into thinking that the Martians were invading. Legend is only peripherally concerned with fact, and the obituary does not indicate that the show's effect was due largely to peculiarities of timing; it was considered below the standard of his best radio work.

The account continues undaunted for seventeen paragraphs, finally veering off for a sketchy summary of the "boy wonder's" career in movies and theatre, and from their into brief biographical

What posterity will be concerned with if it pays no heed to the ahostly record of Welles' films, is the mere mechanics of legend, the events leading up to the drama, not the drama itself.

Welles has done nothing to discourage his popular role as a demonic practical joker, and turned up on television recently to announce, with almost bemused pride, "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I was The Shadow," referring to a radio program in which he played a spectral avenger of evil.

The ironies proliferate-playing a spirit in a medium of sounds is an extraordinary theatrical venture-and if the emphasis on these early feats of legerdemain might seem misplaced next to the more substantial achievements of Welles' maturity, we can hardly help but realize that the creation of such a legend is central not only to Welles' persona but also to the deepest sources of his creative power.

Welles has always been larger than

Consider, for example, his attitude towards his birthplace, the prosaic Midwestern town of Kenosha, Wisconsin. Since he was conceived in Paris and named in Rio de Janeiro, he believes that emerging in Kenosha was a gross injustice.

Consider his corpulence: he has called himself "a rather overfed Gandhi," and delighted in slimming down to play Falstaff.

Or the question of a "false face": when he was a small boy he carried his make-up kit to school and amused himself with it at recess. Once, to frighten off a bully, he painted a bloody face on himself. At the age of nine he made himself up as Lear.

Welles has appeared only once in films without make-up, as Harry Lime in The Third Man, significantly enough the character he most detests of all those he has played. "I hate Harry Lime." he once said. "He has no passion; he is cold; he is Lucifer the fallen angel."

Welles keeps a collection of all the false noses he has ever worn, and has linoleum felt cold on his feet. His pants were bunched in a snarl around oanke. Hei licked his lips and swallowed, raising his head to look into the girl's grieving face. He pushed himself to his kneess and then stood up, bending over to straighten the legs of his pants. He zippered the fly closed, staring down at the nude and sweating girl, the robe behind her back in a wrinkled knot, her eyes closed, her chest heav-

ing uncontrollably. Whitely turned and went into the bedroom. Sitting down, he bent over to put on one sock, then looked at his watch. It was five minutes to eleven. He put on the other sock and slid his feet into the loafers. He picked up his cap, combing back his hair with his fingers before puting it on and arranging it into its usual position. He put on the black C.P.O. shirt, buttoned it and stuffed the tail down into his leans. Fastening his belt, he looked down to see if the fly would stay closed in spile of the missing but-

He stood up and draped the yellow sicker over one arm, stepping over to the night table for his cigarettes and matches. He put one in his mouth and lift, inhailing and exhaling with a long, deep breath as he looked at his watch. Patting his pockets, he filinched when he felt his waltet missing. Very quickly he looked all around and then saw ki on the floor by the bed, stooping to pick it up and put it in his hip pocket.

Moving to the door, he stopped and listened. The girl was still crying. He waited, put the cigarette in his mouth and strolled into the kitchen. The girl was still lying there, her head turned to look at one of the torn, stained and wrinkled pages from the magazine. Frowning, he took another drag on his cigarette, staining down at her naked body, her face ugly with its contortions of grief, her eyes swollen, her mouth misshapen. Some of the curlers had come out of her hair and loose strands hung over her face, wet with her tears.

Listen. I gotta get goin'. I'm late as hell. The girl sniffled and blinked. She

licked her lips and swallowed as she crumpled the magazine page in her fist. Oh, shit. Do we have to go through this again?

Whitey stepped over her legs and crossed the kitchen. But he stopped at the door, scowling, his voice petulant. Listen. I could have probably — ah —

I thought you were really somethin'. Not just looks. Looks, yeah. But even. Shit. I don't know. Maybe I would have — ah — loved you. You know that? Huh? If you had give me half a god damn chance. I mean. Uh.

He opened the door but stopped.

You understand? You understand:

love you? Again he flinched.

No. You had to go — ah! You couldn't be bothered. Lousy waterfront burn That's all. Money. That's all you care about. Can't speak a word of English. But you can sure savvy that old Amerikanisch dollar-o. Right?

He let himself out. It was drizzling again and he put on the slicker and but toned it. He walked down to the corner and paused to look around the neighborhood, trying to remember the route they had taken on the street car. He turned left and started up the steep hill,

turning to look over his shoulder, hoping to find a taxi. But in that country they were all black and without distinguishing marks.

He began to pant as he climbed the hill. He felt hungry and he needed a drink. He flipped the cigarette but into the guter and exhaled the last of the smoke as he put both hands in the pockets of the slicker. His public hair felt sticky and liched and he scratched himself without taking his hands out of his pockets.

At the top of the hill the street curved. Looking down the slope of one of the avenues, he could see the harbor in the distance, recognizing the masts and the cargo booms of a ship rising above the roof of a warehouse.





"For gosh sake, Alice, why can't you meet me at the door with open arms like other wives?!"

mountain sickness and periodically vomiting. I realized that by becoming a high altitude physiologist I could develop my interest for I had always been intrigued by the way in which lack of oxygen affected people with disorders of the lungs or heart, or new-

born babies. As important, I realized

that here was a way to get paid to be in the mountains.

I emigrated to Chicago. Later, Roger, who despite his appearance was a striking example of the brain drain, turned up in Phildelphia. Neither city immediately promising places for high altitude work, one might think, but ideal financial and intellectual base camps for world-wide expeditions to do research that was geographically remote but practically relevant to the patient who was short of oxygen.

Peter Steele, then, in the article on Everest, had posed once more guestions about sex at high altitude, whether spiritual or concrete, which had already intrigued me; questions about frequencv and opportunity which deserved investigation; questions I proposed to answer. But evidence, good scientific fact, was hard to get. Roger said that as a

biophysicist he had a duty to assist me. At first I had thought that two subiects, one double bed and a video camera in the Chicago low pressure chamber at a simulated altitude of 18,000 feet would be enough. But there already were goats housed in the hypobaric chamber and Roger said one had to draw the line somewhere. There was, he claimed a code. Code or not no funding agency would support it. So the evidence, so to speak, would have to be soft. I had heard a report of a French couple who had conceived at 20,000 feet. True or false? Was their Frenchness recorded as circumstantial evidence, local color or proof? My plans to correlate ardor (in kilograms) with altitude (in meters), and to investigate critical heights of and for satisfaction, using the accepted statistical technics of multiple step-wise regression, would have to be abandoned. I would have to fall back on chance observation, uncontrolled circumstance, inflated anecdote. still more inflated personal experience and the random gleanings of a life-time of genteel sniggering.

. . Morococha, Peru. 14,800 feet. 1969 The road up to Morococha and on to Cerro de Pasco is, by Andean standards a good one. It winds up from the sprawling shanties of Lima on the desert coastal plain, through gorges dotted successively with cactus, tall blue eucalyptus and pine, to a barren pass. I got out of the Volkswagen to photograph a hanging glacier on a shimmering snow peak. A sign indicated that the road had reached 16,000 feet. Almost two thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak, but three hours before I had been by the sea. My breathing was irregular, acute breathlessness alternating with periods when I did not seem to want to take any breaths at all. I tried to get the glacier in focus. A great blackness descended. I regained the V.W. on hands and knees, spitting out blood and gravel.

Morococha lies a thousand feet lower, a dirty shambles of huts, houses, pitheads, switch-back roads set in a deep valley whose bare sides, red and brown, proclaim the mineral riches of Peru. These Peruvian mining towns, San. Cristobal, Yauricocha and the vast pit of Cerro de Pasco, are familiar names to physiologists because they are permanent settlements at and around 15,000 feet above sea level. There is nowhere else we can go to study large numbers of people doing hard physical work at altitudes at which the newcomer from Lima would certainly be ill and (I reflected, sitting in the V.W.) might very well die if he attempted any strenuous work at all.

Physically the Quechua people, short, barrel-chested, with brown, mongoloid features, resemble the Sherpas from the valleys around Mount Everest in Nepal. Spiritually they could scarcely be more different, the Sherpas laughing, singing, full of practical jokes; the Quechua, descendants of the Incas, dour, suspicious, silent. Their faces seem to reflect the difference in their surroundings, the difference between the harsh, windswept tundra of the Altiplano and the crystal spires of Ama Dablam. But they also reflect the difference in their histories, and the inherited centuries of ruthless domination of the Quechua by the Spanish. Centuries of cowering withdrawal and distrust.

The altitude was killing me, I felt I was too breathless to make the stairs, let alone the lady, yet it was abundantly clear that this was no problem to the natives, all the women seemingly pregnant all the time. Indeed, Roger had spent a cold, candle-lit night in Morococha with two battered prostitutes, stitching up long knife wounds inflicted on them by an inventive, and presumably fully-acclimatized, cus-

I staggered upstairs in the dirty, ramshackle hotel, and collapsing on to the bed in my bare, noisy room, drifted into an uneasy sleep, woken by wild dreams, gasping for air.

In the morning I lurched wheezily downstairs and ordered coffee. I was perplexed because all the evidence, archeological and historical, told me I was positively surrounded by sexual athletes! That squat, bent, shuffling bow-legged, shapeless woman, in her mannish hat, who as far as I could see, lifted her voluminous and dirty skirts only to crap in the gutter, whose teeth were rotten from chewing coca: she was a sensual sophisticate in a land of experts. By contrast we, who apparently needed a power black-out to get us to copulate, were absolute beginners. Mentally, I re-examined this evidence. I thought of the hundreds of shelves of ancient, delicate dun pottery, smooth, hard and brittle, which I had studied down in the museums of Lima. A canteen shaped like a great scrotum, draining through a giant, erect penis. Man with goat, puma with girl; girl with king. fellatio on a throne. And this was domestic pottery! I mean, for breakfast! What a training! No wonder women had by law to accompany the men on journeys through the sierras; llamas were too valuable. Still are, These beautiful. pots, vases, bowls, statuettes; grinning. beatified images in clay, these were the hopes and indulgent practices of six hundred years ago, unearthed from the tombs where they had comforted some crouching, bituminous, straggle-haired mummy in the brown, mysterious desert. The grateful dead

And why this paradox? The sullen. ugly, hostile graceless exterior, the seething sexual preoccupation within. A compensation for the altitude or for the monotony of the harsh mountain life? In Mexico, at much lower heights, the obsession was with death. Perhaps this Peruvian phenomenon really was an adaptation, evolved over millenia: the

survival of the fantasist. Early historian of Peru had noted the abundant fertility of the Incas, especially when compared with that of the Conquistadors. Father Calancha, in 1639. recorded that the birth of the first Spanish child in Potosi, at 14,900 feet. did not occur until fifty-three years after the founding of the city and was regarded as a great miracle wrought by Saint Nicholas. Sixteenth century Augustinian friars may have been reproductively naive but presumably they could count. Roger said that at high altitudes the semen became too alkaline-rams had the same problem and so, he claimed (in the absence of any paternity suits),

A literature-search, then, revealed a definite high altitude randiness and an indefinite high altitude loss of reproductivity. A sort of decline in efficiency.

What it also revealed was a project that had sound scientific possibilities for the future

The Incas' nuptial ceremony, "Acatavmita." immediately attracted me because of its inherent simplicity and its built-in potential as an experiment capable of accurate, meaningful statistical analysis. I quote from: Monge C. and Monge C. "High Altitude Diseases." Springfield, Ill. Thomas. 1966: "At a given signal they start off in a race, upon which bets were placed, towards some distant hill. Each man who overtook any woman in the race enjoyed her on the spot." Such a race, appealing alike to competitor, gambler, promotor, physiologist and voyeur-in other words anyone over the age of three-would out the Olympics on a sound commercial footing for all time. Once it had been clearly established who'd had whom, the hardest of hard data would emerge: "Distance: 5,000 meters. Height: 14,000 feet. Winner, N. Crum in 29 mins, 40 seconds, making it at 75, 350 and 2,500 meters and breaking the Peruvian, Pan-American and World records by getting it up for the fourth time in the finishing straight."

Have to get good sea level controls, of course, and work out the handicapping. Possibilities proliferated... amateur nights, a pro circuit. Roger could manage the details; I would han-

dle the science.

Off to the Himalayas Clanking aboard the Pan Am jet at San Francisco, wreathed in three hundred yards of perlon rope and forty pounds of chrome-molybdenum pitons, carabiners, jumars. Thudding in huge insulted double boots down the aisle of the 707, a great, bulging, wolverine fur monster. Anything, including heat stroke, to keep within the baggage allowance.

One stop, apparently, before Tokyo. I squeezed into the tiny seat, dreaming of

Waking as the plane taxied to a halt, I leapt up: never been in Hawaii before. Get a quick look. The exit. Funny. Strangely flat, cold, windy, grey. "Where are the girls, the Leis?" "In Anchorage?" The stewardesses looked at each other.

Tokyo. Crowded late night shops. Cameras. Buying aspirin in a drug store, my clinical eye was caught by a notice "ointment for female." I read on. "... made to further the sexual feeling and induce you to arrive at orgasms in the sexual intercourse. It is mysterious that your husband's fickleness may be case and will be able to enjoy a flesh pleasure. Rub into the clitoris, therefore you will find yourself creating a night paradise." Something for the emer-



"Confound it Mildred, will you stop calling me at the office?! How am I supposed to get anything done with these constant interruptions?"

gency medical kit, obviously. I bought a gross.

The Dhaulagiri Himalaya, Nepal. 12.000 feet. 1969. Fragments of mist clinging to the bamboo clumps; vertical cliffs; monkeys scattering noisily and porters chanting. Little mules jingle steeply upward through the rhododendron forests. Roger whistles as he swings along a frail chain bridge, slung across a gorge.

Night Squatting on the short grass, packed against each other, the smiling, expectant faces of the Sherpas glistening in the light thrown from the crude stage From nearby, the barking of village dogs and the subdued roar of a mountain torrent. Steep mountains sides a denser blackness against the stars. A lovely Gurung dancer in a long green sart; subdued, lascivious female undulations

The moments seemed to hang in the still night air. Then the dancer tripped gracefully into the makeshift wings, spat out a glob of tobacco juice, and called in a hoarse bass for his rice beer.

Two days later, Roger, full of rakshi, winked suggestively at a coyly smiling Sherpani. Her hair, smeared in rancid Yak butter, coiled elaborately and hung with coral and silver. Laughing, she went to her pack and, with a grunt, swung all eighty pounds of it on to her sturdy back. She adjusted the tumpline on her forehead and, leaning forward, turned to grin back at Roger before padding off down the trail, her broad bare feet gripping the stones. "I like rancid Yak butter" Roger kept insisting, but he did not follow. That Gurung dancer had really hurt.

For days the tiny orange tent, high, high on the mountain has been violently buffeted by the shrieking wind. One side of it is buried under a deep drift, the roof only an inch or so from my nose. Every gust blows (sy spin drift through invisible holes into my face, freezing on my beard. My sleeping bag lies in giant, irregular holes, carved out of the ice by my restless hips. The hard,

uneven surface, the whiplash noise of the tent in the wind, the cold spin-drift and a full bladder make a sleep impossible.

Hours pass. How long can I put off exposing myself and my parts to a wind-chill factor of minus 150°, and will they be all there when I crawl in again? And, what with huge down jackets and frozen fingers, when and how will I find out if they're no?

Å shout outside. Two climbers swaying as they try to hold up a third. He is staggering blindly, frothing at his blue lips, bright red blood on his snowcaked beard. We haul him into the tent. High altitude pulmonary edema—his lungs drowning in water. I give him an injection. Slowly through the long night his desperate panting eases into sleep.

Hours of sensual longing, Longing to get down to the comfortable world of a get down to the comfortable world of warm. Cerebral afternoons, playing a blackjack with my Hazelitin 2000 computer in Chicago. Breathlessly fonding its rounded keys, the bittersweet of yet another trembling encounter, another treabling engounter, another treabling enging, fading fluorescence of an enigmatic, mathematical half-smile on enigmatic, mathematical half-smile on the black oscilloscope, at once imperious, smud, pilving and infinitely tender.

Hours of gross, voluptuous passion over the tiny stove. My tongue gliding over my chapped lips and frosty mustache. Visions, shapes: anchovies, osso buco, zabaglione rising in the steam of snow melting in the hoarse,

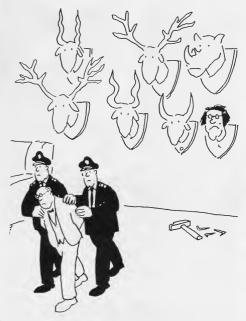
erratic primus.

But not merely these hours of selfindigence. Hours also of strict practical planning for the return, structural, anatomical, strategic: If her toes are gripping the curtain rails, her teeth are sunk in my right clavicle and my head is wedged between the mattresses, am I going to dislocate my shoulder or her law if I try to ring for the matr?

jaw if I try to ring for the maid? High up on a big Himalayan mountain, opportunities for sex really are limited, Peter Steele is right so far, But I think his views are a little to jaundiced. The recent big International expedition, which Peter writes about, failed to climb to the top of Everest because of illness, a death, terrible storms, too much pumpernickel, internal and international dissensions and desertions. Perhaps this would inhibit even thought about sex over 12,000 feet. Now it is true that at very high altitudes thought and reactions are dulled. The sheer mechanics of living, the effect of breathing, the exhaustion of melting ice for water or of putting on frozen boots, the cold and the wind, focus all one's thoughts on survival. Normal lecherous thoughts tend to be squeezed out by hunger, cold, misery, ambition. As expeditions are traditionally all-male, this is not all bad.

But it cannot be all good either. The obvious answer is to have more balanced, coeducational expeditions. Women have so many of the qualities traditionally valued in members of an expedition: discipline, agility, stamina and the ability to cook without complaining. They can be taught to climb to a high technical standard and can be made to carry large loads, without letting personal ambition interfere with the goal of the team: to put men on top. I would now propose to expedition leaders a new quality: women are excellent sex objects, of proved worth, altogether superior to anything else. In the past the fear has been that a few cold nights of acute and lonely discomfort at Camp IV wondering what your girl did when she was snowed in for three days with Roger at Camp II would be enough to disrupt any expedition. But expeditions fragment anyway and here and now Roger's girl is coming in to V and it is scientifically amazing how many kilo calories two can expend in a thick sleeping bag. Goose down it's called. and goose down it is.

Moreover, until we have both sexes on all the big expeditions to the really high mountains, I shall never get the facts I need. So this is a plea for Science, and as you must have realized, I'll do anything, at any altitude, for Science.







of the upper-middle class, Esquire dispensed with pin-ups, presumably to reflect its cultural elitism. In addition. perhaps. Esquire wanted to attract potential advertisers who were shying away from the magazine's "girlie" image, or maybe Esquire preferred not to compete with the new magazine sensation, Playboy (which was first published in December 1953).

With the gradual relaxation of censorship laws, pin-up presentations have become progressively bolder. The pubic areas of pin-up models can now be exposed without interference, or with relatively infrequent interference, from state or church, and without flak from advertisers or readers. (Actually, the London-based Penthouse, in its issue of April 1970, was the first of the "class" magazines to expose the pubic hair of its centerfold subjects.)

Esquire and Playboy were among the first magazines to dignify the cheesecake pin-up and elevate its hitherto lowclass image. These pioneering monthlies recognized that their educated. cultured readers were susceptible to the same instincts that for decades had inspired the masses of men.

But what about those pin-up magazines that have page after page of peekaboo pictures? Must the pictures be taken out and pinned up to be considered pin-ups? Probably not. One supposes that these pin-ups mostly stay between the covers of the magazine and that the magazines themselves are kept in private places. Of perhaps twenty or thirty full-page cheesecake photographs, one or two may in some way "reach out" more strongly than others-and these few pages may be literally pinned up by the viewer.

For Hollywood fans a pin-up is a recognizable person, a motion picture star or starlet with whom the viewer may wish to relate in a variety of ways-not necessarily sexually, perhaps just amorously or socially. Leading examples of this type of pin-up have been Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe.

#### CALENDARS

The use of calendars for the presentation of pin-ups has not added stylistically to the pin-up vocabulary: it has merely provided another mass outlet for the distribution of girlie images. On some calendars, there is one subject for the year, and on others, a subject for each month. Calendar pin-ups, ranging from pocket size to life size, are usually printed in full color of good quality.

There are two categories of calendar

pin-ups: photographic and artist-rendered. Most of the models who appear in calendar photographs are the same girls who pose for girlie magazines. Generally large-breasted and largehipped, they are photographed in standard cheesecake poses. Often the same photograph appears both in a magazine and in a calendar. The artistrendered pin-ups are made specifically for calendars, although some of the artists, like Varga, gained their reputation mainly through magazine pin-ups.

The most famous calendar pin-up is the nude photograph of Marilyn Monroe, taken when Miss Monroe was badly in need of money, before she achieved prominence through her brief film role at the end of The Asphalt Jungle, Generally, however, film stars do not expose themselves to their fans through the calendar medium, and only by exception can one find nude calendar photographs of stage or screen stars.

Pin-up calendars were, and to a great extent still are, advertising tools-either as extensions of a magazine or as business gifts, displaying the sponsor's name and address. The earliest girlie calendars were published at the end of the 19th century and at the beginning of the 20th. Only relatively recently has the pin-up calendar been published for non-promotional reasons and made available to the general public through retail stores.

#### **POSTERS**

Posters utilizing pin-up types evolved toward the latter part of the great age of art lithography in Paris, late in the 19th century. The objective of the poster was typically to announce a theatrical event. promote a café, or sell a product-even in those years of relatively primitive advertising techniques, sex was used as a means of attracting the public. Many early posters containing pin-up images to promote various products are now collectors' items, having been rendered by some of the finest artists of 19th century Paris-most notably Toulouse-Lautrec

Among the sex-oriented contemporary posters are straightforward girlie pin-ups. But others fit into a variety of moods and styles-humor, satire, homosexuality, motherhood, old age, rock music, soft-core pornography, and "soul."

#### LIFE-AND THE FIRST UNIVERSAL PIN-UP

The earlier Life (1883-1936) was nothing like the weekly magazine that appears today. Started by John Ames Mitchell and a group of Harvard men, it observed American life satirically and humorously, but it is perhaps best remembered for introducing Charles Dana Gibson's image of the ideal American woman. Although Life could be shared by the entire family, its articles, pictorial features, and general tone were geared toward men. Magazines for ladies-Ladies' Home Journal, McCall's, Vogue, Woman's Home Companion, and others-carried innumerable pictures of women but emphasized fashion, coiffure, manners, needlework, and similar subjects. Increasingly, they were influenced by the Gibson Girl, who had been created by a man for other men.

In 1887, Charles Dana Gibson (then 20 years of age) began a long-term contract with Life. As a young man, Gibson

"dipped his pen in the cosmic urge and tried to draw a girl so alluring that other young men would want to climb into the picture and sit beside her '

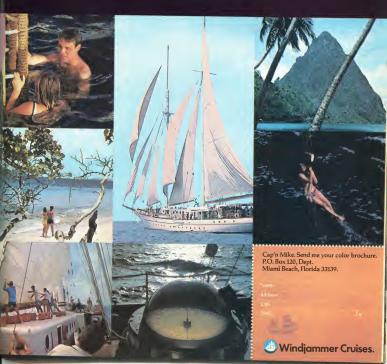
By the early 1890s, his Gibson Girl was well established, and she kept the spotlight for two full decades. In 1903, Gibson signed a \$100,000 contract with Collier's (1886-1957) to render a series of double-page "cartoons" over four years' time, yielding even further exposure for his historic creation

The Gibson Girl was not simply a model but represented a way of life. Young women gazed intently at the drawings and "did their best to use them as mirrors." The illustrations "were their book of etiquette and the model for their graceful, stately bearing." The fair sex looked to Gibson to tell them "how to dress, stand, eat, walk, shake hands, enter vehicles or eat." Shop windows, counters, and advertisements were filled with Gibson Girl corsets, shirtwaists, skirts, shoes, hats, pompadours, riding sticks, handkerchiefs, shina plaques, porcelain plates, and spoons; composers wrote Gibson Girl waltzes, two-steps, and polkas.

And for the first time in the evolution of the pin-up, a woman was presented for her own sake outside the context of advertising, dance, theater, burlesque, and "art". True, the Gibson Girl was sometimes shown as a bathing beauty, but such poses were no more than direct extensions of her gentle breeding, refinement, inspiration, conservatism. and general way of life. No matter where, the Gibson Girl carried the radiance and sweet confidence of a bride.

West Indies Isles. Bequia, Carriacou. Dutch St. Maarten. English Antigua. French Martinique. Beautiful schooner. White sails. White beaches. Pink beaches. Black beaches. Old forts. Native markets. Volcanoes. Beachcombing. Sailing. Sunbathing. Skindiving. Boasun's chair ride. Great grub. Great grog. Limbo. Goombay. Golden moons. Beach parties. Night watch. Iridescent sunrises. Intimate shipmates. Kaleidoscopic sunsets. Star spangled skies. Steel bands. Calypso. Exotic Caribbean. 10 adventurous days. From \$265.

That's a Windjammer Cruise. Come on.



the town overly-distressed by the fact that the object of veneration may still be alive and more notorious than famous.

Understandably, Hollywood had a problem when it came to officially remembering those who had made it Big. It's difficult to imagine a bronze version of Gary Cooper in a scene from High Noon decorating the lawn in front of the Chamber of Commerce, and the cost of a marble diorama of the burning of Atlanta from Gone With the Wind would be staggering. But Hollywood more or less solved its problem by approaching it from three different viewpoints: That of the Chamber of Commerce, that of a commercial entrepreneur, and that of a showman-one of their own.

In the 30's and 40's Hollywood didn't have to worry about its celluloid celebrities fading into obscurity and would have considered official honors as redundant; most of the stars went to great pains to remain in the public eve and you read the clinical details in the morning papers. But in 1953 television had not yet mated with the movies and rumors were rife that Hollywood was about to become a ghost town. The Chamber of Commerce then came up with the idea that local business, suffering from a bad case of the shakes (the tourist trade was drying up), would have its confidence bolstered by constructing a "Walk of Fame" along Hollywood Boulevard. Hopefully, in addition to bolstering confidence, it would give the business district "a measure of the glamour and romance attached to it in conjunction with its leadership as entertainment capital of the world.

The Walk was to consist of new and improved street lights plus a number of shade trees to be planted along the boulevard, the trees to be paid for by public subscription. In addition, the plain concrete of the sidewalk was to be replaced by a charcoal-colored terrazzo inset with coral stars six feet apart in which would be emblazoned the name of someone who had distinguished himself in movies, television, radio or on records. It took a while for the idea to catch on-at \$80 a foot, few businessmen were jumping at the chance of having a charcoal-and-pink sidewalk out front-but the Walk was finally started in February of 1960 and 14 months later it stretched along both sides of Hollywood Boulevard from Gower to Sycamore, or from Stanley Kramer to Jimmie Dodd, if you prefer to look at it that way.

In sheer statistics, the Walk is 15,000 156 feet long; if you measured it on the square, the terrazzo would cover something like five acres. There are more than 3000 stars, 1555 with names. The remainder are waiting for the names of future heroes of the entertainment world-those recommended by "committees appointed from representatives of various industries" who can pass the scrutiny of the Property Owners Association, the Art Commission of the City of Los Angeles, the Board of Public Works and the Los Angeles City Council.

The 1555 "stars" immortalized forever on the sidewalks beneath the feet of Hollywood's strolling citizenry are notable not alone for those whose names became legend but also for those whose lease on fame was strictly temporary. Names no longer trembling on everyone's lips include Marshall Neilan, Fred Niblo, Aileen Pringle, Olga Petrova, Alma Rubens, Ralph Staub, H. C. Potter and House Peters. On the other hand, some names still do pluck at the fringes of memory, including Vera Raiston, Joe Penner, Jack Pearl. Charles Winninger, Toby Wing, Zazu Pitts, Blue Barron, Freddie Bartholomew and the ever-popular Mae Busch.

The really great, of course, are all there-though some of them took a curiously long time to make it. Charlie Chaplin was originally omitted and Chaplin Jr. sued the city for \$400,000 because of it (the judge threw the case out of court); the Little Tramp apparently hadn't passed the scrutiny of the Board of Public Works, or maybe it was the City Council. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle. however, apparently caused no waves at all, which only proves that in southern California moral turpitude is less frowned upon than political nonconformity. But this year, with the rerelease of a number of his movies and the Academy Awards show which elevated him to sainthood, Chaplin's name was finally cemented in a star.

There are other notable omissions Dave Garroway and Milton Berle made it for the early days of television, but Burr Tillstrom of "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" didn't and neither did George Wagner, "Gorgeous George" of wrestling fame, though both of them contributed as much to television's early popularity. Lee De Forest, the "father of the radio tube," is represented by a star but not Allen Dumont, who practically invented the boob tube all by himself, nor David Sarnoff, former president of RCA (and who should be remembered by the industry more than he?).

Since stars could be honored for four fields of entertainment, it follows that

some would be more honored than others. Gene Autry, for example, is immortalized in front of a jeweler's, preserved for posterity in front of a women's wig shop, made eternal in front of a photography studio specializing in passport photos, and will live forever in the hearts and minds of those who frequent Musso & Frank's Grill (provided they look down as they enter). Tony Martin also has four stars, while three star celebrities include Bob Hope. Bing Crosby, Guy Lombardo, Dean Martin, Roy Rogers, Jo Stafford, Eddie Cantor and Marie Wilson, Hedda Hopper made the Walk once and Lolly Parsons twice. Walter Winchell and Jimmie Fidler also made it, as did all three of the Warner brothers. Walks of Fame make strange bedfellows, so to speak, and clustered around the intersection of Hollywood and Vine-the heart of town and consequently the best spot of all for being honored-are such diverse types as Julius La Rosa and Maria Callas. Jimmie Stewart and Artie Shaw, Edward R. Murrow and Donald O'Connor.

The stars were scattered down the Walk with little thought given to location and the jutaxposition of star and shop is often funny, sometimes embarrassing inadvertently pointing up the fact that underneath the grease paint is a face much like yours and mine and that even the greatest of men occasionally use the nickle toilet. Laurence Olivier is cheekto-cheek with an Orange Julius stand and Ronald Reagan's star is in front of Mr. Sydney, a dress shop for sizes four through 16. Margaret O'Brien, not particularly renowned for having an outsize bust, is starred in front of Frederick's of Hollywood, a lingerie and dress shop dealing in exotic garments designed to enhance the charms of women who could use a little enhancement. Eddie Fisher and Tony Martin flank the Capitol Records Tower on Vine street (the Walk extends for a few blocks north and south on Vine, where it crosses the boulevard) though they weren't recording for Capitol at the time, and Fisher is also starred in front of the Hollywood Pantages theater, at which was held the premiere of Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf, featuring Eddie's ex, Elizabeth Taylor. (Times change, of course, and so do business locations-the juxtaposition of star and shoes may now be more, or less, incongruous than when we saw it last.)

There are some names you'll look for in vain. Few new stars have been added to the Walk since it was completed in 1960-it costs about a thousand dollars to insert a star's name-and it's now subject to galloping obsolescence. Liz

they point to India when they say that, but how is marijuana responsible for a society screwed up by a massive overpopulation, a society in which people are starving because there just isn't any work? I'll tell you this, the people / know who smoke marijuana are very creative and if they want to do something they do it. Getting high on grass doesn't mean you can't work or you don't want to work or that you don't want to use your hands or your mind. It's just the opposite. And it's not at all like liquor-where you suddenly can't drive a car, walk a straight line or even touch your nose.

GALLERY: Would you also want to legalize cocaine?

HOPPER: I can't see why not. I've sniffed cocaine, really enjoyed it, and never found it addictive or that I had to have it. There was plenty of it in Peru because cocaine is as available down there as salt is up here. People in Peru are really funny about it too: The only time they use coke is when they get drunk; it sobers them up and they take it so they can drink some more. Coke is only a mild upper, and an expensive one, too. Until just a couple of years back. I don't know of anybody who thought it would ever be sold on the streets, as it now is.

GALLERY: Why do you think that came about?

HOPPER: Partially, I suppose, because of Easy Rider, Peter and I had hit upon the idea of these two guys scoring dope, hiding it in the gas tanks of their motorcycles, and then riding across the

country to sell it in New Orleans. We had to decide what kind of done the characters would be smuggling, and marijuana was out-like how much grass can you carry on a motorcycle. what kind of score is that? I argued with Peter that we didn't want to use heroin because that's a hummer, and that if we use coke, well, nobody but rich people can afford to use it, anyway-it used to be called the drug of kings-so nobody's really gonna get too down on us for that. We had some big arguments over it, because cocaine wasn't really being used much then and beroin seemed more realistic to Peter, but finally he gave in. And very soon after Easy Rider came out, coke started appearing on the streets.

GALLERY: Are you still heavily into druge?

HOPPER: Not any more. I probably smoke about three joints a week, and I usually do them all at once. Basically, because grass isn't that much of a trip. Beyond that, I haven't taken acid or mescaline in over a year. It's not that I have anything against them, just that I don't feel the necessity to do it. Actually, it's something I never even think about, one way or the other.

GALLERY: That's quite a contrast with the well-documented picture America has of you, don't you think?

HOPPER: Sure it is, but I was using a lot more drugs then. A few years ago I wouldn't think of going thru a day without smoking at least eight joints. And I thought I was handling them beautifully, and I probably was: I sure didn't fee! like I was stoned out of my head all the time. I stopped smoking grass all day when I started making movies, because there wasn't enough time to do it. You just can't be around state police all the time-as we were when we were on the road shooting Easy Rider-and do a lot of grass. On Fasy Rider, I think there was more smoking in front of the cameras then behind 'em. Really, even finding the time to roll one was a bassle. because I get very intense about work when I'm doing a movie.

GALLERY: Was your sudden lack of lay-around time the reason you also got off LSD?

HOPPER: Nope. I stopped because it was a thing like, my God, how much acid can you do before your mind goes completely bananas? More seriously, I'd never had the desire to drop acid in the first place.

GALLERY: Then why'd you do it? HOPPER: To have a kind of religious ego experience, and believe me, I really had some on acid. But it wasn't anything I did for pleasure, Like, I never dropped and then went out to parties-I couldn't even imagine taking acid and then going out into the world, it would be an enormous bummer. I've done it, a couple of times after I started coming down, but even then I couldn't handle that scene. In fact, taking acid was never something I thought of on a level of being able to "handle" it. When I dropped I'd do something private, like go up to a mountain somewhere, or get in bed with my old lady.

GALLERY: How did you get started on

LSD? HOPPER: The first time I dropped acid was after Peter had made The Wild Angels and got me the part of the connection in The Trip. I decided that if I was going to be a guy who was selling acid and talking about it. I was going to have to try it-that's just my conditioning as a Method actor. So I took it, had a very far-out experience, and that was the first time I'd used psychedelics in about 15 years-when I was 14 I'd taken pevote and the magic mushroom with Indians in a controlled situation. Actually, I was very late dropping acid; Peter and his friends had dropped way before. I don't think I ever took it more than a dozen times, although that might be an underestimate, but not by too much. I really drink much more than I do drugs, and I try to cut down on that. I drink quite a bit of beer and I like to have a couple of drinks at lunch, but I don't have any hard liquor in the house. Because I can just get outrageous. GALLERY: You have a reputation of



"But shouldn't you be out stamping out forest fires, or something?"

Taylor is starred but not Richard Burton Clark Gable and Cary Grant are represented, but there are no stars for Paul Newman or Sean Connery. It's the kids who are the biggest moviegoers and it's the kids, presumably, who should be most interested in the Walk. But the kids are bored by it. Who cares about Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, or Constance Talmadge and Blanche Thebom-whoever they were? Where's John Lennon and Ringo Starr, Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan, David Cassidy, Donny Osmond and the Jackson Five? The obit is a oneliner delivered by two teenagers clutching their transistor radios and staring down at the Walk in disappointment and confusion: "Man, I never even heard of these people!

The Walk has a built-in flaw. America has an insatiable need for heroes and Hollywood supplies most of them-but it's strictly Queen for a Day. The poets and the politicians have staying power; the popularity of actors and singers is about as enduring as butter on hot toast. Few of the strollers on Hollywood Boulevard bother to look at the names on the sidewalks and even fewer give a damn. The action's a few miles away where they're shooting All in the Family and The Flip Wilson Show and The Partridge Family. Today's heroes are Carroll O'Connor and Wilson and David

Cassidy.

On Hollywood Boulevard, midway between Vine and Grauman's Chinese. is a wax museum which hints at an implied kinship to Madame Tussaud's in London (an impression furthered by the Bobby-like barker in front but which has no basis in fact) and which features the likenesses of Hollywood stars of the past, as well as a few of the present. Like most wax museums, it also dotes heavily on horror and consequently is popular with the kids. The amiable manager-guide delights in showing them around and gets a big kick out of their squeals when they first spot the Wolfman or Dracula.

The decor of the lobby is early Coney Island. (Like the shops along the Walk the lobby decor and the exhibits are ant to change with the times.) Lined up against the wall as you enter are a bed of nails, an iron maiden, the front half of a swordfish swallowing a fully-clothed leg, the rear half of a horse and a gilded replica of the Farnese Hercules. From the darkened interior floats the strains of a soundtrack replete with roars, gurgles, screams and moans; you may have heard it before in the fun house of an amusement park. The scenes inside 158 depict the heroes of the horror

flicks-the Mummy, the Wolfman, the Hunchback of Notre Dame and Frankenstein's monster. (The figures are larger, but not necessarily better. than the toy models of the same characters). A few feet further you run into members of the supporting cast. There's a man being stretched on the rack, but the leg chains are loose and he's in danger of nothing more than a bad case of splinters. Next to him is a man being strangled by the "garrote"-a wood and leather device-with plastic blood flowing freely from his ears and mouth. The last exhibit to clammy the hands and chill the blood is a vampire having a stake driven through its heart while it sleeps in its coffin ("Coffin courtesy American-International films"). It's great stuff for the kids and then you round the corner and realize the museum was thoughtful enough to include a horrible little something for adults, too. The next exhibits are of the movie stars.

As on the Walk, the great and the near-great are all here. John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, a lumpish Errol Flynn, a diorama of a glass-eved Rudolph Valentino in a scene from Son of the Sheik and then a whole chorus line of movie queens-Greta Garbo. Bette Davis Carole Lombard, Tallulah Bankhead Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Shearer and Hedy Lamarr. All are dressed as they would be for roles in period movies and you get the fleeting impression that you're in a historical museum featuring Martha Washington's wedding dress and Dolly Madison's inauguration gown. The resemblance of the dummies to their real-life counterparts is too vague to distract from the costumes, which look as fragile as cobwebs and as old as adultery.

Opposite the collection of movie queens is a thalidomide version of Shirley Temple, a consumptive Mae West and a depressingly sober W. C. Fields. You're suddenly aware of fragments of the horror soundtrack floating in from the Dracula exhibit and you hurry it up a little. The kids are still laughing and squealing in horror hall but you're all alone in this one and you keep thinking of Vincent Price in House of Wax. You hurry past Buster Keaton, his waxen face a dark brown with age, and pause for a second at a western diorama of Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich. Coop looks considerably thinner and shorter than he was in real life and la Dietrich is a gaunt and frizzled doll that some giant has carelessly dropped in a chair.

The prize exhibit is Marilyn Monroe in the scene from Seven Year Itch where the wind has blown up her dress and Marilyn is laughing and clutching at her skirts and looking faintly embarrassed by it all, totally unconscious of the fact that with that one desture she has become Miss America for all time and a million men will fall hopelessly in love with the fantasy. The knee is up, the skirts are caught, the mouth is open the eves are half closed-and Marilyn is completely unaware that the wax of her arms and legs is covered with a fine network of cracks.

You exit the museum past the Presidents and politicians, through the religious section (Charlton Heston handing down the Ten Commandments to a wax version of Michelangelo's "Pieta"-in not-quite living color) and out to the street, the gurgles and screams of horror hall still pursuing you. It's then that the simile springs to mind.

Madame Tussaud's in London is an imitation of life-you think, "My God. they're almost alive." On Hollywood Boulevard, you realize that few workers in wax have the skill of those employed by Tussaud's. The wax replicas of Hollywood's famous and infamous look like store window mannikins and what you really want to say is, "Good grief, they're all dead!" When the wax museum misses it becomes, instead, a gigantic funeral parlor. And Bette Davis and Gary Cooper and Marilyn Monroe look just like great-aunt Martha did when you were eight years old and the local mortician was a bungler.

Close to the end of Hollywood Boulevard's business district stands Grauman's Chinese Theater, the best known, if not quite the largest and gaudiest, motion picture theater in the world. It's probably the biggest single tourist attraction in all Hollywood-not for the movies they show or even for the rococo theater itself, but for the foot and palm prints preserved in the concrete of the forecourt out front. There are 152 actors, actresses, directors and theater owners represented, plus three horses (Champion, Tony and Trigger) and one ventriloquist's dummy (Charlie McCar-

The calluses of the great are not all that's preserved in the concrete, the forecourt reads like an anatomy chart. There're Al Jolson's knees, Betty Grable's leg, Monty Woolley's beard. Bob Hope's nose (and Jimmy Durante's), Joe E. Brown's mouth and John Barrymore's profile. Inanimate obiects have also been immortalized along with their owners, reminding one of the ancient practice of burying the king's battleaxe along with the king.

There's Jean Hersholt's pipe, Bill Hart's pistols, and Eleanor Powell's metal taps. Cecil B. DeMille left the imprint of his boots as well as his hands.

Most of those favored by an invitation to the favored by an invitation to the favored by a power and the favored by a favo

To Sid, a great showman...,
To our pal, Sid...
God Bless you, Sid...
To Sid, with sincere thanks...
Proud to be your friend...
Bless you, Sid...
Thanks a million, Sid...
Dear Sid, I love you...
To Sid Grauman, best always

and all ways...

May this cement our triendship.

Unfortunately, when viewed an masse
the feeling of sincerity ebbs and the inscriptions read like birthday greetings
to a mother-in-law. (Sid Grauman is
dead now and the Chinese is added now and the Chinese is dead now and the Chinese is offered to one of the entertainment conglomerates, consequently the construction.

yous finger-painted in the contrette now
are considerably less personal—how
chummy can you get with a corporation?

Almost everybody who was anybody is represented in the forecourt (with the exception, as you might have guessed, of Charlie Chaplin). "America's Boy" -Jackie Cooper-pressed his palms to the wet concrete on December 12, 1931, while John Barrymore left the impression of his profile on September 5. 1940. Bing Crosby did the honors on April 8, 1936, and Jean Harlow on September 29 of 1933. Greer Garson waded in the concrete on July 23, 1942; nearby is a plaque informing the curious that underneath her slab is buried a print of Mrs. Miniver "so that future generations may have a pictorial record of the fighting spirit of the people on the home front in 1942." Grauman dedicated one slab to his mother, Rosa, and apparently his employees or friends took him by surprise one day for his own foot and palm prints are also preserved in the forecourt. (Like 1554 others, Grauman is also immortalized on the Walk-not in front of his theater but in front of a clothing store a few

The present is represented in the forecourt as well as the past. There's Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler and Humphrey Bogart, but there's also Paul Newman and Peter Sellers and Hayley Mills and Dick Van Dyke. Grauman was mart enough to rescopize the threat of obsolescence, the necessity of con-

blocks down).



"Explain the mink coat? Come now, let's not be naive."

tinuity, and his successors have kept up the forecourt. For the younger tourist, the glamour of a star of today rubs off on the unknown of yesterday.

The forecourt is usually crowded with tourists, their eyes on the pavement as they mumble the inscriptions aloud. In-variably the men step into the footprints of the male stars to match their size tens with those of the famous. And a few of the women bend down to match palm prints with those of the movie queens of three decades ago.

"Did you see Mickey Rooney's? And look, there's Bob Hope's...."

"Whaddya know, Shirley Temple! Lookit how tiny—look, Joe, how tiny the hands!"

"Humphrey Bogart—by God, Bogie! Pretty small feet, I guess they were all small men...."

"Edward Arnold, I declare!"

You've got to hand it to Sid Grauman. He must have realized that names on a plaque (or for that matter, a sidewalk) would be too impersonal to mean much and that when it came to actual images, what could match the movies themselves? But the impressions of the hands and feet were more personal than an autograph, not as grim as a death mask.

Next to the face, it's the hands and teet that are peculiarly human, peculiarly individual. When medical students work in the anatomy lab, it's the head and hands and feet that remain wrapped in burdap until the last. It's in them when the humanity lies, where the breath of life resided, the rest is clay. Maybe Sid Graman figured it all out by watching the close-ups in the darkness of his movie theater—the play of the camera on the face or the hands. And then one day Norma Talmadge accidentally stepped in the wet concrete in front of his new theater and that was

You watch the crowds of tourists and speculate on what would have happened if somebody had had the idea a few centuries before Sid. Imagine what a tourist attraction Washington would be if in front of the capitol dome Jefferson and Lincoln had left their palm prints, or you could step into the impressions left by Teddy Roosevelt's boots or your wild could match hands with Bess Truman's.

And then you notice, off to one side, in the shadow of a glass booth containing a wax figure of Sid Grauman—courtesy of the Wax Museum, and carefully separated from the slabs of the great by a moat of blank concrete, one small section inscribed: "Thanks to Sid Grauman—Charles Nelson, Talent Quest Winner, 4:24.49".

You wonder who Nelson was and whatever happened to him and if he had whatever hippened to him and if he he were typical of the kids who burn out to heldlywood to become car hops and studio guides and live in hopes that they'll be discovered in Schwab's and someday people will shuffle over their names on the Walk of Fame or starre uneasily at a life-size wax doll that uneasily at a life-size wax doll that alimost but not quite looks like them or match footprints in the concrete outside Grauman's Chinese.

Or maybe just read their names and wonder who the hell they were.

Oh King, live forever!

I wish my life was a non-stop Hollywood movie show,

A fantasy world of celluloid villains and heroes,

Because celluloid heroes never feel any pain And celluloid heroes never really die.



the anti-hero went, a trend was sure to follow

But no self-respecting counterculture convert would be seen in new-looking ieans. Fresh-from-the-store ieans were doomed to an ordeal of beating, bleaching and multiple launderings as they went through a sort of instant antiquing. Personal touches such as colorful patches, flowery embroidery or metal studs could be added if the spirit was

Manufacturers who were into basic jeans-like Levi's, Lees and Blue Bell-were getting high in the cat-bird seat. Here they'd been minding their own bourgeois business for yearssince 1850 in the case of Levi's-and now they were smack-dab-in-themiddle of a fashion revolution that would send bluejean stockholders into a higher tax bracket. In fact, Blue Bell, manufacturer of the Wrangler line, estimates that the demand for jeans has skyrocketed by 250 percent in the last few years. It was a case of fashion from the ground up-instead of mechanically donning watered-down knock-offs of high-priced haut mode styles, the disenchanted, the defiant, the street people set a trend that eschewed boutiques, Carnaby Street or wellappointed men's stores.

However, even an egalitarian style has coattails long enough for manufacturers and the general consumer to ride. Shortly there was a spate of jeans in fabrics other than denim: corduroy, brushed cotton, chambray (the lightblue workshirt material) suede, leather and even knits were stitched up into jeans. And colors, patterns and stripes started encroaching on blue's territory. Even the traditional jeans cut underwent surgery as the rise got lower, leg bottoms flared and pocket treatments went berserk. Slacks-makers also co-opted dress-down ingredients and hustled 'jean-type" casual slacks into the stores so that there was hardly a fine line left between jeans and slacks, (Just to confuse things further, some manufacturers put out a line of slack-type jeans.)

There was a time when jeans seemed immutable, a verity, unchanging through the years, so one didn't need a score card to tell you if he were wearing jeans or slacks. In fact, the Smithsonian Institute displays a pair of Levi's as an "original American folk costume." In the olden days-when jeans were jeans-they were made of blue denim, had a higher back-waist, patch pockets in the rear, western-type slash pockets 160 in front, extra-strength side seams and were tighter in the legs and crotch than regular slacks. Jeans also had a very practical birth based on need.

When Levi Straus emigrated from Bavaria to San Francisco in 1850, he first stopped off in New York and picked up a supply of brown canyas sail-cloth He figured he could peddle the stuff to 49ers for their tents and wagon covers. Once Straus was hobnobbing among the California placer mines, however, a prospector convinced him that there was an avid market for sturdy pants among the gold-pan washing denizens of the gravel beds. Straus had some of his canvas made into a pair of pants and thus was wrought the first pair of Levi's Some years later, copper rivets were installed-as sort of a joke-to shore up miner's pockets-supposedly chock full to bursting with golden nuggets. It was in the 1880's that Levi's switched from brown canvas to blue denim; and for decades this basic jean remained relatively unchanged. (The term "jeans" goes back much

further than the California gold fields. Sailors from Genoa, Italy used to wear heavy denim pants which came to be called by their city's name. The same sort of pants were worn by seamen out of Dhunga, India; hence the word dungarees.)

It wasn't just miners who went for jeans. Cowboys started cottoning to them because they liked the way the hardy pants protected cowpuncher's legs from menaces on the range, like sagebrush and cactus. Also, the almost skin-tight fit seemed just the right silhouette for the lean-and-lonesome riders of the purple sage. Farmers. however, took to the roomier dungarees which allowed them to move about more freely while doing sod-busting chores.

All that's past history, but the dressdown look also is teetering on the edge of passe. Once the student youth culture realized that a large portion of the American working-class consisted of hard-hatted Archie Bunkers, seeking symbolic brotherhood with the proletariat didn't seem quite so attractive and basic jeans began to lose their idealistic meaning. Styles based on the Thirties and Forties are beginning to creep into wardrobes now. While there probably will always be a huge hardcore basic jeans demand-just as there was before the boom-manufacturers and designers had to come up with new styles that reflect changing tastes, in order to hold on to those healthy sales they've learned to love. As you can see by the assortment shown here, they've done just that.

Baggies, wide-legged pants with snug seats; bike jeans with hanging pockets; monster bells that flare to 40inch leg bottoms; and wide-cuff jeans are further spin-offs from the traditional jeans. This spring you'll see more checks, large plaids, seersuckers, ribless corduroy and lots of chambray; besides the perennial blue, there'll be shades of red, green, tan and even white might make a comeback.

Though some of these pants are a far cry from the "original American folk costume," they're still called jeans. But the jeans sure are a'changin'.







Bill Contos

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much of their social equality is directly attributable to Uruguay's freedom from Church domination. The subservient place of females in Latin society has traditionally been reinforced by the Church, but since Uruguay separated Church and State at the start of the century, its women have become the least repressed in South America, (Although nominally Catholic, Uruquay is so oblivious of the fact that Christmas is known as Family Day, while Easter Sunday is merely the start of Tourist Week.)

But the progress of Uruguay's women has not been achieved without a corresponding loss of glamour and being female, they are frankly bugged by it. The girls of Montevideo are always given short shrift when compared to their continental rivals, the girls of Rio and Buenos Aires. Rio's cariocas, so the myth goes, are nothing less than a horde of incredibly striking sensualists, while Buenos Aires' portenos are pampered and protected innocents just pining for Mr. Right to light their easilycombustible fires. It's all nonsense of course, but the part that rankles is that Uruguay's men seem to go along with the allusions, even though they're not exogamous in the least. The hemispheric slight isn't taken lightly by Montevideo's women who, because of their diverse ethnic and religious backgrounds, don't easily qualify for a cheap sexist soubriquet. Additionally, their independence is enough to put off a majority of South American men. Says Mabel Saavedra, a jewelry shop manager, "Everywhere else in South America men want women to act like nine year olds in their presence. This doesn't mean Uruguayan men are an exception to the rule, but at least they don't insist on it."

The individualism of Uruguay's women is also manifesting itself in a growing sexual revolution, and while affairs can't easily be conducted in Montevideo, groups of young people travel together down to Punta Del Este, a beach resort 70 miles away, where more casual morality is the norm. Punta's population stays at about 20,000 throughout the year, but beginning on December 8th, when the Archbishop of Uruguay offically opens the summer season by blessing the nation's beaches, the resort's population quickly swells to more than 120,000, and stays that way through Easter.

Punta Del Este, South America's most beautiful and best-known beach haven, is about as representative of Uruguay as Las Vegas is of the rest of Nevada,

which is to say not at all. Although a number of Brazilians jet down to escape the sweltering summer heat of Rio, the majority of foreign visitors come from Argentina, specifically Buenos Aires. Upper class Argentinians abhor Mar Del Plata, their country's leading resort, for they consider it too crowded and plebeian for their rarified tastes. And so they come instead to Punta and its patrician luxuries, for which they are mainly responsible: There are few aristocrats in the world who work at aristocracy so diligently as those who live in B. A., and since nothing is either too good or too expensive for them. Punta Del Este has acquired an air of costly indolence. The Argentinians don't mind; they'll flaunt it even if they haven't got it

The resort itself is a tiny, breezeblown peninsula whose beaches abut both the Atlantic Ocean and the Rio Plate. On the Atlantic side (the Playa Brava), the waves are a little too runged for ordinary floparound swimming but are highly conducive to surfing. Far more crowded will be the Playa Mansa, the gentle beach, so named because the Rio Plate's currents are about as turbulent as those found in a bathtub.

The wide and finely sanded beaches may be everyone's excuse for coming to Punta, but the real reason they make it down is the non-stop action-on all fronts. The two gambling casinos in town are about as soignee as any in the world and both crackle with the kind of electricity that high-stakes baccarat inevitably generates. Punta's mobbed discotheques stay open until the crowds depart, which usually means that if you're going on an early deep-sea fishing expedition you can probably catch a liquid sendoff at the two leading discos. Zorba and Las Grutas (which is built into the mouth of a seacave, and which even the Argentinians admit is kinda neat). Restaurant tabs aren't much stiffer than in Montevideo, and in addition to the usual Uruquayan assortment of parilladas, trattorias and beef palaces, two Punta restaurants not to be missed are the Bungalow Suizo, whose exceptional Fondue Bourguignonne goes for \$1.50, and La Marisconea, which features the best seafood in the nation.

While Montevideo's two leading hotels, the Victoria Plaza and Columbia Palace, are both aging bastions of tasteful propriety, Punta's top digs, the Hotel San Rafael and the Cantegril Country Club, were designed with celebrities and heads of state in mind.

Both types of clients frequently avail themselves of the facilities. The Hotel San Rafael is the kind of luxe establishment one associates with the French Riviera; the Cantegril Country Club is a large development whose amenities include a dozen clay tennis courts (complete with grandstands), a cinema. shops, golf course, horseback riding, swimming pool, and so on

Life in Punta is incredibly slothful. The town is on no known schedule and whatever time one wakes breakfast is only as far away as the nearest confiteria, which, since scores of them line Punta's streets, won't be too far away at all. The small downtown sector is commercial, but not offensively so: In addition to stylish restaurants, outdoor cafes, a handful of travel agencies, pharmacies and beachwear shops, the best of Uruguay's extensive leather and fur industry is available at a number of boutiques. Uruquayan workmanship on jackets, suitcases, wallets and the like is fine and pleasing to the eye. Less pleasant is the knowledge that the boutiques' hide wares are made from seal, horse, alligator, puma, unborn calf, unborn antelope, nutria and just about anything else with four legs or flippers.

Punta may be the glory of Uruguayan seascapes, but the nearby (and smaller) beach resorts of Piriapolis, Rocha and Minos are not without their own devoted followings. Residents of Montevideo and the nation's two other biggest cities, Paysandu and Salto (70,000 people apiece), used to spend a great deal of time researching the relative merits of each, but that was before inflation made long holidays and extravagance. These days, such luxuries no longer come easily, if at all,

Uruguay's overgenerous welfare program wasn't solely responsible for the sudden introduction of air into its economy. The nation's huge herds of cattle and sheep have always been its principal source of export income, but Sixties' technology-in the forms of plastics and synthetic fibres-knocked hell out of the world hide and wool markets

Although the continuing inflation has wrecked the economy, Uruguay's people have had the patience and craft to cope with it. Life in Uruguay has been made more austere, but is has also become more enterprising-an observation frequently articulated by a number of Uruguayan economists, who feel that their countrymen's love for la dulce vida has long needed such a jolt to shake them out of total dependence on the state. That's certainly true nowadays, and as devastating as the in-

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Mixing brandy may sound sacrilegious. But it tastes divine. And if it offends your sense of tradition, you can always serve it in a snifter.

Brandy from California. You've got another drink coming. California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco.



flation appears on paper, its impact isn't nearly so severe as one might imagine. In any other nation, a period which saw the monetary unit go from eight to 325 to the dollar would translate into total social havoc. But not in Uruguay, where almost everybody has developed a sideline, a hustle-a rebusqué.

Moonlighting is the simplest form of rebusque. Many bank employees and civil servants, for instance, now work their regular jobs in the morning and, following siesta, hold down another "full time" job. Not only does it bring in a second income, it also will make for a second pension on full pay. Another popular rebusqué convoluted though it may be; is the permanent going-out-ofbusiness sale, which differs from the American variety in that the Uruguayan stores involved don't advertise their imminent demise. Businesses have to ante up stiff tax and employee welfare payments to the government each year. lately so hefty as to cause several Montevideo department stores to go bankrupt. To combat this, scores of merchants open up new stores each year, make a liveable profit, and then avoid the tax by the simple expedient of going out of business. They then repeat the same cycle the following year. Rebusque!

But of the many ways to earn extra income, none is more widespread than dealing in money. The most common form of the game is all about dollars for pesos and pesos for dollars, and everybody plays. Not just bankers and wealthy investors-everybody. Shopgirls who earn \$35 a week, accountants who earn \$45, and prostitutes who do far better than either never seem to take their eyes off the day's exchange rates. Twice a month Uruguay's businessmen have to meet payrolls; a good time to exchange pesos for dollars. Perhaps the rent is due and a Montevideano is caught short; a good time to exchange dollars for pesos. Statutes against this sort of thing exist, but no one can remember when they were last enforced.

American visitors to Uruguay should note that the official exchange rate of 250 pesos to the dollar is a totally artificial standard enabling the government to snare sorely-needed hard currency at a discount. (If you think this is mere conjecture, try to get the government to sell back your dollars for 250 pesos.) Last summer, the blackmarket rate was 300 pesos to the dollar and recently it advanced to 325. It isn't difficult to discover exactly what the dollar will bring in pesos, since the

"parallel market" rate is published in the daily newspapers alongside the government's financial fiction. This might sound slightly dotty until one realizes that Uruguay can't do business unless it knows what the peso is really worth (as opposed to what the government says it is worth). Currency exchanges all list the official rate in their display windows, but pay off more realistically once you step inside.

All such shenanigans, of course, don't hide the fact that the country is in deep financial trouble. Surprisingly, though, most of Uruguay still hasn't become apoplectically up tight about the nation's finances, simply because it hasn't been reduced to subsistence levels-and doesn't think it will. But to expect an entire population to silently suffer the dismantling of its economy is to be naive. Whenever a nation's finances sour, so, too, does its politics. Enter the Tupamaros

In the early Sixties, as Uruguay's centrist government proved itself utterly incapable of stemming the inflation, conversation in Montevideo gradually turned to political criticism-and then, intrigue. A decade ago, several young professionals and University of the Republic faculty members and students formed a secret political group that took its name from Tupac Amaru, an Inca chief who led an unsuccessful 18th century revolt against the Spanish. The Tupamaros believed their country's monetary crisis largely due to government and business corruption that, among other things, had led to an increasingly dominant role played in the economy by U.S. corporations. As it happens, about 80 American firms have prospered in Uruguay despite the inflation, and to discourage this trend the guerillas began to regularly firebomb U.S. corporate property. Those firms hardest hit have included Esso, General Motors, International Harvester, United Merchants & Manufacturers, Bayer, Coca Cola and (spare the bad jokes, please) ITT.

But the Tupamaros became far better known for exploits worthy of latter-day Robin Hoods. In 1969, they held up Punta Del Este's posh San Rafael gambling casino, escaping with more than \$225,000, and distributing at least part of the proceeds in poorer sections of Montevideo. Only three days prior to the San Rafael caper (one of two gambling casino robberies they've pulled), the Tupamaros broke into a Montevideo finance company and made off with an undisclosed amount of cash and the company's books. The robbery went un-

reported until the guerillas informed Uruguay's media they'd held the firm up because it was involved in illegal money manipulations. To prove their point, they turned the company's ledgers over to the government, and the result was a series of new laws restricting finance concerns' transactions. The Tupamaros' national gallantries have even embraced hijacking; twice they've commandeered supermarket trucks and spread the food cargo thoughout lowincome neighborhoods. Much of the country could hardly be blamed for getting behind the audacious guerillas. But just when they seemed on the verge of winning the sympathies of most of their countrymen, the Tupamaros blew it. Within 10 days last summer, they kidnapped American Aid for International Development officials Dan Mitrione, 50, Claude Fly, 54, and Brazilian Consul Aloysio Dias Gomide. The group proposed to exchange Mitrione for all the political prisoners being held in Uruguay's jails-about 150 at the time (they also claimed that Mitrione, an admation out of prisoners). President teaching the force how to torture information out of prisoners.) President Jorge Pacheco Areco, who since 1968 had suspended a number of civil rights while searching for guerilla members, flatly refused to bargain with them. Two weeks later, Mitrione's body was found in a stolen automobile. He had been shot twice in the head and twice in the

Uruguay was appalled. The nation averages about one homicide a month. if that, and the execution caused a rising tide of Tupamaro support to ebb abruptly. Brazilian Consul Gomide was successfully ransomed off, and A.I.D. agronomist Fly released after suffering a heart attack while in captivity, but the Tupamaros had lost a great deal of prestige. Last September, 106 of the guerillas broke out of Montevideo's Punta Carreta prison-nonviolently-and four days afterwards freed their highest-ranking hostage, British Ambassador Geoffrey Jackson. Political experts felt the two incidents were the result of a government rapprochement with the guerillas, and this judgment was borne out when Tupamaro activities then ceased prior to the nation's November presidential elections. Hardliner Pacheco, who chose to ignore a constitutional measure prohibiting presidents from succeeding themselves, was soundly defeated at the polls, but the new chief executive, Juan M. Bordaberry, quickly vowed to extend his predecessor's curbs on public meetings, press





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Although some critics found her monotonous, they were vastly outnumbered by worshippers who admired her subtle variations—the Flirt, the Athlete, the Sentimentalist, The Ambitious Woman, and of course the Beauty.

Imitated by artist-illustrators around the world, the Gibson Girl was an inspiration to American students of fine art who were not yet aware of the existence of Degas, Manet, Renoir, and Lautrec.

The Gibson Girl was, of course, not a real person. She was born on Gibson's sketch pad in black and white, and was reproduced in wood engravings. This was the period when the photo-engraving process was just beginning to succeed wood engraving in magazine illustration—well before the color processes made possible the reproduction of seductive pin-ups in their natural hues.

When the Gibson era ended—shortly after 1910—there was no new pin-up form to replace her until after World War 1, when there emerged what many critics still regard as the most unlady-like, angular, underdressed, short-haired image of womanhood—the Flapper.

#### ESQUIRE AND THE PIN-UP IN "GOOD TASTE"

In the 1930s, Esquire stood alone, Its publisher's decision to carry pin-up cartoons in a magazine that appealed to the fashionable, elite male was bold and innovative. The men's clothing trade originally inspired the publication of Esquire, which began, essentially, as a men's fashion magazine. Its first issue had a printing of 105,000 copies. 5,000 of which were to be distributed to newsstands and 100,000 to clothing stores throughout the United States. The popular demand was so great, however, that 95,000 copies were recalled from clothiers and redistributed to newsstands. Esquire became a monthly with its second issue in January 1934

George Petty's famous pin-up girl appeared in Esquire's first issue, more as a cartoon than a pin-up, but the allure of her figure led rather quickly to her development as a singular female type that was destined to become almost as much of a legend as the Gibson Girl had been thirty years earlier. Although the Petty Girl was always accompanied by a humorous caption, she stood by herself for a wast following of gentlemen. Her themes dealt fundamentally with marital infidelity, promiscuity, money, and flitation. The general feel-

ing was that of high society sophistication, and the level of humor was consistently upper class.

In early 1941, the Petty Girl began to appear regularly in Esquire's first foldout pages—a testimonial to her great popularity. In a subsequent issue, Esquire printed a tribute that conveyed all the flavor and snob appeal of the high-class pin-up:

"Life," said the arch-cynic Baudelaire, "is a hospital, in which every patient is possessed by the desire of changing his bed."

Now, it would seem that men are consumed by this unnamed and unnamable restlessness, a nostalgia for the unknown, a feverish curiosity about the Sumatras of the soul, those lands of Cockaigne where the air is voluptiously laden with jasmine and frangi-pani, where languorous, long-timbed women lean against the heaving flanks of the Hippogriff, watching him champ his gilded oats.

For it is in the curious nature of life that night is more seductive than day, and the daughters of the night more seductive than milkmaids. It has been that way since "Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre," and probably ever will be.

But the Petty girl, like the hypnotic Manon—and the Helens, Circes, Loreleis, Clairamondes, is caprice itself; tender, tentative, and evanescent.

Every hour she is different. Her demands, her form, the movements of her rippling limbs, the spasmodic play of her wayward moods, give an infinite variety to her spanking beauty. When you tire of her, you tire of life.

Then for reasons unknown, the Petty Girl made her final appearance in the December 1941 issue. But she has never been forgotten by Esquire readers of the 1930s. Later, in 1950. Columbia Pictures released The Petty Girl, a film starring Joan Caulfield.

In the October 1940 issue of Esquire. the Petty Girl began keeping company with her first and only rival—the Varga Girl—created by Alberto Vargas, and raists with imaginative gifts comparable to those of George Petty. No longer in cartoson format, this new, rendered piriup was accompanied by Phil Stack's adulatory verses. In 1942 the Varga Girl found herself without competition from Petty, and Vargas continued to create his beauties for Esquire until March 1946. In December 1940, Esquire pub-

lished its first Varga Girl Calendar as part of the magazine and filled orders for more than 300,000 copies. Two years later, 1 million orders were received for the 1943 Varga Calendar

Early in the 1940s, the Varga Girl was the subject of court action by the U.S. Post Office. The magazine was challenged to explain why-given the sexual nature of the Varga Girl-the second-class mailing privilege, granting cheap rates to publications of a "literary, artistic, or scientific nature," should not be revoked. At a series of hearings in Washington, D.C., Esquire sought to prove that it was fulfilling a public service. Witnesses-public figures, clergymen, psychiatrists, and Harvard professors-assembled to give evidence. The Post Office, for its case, called upon heads of several women's organizations for their opinions. After a lengthy legal struggle, Esquire was acquitted of the charge of publishing "lewd and lascivious" pic-

Despite Esquire's urbane image, its role in furnishing pin-ups to the battle-torn, bleary-eyed Gif's during World War II should not be underestimated; indeed, a number of the Varga Girls sported the Slars and Stripes (and other patriotic-military accoutrements) on or in what little attire they wore. These pin-ups circulated widely among U.S. fighting men.

Following the demise of the Varga Girl in 1946, Esquire attempted to carry other types of pin-ups: the Esquire Girls (starting April 1946), showing renderings of seductive beauties, and the Esquire Gallery (begun September 1946), featuring show-girl types in various settings. The caption writers evidently regarded these rendered, sketchy, unrealistic pin-up illustrations as "art" and described them as such. In the early 1950s, Esquire began its Lady Fair series, which features, at first, unknown photographers' models, usually in fashion settings; later, the Lady Fair pictorial carried well-known actresses, such as Leslie Caron (January 1954) and Betsy Palmer (November 1956). Appearing in December 1956, the final Lady Fair, actress Maria Felix, represented Esquire's last published pin-up in a regular series.

With so much attention focused on the Petty and Varga Girls in Esquire's early years, one tends to overlook the regularly featured pin-up photography by Hurrell, a well-known Hollywood camera artist. Starting in November 1936, and for a full decade, Hurrell's photographic portraits of ac-



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Tracey's fine person and face soon gained him many followers. Moreover. he was not insensible to love, for if any man had the opportunity of indulging his passion in that way, certainly he had. Whenever he took his musical instrument into the meadows or pastures, he was sure to be surrounded by a crowd of buxom lassies, among whom some had beauty enough to make his aspirations rise.

There was a sprightly brown-haired wench who was constant hearer and who seemed to touch his heart more than the rest. She would walk by his side from field to field, nay, accompany him to caves and solitudes in which she would listen with deep admiration to his sweet music. Tracey employed these moments well to press his advantage. For though the lass was not the fairest of the fair, yet, she had a pleasantness of voice, and a charming form that was irresistible.

Desiring this girl greatly, Tracey dared not make open discovery of his real intentions for fear of spoiling the adventure. He was convinced that she admired his music above all else about him, and that nothing but the notion of it would gain upon her. Thus he craftily told her that he had another instrument which would afford her the sweetest melody upon the earth. Furthermore, he told her that his violin could stand no more competition with it than a Jewsharp with the great organ of the church. The girl was so overcome with longing when she heard this, and begged Tracey a thousand times to bring it next day to the cave. To this he eagerly agreed and so they parted for the night.

The young lady, you may be sure, had little rest till the appointed hour came. Nothing but harmony, melody, and enchantment filled her thoughts. She longed to see Tracey and his new instrument, and to learn of its ravishing music. Ere long both met at the cave, and both had different views. Tracey was at a loss as how to behave at so critical a moment; the lass importunate that he produce the instrument and play upon it.

"I've brought the instrument along with me, my dear," said Tracey, "which for its silent melody, exceeds everything you have seen or heard. But I must appoint you, before I show it, that it is no composition of either wood or horn, but that its harmony proceeds from the very members of my body."

The unpracticed girl was so simple, she imagined that from gestures and movements of the bones of his body, some agreeable harmony would proceed. Or that his hand, by striking some parts of his body, would raise a transporting sound.

If it is so," replied she, "let us see what it is and instruct me in the manner that I am to act."

Upon this, Tracey collapsed in her arms and, with great eagerness, embraced her and then offered to accomplish the rest.

"Oh, fie!" cried she, "You are going to wrong me! Let me alone, I cannot suffer such usage. You press my breast too close, fie upon it!"

Do not be fearful, my girl," said Tracey. "There's no harm. I'll show you in the cave, for the harmony and the melody is so conceived-and the ending will be much more pleasing than the beginning."

She soon felt the tingling pleasure and swooned away, but quickly recovering her raptured senses, and feeling Tracey rise to his feet, she asked, "What have you done already? You have just this minute begun! Fie! You balk a body the pleasure I expected."

"Indeed," said Tracey, "I imagined you would have such a longing appetite once you found the melody out. I knew the thing would do you no damage, and that having known it you would wish to play the harmony again."

"Aye, truly," said she, "'tis the best music in the world, and I'll come hither any night to enjoy it from you. But 'tis so short, and though I could not hear it, yet, I felt an unaccountable sweetness that warmed all my blood. Prithee, why cannot you begin again?"

"I can do that," answered he, "but I



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had a mind to give you a taste beforehand, to see if you liked it. Such extraordinary scenes as this are rare, very rare, my dear. Too much repetition but cloys us, and besides, my dear, that the music and harmony of our bodies moving together are inexpressible, and that during the raptures which they are afforded, all our senses were lost."

"That is very true," said she, "but methinks I've a longing desire to taste once more of this divine pleasure."

Thus they fell to it again, which Tracey performed with more vigor than at first. And the lass, having had a foretaste of this new instrument, returned home exceedingly well pleased.

-retold by D. Gunther Wilde



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### INTERVIEW continued from page 157

being something of a barroom brawler; do you get into many fights?

HOPPER: Not as many as I could, that's for sure. I've been in my share, but I don't go out looking for fights, and I don't start them. I really don't

GALLERY: Do people just come up to you and want to fight?

HOPPER: You're laughing, but it can get into that. And has, several times Somebody'll come up to me overly friendly and wanting to be a buddy, and pretty soon that starts to be a hostile trip-sometimes without the guy being aware of it. Because of things like his own economic pressures and where he thinks I am that way, he'll start getting pushy and aggressive to the point where I'll say, "Hey, wait a second. Can't we just have a drink without that?" And then he'll come back with a line like, "You're pretty tough in the movies, but I bet you're not really so tough." And after that the guy takes a swing and there I am, in a fight. It doesn't happen too much anymore, but it happened a lot when I first came to Taos. The whole macho trip was very heavy here. GALLERY: What brought you to Taos in

the first place?

HOPPER: I came when I was looking for locations for Easy Rider, and I really fell in love with the town. Of the six weeks we shot across country, two were spent in Taos. I edited Easy Rider in Hollywood, and didn't dig that at all, so when I returned from Peru with The Last Movie, I came back to Taos. But when I got here it was almost like a revolution was going on. Not a revolution, maybe. but the hippies and all the commune people were really being pushed around by the Chicanos and Spanish. GALLERY: Did your arrival cause any changes?

HOPPER: Only that I immediately started asking questions about what was going on and went to the authorities to complain. I got nowhere

GALLERY: Did more kids begin coming to Taos when they learned you'd moved here?

HOPPER: No. There were people in town thinking it was going to happen, but it didn't, although there were already 13 communes around Taos by then. Kids weren't coming because the word was out about the violence here. Stories about it had been published in the Village Voice, the L.A. Free Press and The Realist, all warning people to stav away

GALLERY: Exactly what kind of incidents were taking place?

HOPPER: It was rape your local hippietime and get away with it-get away with

it because everybody knows that longhairs are just animals who run around naked and take drugs. Really, it was all right to beat up on the guys and screw their old ladies and never worry about the law, since the law seemed to feel that way about the hippies, too. Besides, the longhairs are Anglos, and the Indians, Chicanos and Spanish don't want Taos to go Anglo the way Santa Fe did and before it, Albuquerque,

GALLERY: Have you been involved in any of those kinds of incidents since coming to Taos?

HOPPER: Yeah, I got into a hassle one day when I was out driving with two people and we asked directions of six guys we saw on the road. It didn't start in hecause they knew I was Dennis Hopper only because they saw three guys with long hair in a car, and so the six of 'em tried to grab us and pull us out. A citizen's arrest was made.

GALLERY: They brought you in to jail? HOPPER: No, we brought them in! GALLERY: Three against six? How'd you do that?

HOPPER: Right out of the movies, man. I knocked a kid out, and another guy in the car knocked a kid out-and it was over very quick. I told them to line up against the fence, waited for the cops to come, and held them at gunpoint.

GALLERY: At what point did the gun

come out? HOPPER: After I'd knocked the guy out and told them to line up. It was a .38 revolver and it's legal for me to have as long as it's uncovered-which it was, in the back seat of the car. But we were about 20 miles out of town, and before the police could get there, word about what was happening had spread all over the area. In a few minutes it looked like a scene out of Viva Zapata: suddenly, between 40 to 60 vehicles arrived. loaded up with farmers carrying hoes, pitchforks and shovels-and coming at us. I pointed the gun at all of them and said something like, "Get back, man, I'm taking these guys in and this shit's gonna stop right now!" Finally, the police arrived, took us all into jail, let the six guys go-and then booked me and my brother! And meanwhile, the six guys' brothers, most of them just back from Vietnam, came into the jail and told me, "We're going to kill you, man. You're dead." So I turned to the police sergeant and said, "Sergeant, these guys just said they're gonna kill me." The sergeant looks at me like I'm an idiot and says, "Shut up. This is a lynch situation and we only have six police here. Get out by the back door-you're out on \$8,000 bail and you'd better have

it posted by tomorrow morning." But since then, there hasn't been any more violence against hippies.

GALLERY: What was so attractive about Taos that you'd come here in spite of the town's crusade against

longhairs?

HOPPER: Taos is sacred. That may be a strange word to use, but I really believe in the magic here, and the vibes that I get, and the mountain. According to the Tibetans. Taos is one of the seven sacred mountains in the world. The ashes of D. H. Lawrence are buried right next to Taos mountain, on Llama Mountain. Nobody knows how those mountains got their names, although Taos in Chinese is Daos, which means "the ways". People see different meanings in that, just as they see different magical aspects of Taos itself. Edgar Cayce, for instance, never visited the town, but he once said that if you're in Taos between 1970 and 1976, you would have the opportunity of looking at the whole world as if you were seeing it through a microscope. Well, the population here is a mixture of three cultures-Spanish, Anglo, and Indian-each with its own power structures and each with hassles between them. To me, it's rather interesting to see what goes on here and then see that what's going on in the world today is really similar. Anyway. Taos got to me, and the success of Easy Rider enabled me to come back and buy a house

GALLERY: Which you're not living in. HOPPER: Right, I moved out. I bought a huge adobe house that was built 50 years ago by Mabel Dodge, the heiress to the Dodge fortune, after she'd married Tony Luhan, the son of the chief of the Pueblo Indians. The house has 10 bedrooms, five baths and three living rooms, and Mabel, a socialist who wanted to start an art colony here, invited a lot of writers and painters to come visit her and Tony, D. H. Lawrence lived in the house for awhile. then got a place of his own and stayed in Taos for five years.

GALLERY: Why'd you move out? HOPPER: Well, when I first got it, the house had a purpose: I was editing Easy Rider along with three other editors and their wives and two kids, and my brother, the associate editor of the film, and his wife and two kids. There was a function for it then, but not now, so last summer an art extension class from Southern Methodist University took it over. At the moment, a local rock group is in there, 10 kids, living together and rehearsing, which is a good function for the house. If just me and Doria, my wife, were living there, I wouldn't be comfortable.

GALLERY: Because of its size? HOPPER: Yeah, it's too big for only two

people. I really love it as a work of art. as a piece of sculpture, rather than as a place to live. And, on another level, I feel very quilty about having things that don't really function. I mean, I don't need a house where I'm gonna hire 20 servants and live on a bunch of pillows. it's the same thing with cars. I've been driving a Jeep for some time, but Doria who's pregnant, has been wanting me to get a car. So, I just bought a threeyear-old Lincoln Continental and it's fun trying to figure out how to work all the buttons, and I'm like a kid in my enjoyment of it. But at the same time there's a part of me saying, what the hell are you doing with a car like this? Hell, when I have to drive the 120 miles to Albuquerque to catch a plane, the ride is a lot more comfortable in the Lincoln than in the Jeep. But part of me says, yeah, but what are people going to think about you riding in that car? And I know that kind of thing is never really going to change with me even if I make millions. Like, I'm still gonna feel guilty if I go to New York to promote a movie and I'm driven around in a Cadillac. And you better believe it's convenient; they pick you up at the airport, drive you in and then get you to your 10 interviews that day on time. Just the same, I would like to be invisible every time I get in and out of it, because it embarrasses me, and I always hope nobody can see me doing a number with a Cadillac and a chauffeur. The big house I bought is sort of like that, too, which is one of the reasons I moved out.

GALLERY: On the other hand, does it ever seem strange that here you are, a movie star, paying all of \$125 a month rent?

HOPPER: Only when you put it like that. Otherwise, I can't imagine being able to get a house like this, on 81/2 acres, in New York or Los Angeles or any of the big cities without paying five times as much. Right now, this place is fine for me and Doria; it's a two-bedroom house and if we have five children, maybe then the big house will again have a purpose for me. The great thing about this place, though, is that I figure I can always lose the big house, but God, I'm really gonna have to be in trouble if I can't come up with \$125 a month rent.

GALLERY: Do you miss not living in a big city?

HOPPER: No. Let me put it to you this way: I've always felt that people who live in a big city-especially if they've been born there-learn quickly that life there is always involved in learning how to handle rip-offs, and that the city is constantly throwing new ones at you. That doesn't mean that people in a town like Taos aren't ripping other people off; they are. But the big difference is that life here is on a personal level and even

the rip-offs never become abstractions, because you know everybody involved. If somebody O.D.'s here, there's a good chance you know him, as well as the auv who sold him the heroin. If somebody's murdered here you know him and you can probably figure out who did him in. If somebody in town wins an Olympic medal, like Frank Shorter did in Munich, you know him, too, Taos and every small town has the same problems every big city has, except they're not abstractions-and by that, I mean that if you're living in a New York apartment house and somebody's murdered out front you probably have no idea who the guy is, it doesn't really touch your life. In New York, you don't really know the whore who lives down the hall from vou, either. Here, you do.

GALLERY: Does it seem odd to you that your comparison of small towns to big cities revolves almost exclusively around murders, O.D.'s and assorted other vices?

HOPPER: Considering the incredible amount of crime in America, I don't find that odd at all. In Easy Rider, one of the main points I tried to get across is that we are a nation of criminals, that we have always admired the criminal. Go back in our history and all you see America doing is making heroes out of people like Billy the Kid, Jesse James, the Daltons, Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd and Bonnie and Clyde. Our country can even admire two guys who smuggle cocaine in from Mexico and ride motorcycles across the U.S. to sell it-and can also admire the two guys who shoot them.

GALLERY: What gives you that impres-

sion? HOPPER: I saw those two reactions to the movie. At the end of a showing in Los Angeles, people got up and screamed, "Kill the pigs." And in New Orleans, people actually began applauding the guys who shot us. Both reactions bothered me, because I wasn't trying to solicit either one. I was trying to say to the riders, "Hey, you guys, you got all your money in a gas tank with an American flag on it-and you better watch out, 'cause it's gonna blow up right in your faces." I wasn't saying they were good guys or bad guys, and neither was I saying the people in that restaurant scene were good guys or bad guys. The statement I was making was that all these people are human beings-and look how fucked up they are. On both sides! People whose purpose in life is to just go for the money-and that seems to be everybody in America-well, what is that? What kind of a dream have we instilled in ourselves? Why have we decided that money is the most important thing in life and allowed our whole country to be run on that principle? Because it is, you know. And why do we still revere the criminal, especially the successful criminal? If a guy's smuggling cocaine and gets away with it, he's a hero. But if he gets caught, he's an asshole. And that applies to the guys who shoot the riders off their bikes; if they do it and get away with it, they're heroes. If they get caught, then they're assholes. That philosophy really puzzles me, and people may argue it isn't the American philosophy at all, but it sure looks that way from where I sit

GALLERY: You really think the entire nation is into that?

HOPPER: If they yell kill the pigs in Los Angeles and applaud the murderers in New Orleans, it's one or the other, and both sides are the same. I simply feel that we live in a society that upholds the criminal on almost every level. I mean, if you can cheat on your income taxes. terrific. If you don't have to pay any taxes, all the better. And if you can smuggle some of that money out of the country and into Swiss banks, fantastic. If you get caught, you're an asshole. But how long can a society last when like the big thing is to cheat the government? Not back the government, not change the government if you don't dig it, just cheat it.

GALLERY: Don't you think a lot of people really feel the government should be cheated?

HOPPER: Well, I don't think it should be, anymore than I think it should cheat you. As I said, If you don't like it, change it. But I'm not sure too many people want to change it, because they're having too good a time cheating it. I don't even think we have enough people who understand what that war in Vietnam is all about. If you tell America that 75% of our industries are making war, in the most still moment of their night, will Americans want 75% of their industries to have to change the next morning? That's a terrible trap. Actually, when you get down to it, I don't think many people understand the economic structure of this country. And if they do understand it, they don't want to do anything about

GALLERY: Are you sure you understand it?

HOPPER: I understand enough to know that at the moment 75% of our industries are based on making war. And I know that I'm willing to give that up

GALLERY: That seems easy enough for you to say-after all, you're not dependent upon an industrial job for your livelihood

HOPPER: That's right, I'm not GALLERY: And to pursue that further, don't you have accountants and lawyers maneuvering your money to beat the government out of taxes?

HOPPER: Not any more, I don't. And I never wanted that. I wanted them to pay

my taxes and to pay off my house, my little piece of land, and my movie theatre. That's all I wanted and I could have done that very easily. But because I was working, going right from Easy Rider to The Last Movie, I gave them power of attorney-and they decided I was an asshole for wanting to pay my taxes. Instead, they put me into all these long range tax gimmicks like convalescent hospitals, warehouses-if they're empty and depreciating all the better-oil fields that maybe were drilled and maybe weren't, copper mines that may or may not exist, and other things like that. And now there's a great question whether I'll ever be able to pay off my

GALLERY: Are you saying you're

broke? HOPPER: No, I have \$30,000 in the bank. But I owe \$80,000 on my house, \$20,000 on a piece of land, \$15,000 on a movie theatre in Taos and \$150,000 in taxes. In the last four years I made a million and a half dollars and I could certainly have owned a \$160,000 house by now instead of owing \$80,000 on it-just by paving my taxes and without all their gimmicks and tax-saving trips which have done nothing but lose money and which I asked them not to do. Besides the house, I could also have owned a \$30,000 piece of land and a \$20,000 movie theatre. And it's ridiculous to me to think that I owe that much in taxes. Because, like I don't have any use for a convalescent hospital that doesn't make me any money, even though the business managers used what should have been the government's tax money to buy it for me-which ended up with me borrowing money to pay it off. Copper mines and oil wells? What the hell do I want with them?

GALLERY: Did you get rid of your business managers?

HOPPER: Damn right I did, but unfortunately I can't get any of that money back. What they pulled may be smart business but I don't want to be in business. I just wanted to own some land with a house on it which I'm probably gonna turn into a school, anyway. I just wanted to own a movie theatre here so that when I'm editing I can run my stuff in it, and also show some good films in a town that doesn't get many. The theatre could make money or lose money or break even and it wouldn't matter to me; I would like to be an educator and also be able to write and make my films and act and just not have to worry about money and business, which I find really frustrating. But I'm not sweating it, because I can always come up with that \$125 a month rent on my house

GALLERY: Still, those sound like desperate financial straits to be in.

HOPPER: The situation may be desperate, but I'm not. Financially, yeah, it looks pretty grim to me. If I'm lucky some of those investments will come through-and if they do, man, I'm getting rid of them immediately. And paying my taxes and paying off the three things that I want. But right now I just have a lot of money tied up in investments that I hope exist; I say hope, because I don't have substantial documentation on any of them. I won't mention their names, but I was with a supposedly very good firm in Los Angeles, and I'm not suggesting they ripped me off-but I'm pretty sure of it. And even if every one of their investments for me is real, which I doubt, the whole idea of putting an actor's money into longrange things couldn't be much dumber. GALLERY: Why do you say that?

HOPPER: For a very simple reason: Once an actor becomes a star, the life expectancy of his career is only three years, and that's true in the great, great majority of cases. Well, when you're into long range investments-especially ones you've borrowed money on-how the hell do you get out alive? The problem actors have is that it's rather easy to rip them off, because most of them have never had any money and have no idea what to do with it-and the money men know this, and also know the odds against your remaining a star. Of course, what they did with my money is just a reflection of how investment has turned into a giant maneuver to cheat the government.

GALLERY: Would you mind being more specific about that?

HOPPER: Not at all. The average quy on Wall Street whose business is investing other people's money now spends maybe 10% of his time in creative business and 90% of his time trying to figure how to cheat the government out of his clients' taxes. Today, that's where it's at-find those loopholes. But that's not productive for the man and it's certainly not productive for the country. Instead of helping create businesses, the man is now involved in finding ways to rip off the government. His copout is that he's only benefiting his clients, and of course, they go along with him.

GALLERY: If you think America is made up of people all trying to cheat the government and ready to venerate the criminal, what caused the country to go in that direction-or do you feel we've always been that way?

HOPPER: I really don't know what America used to be like. I'm just a guy who grew up on a farm in Dodge City, Kansas, and at school I was told everybody could be President and that Santa Claus was real. I believed that until I found out that Santa was my father and not much later I came to understand that, no, everybody does not have an equal shot at being President. As I grew older I continued to discover that the facts of American life are much different



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than what we were taught, and by now. most of those secrets have been laid out for me. But because I'm not a reader. many times I came upon them in a state of naivete. And it's been rather disappointing to me; I'm a romantice idealist and the myths I learned as a schoolboy were much more satisfying than the realities I've encountered as a man.

GALLERY: You mentioned you don't read; is there any particular reason for

HOPPER: Well, I could give you the heroic point of view, which is that I refuse to read; that I've got my own ideas and eyes and ears and that I don't want to have other people's impressions pushed upon me. Like, I'd rather experience things for myself and come to my own conclusions. That's the heroic point of view and I've told that to people. but it isn't the truth. The real reason it happened is that I never learned to read properly. When I was young I was moved from one school to another that was much more advanced, and it just threw me. I mean, I can read, and I can sort of spell and I do write, but I don't read books very often. I'm not unhappy it happened, because I did formulate my own ideas and had to start using and relying more on my senses than people who are able to curl up with a book and experience the world through someone else's eyes. I used to say I've only read a dozen books in my life but I've read more, and I'm often among people who are extremely well-read, so it's not as if I'm unaware of too many things. The only time my lack of reading bothers me is when the subject is law or business; at that point I don't have the knowledge I need and I can only hope I'll have a good lawyer or good business manager. I've had my problems there. But I'm reasonably well-informed about what's happening because strangely enough, I'm an avid news buff-I really love to read newspapers and watch television news. In fact, I get down when I don't watch both the morning and evening TV newscasts. To me, that's a more immediate thing than getting into somebody else's fantasy trip, which is what most novels are. But even though I'm compulsive about TV news, watching it only makes me very pessimistic about our future.

GALLERY: In what way?

HOPPER: I look at America today and I really wonder how much longer a society like ours can exist. How much longer can we have wars, how much longer can we keep raising our national debt and shaking our missiles before it all falls apart? What's wrong with the country is that we've forgotten how we started, which was to have a government of the people, by the people and for the people-and that the people then have to approve and support that government. That's not happening

today, and it's really important if you're going to have a strong country. You need people who are patriotic, and I don't mean you stand at attention when the national anthem is played and tears come to your eyes while it's going on. because we can all do that. I mean you have to back the government.

That means you don't try to rip it off every possible chance you get. And I don't think that starts at the bottom, either. It starts at the top with people in responsible positions-responsible positions in government and responsible positions in business. They know that tax laws, for instance, can be changed. because they're the ones who changed them. Loopholes, you know, didn't just pop up by themselves, and don't just happen to favor the rich, who can afford to spend a lot of time and money playing with them. It's not considered radical, of course, when you change the law to favor the rich. It's radical and dangerous only when you want to change the law to help out the poor. dangerous only when you want to change the law to help out the poor. GALLERY: Then you consider yourself

a radical? HOPPER: I was more of a radical when I lived in Los Angeles, I've found that it's different being a radical in the city than in the country. In the city, that scene is all about people rapping in coffee houses and bars and saying they're radical. Like, you get together with some people at Max's Kansas City, talk about how you're going to change things and then everybody orders another round just before closing time. There isn't that much talking done in Taos, but a lot of people here are true revolutionary radicals-Chicanos, Indians and Anglos-and have guns and shoot people. That may happen in the city and I'm not saying it doesn't, but it's just much easier to be a radical talker there. That's great, but be a radical talker here and you're gonna be talking to a lot of radicals, who may or may not like what you're saving, because this town has radicals on the right as well as on the left-really heavy Minutemen, militia and three Anglo-vigilante committees. And sometimes the radicals on the left get together with the radicals on the right, as was true when the whole hippie thing was going down. Even the Indians got into it, because one night some longhairs killed a couple of their buffalo for food.

GALLERY: Is life in Taos really as perilous, on a day-to-day basis, as it's starting to sound?

HOPPER: Well, I'm not living in a kibbutz in Israel where the Arabs are hitting on me every night, but there is a similarity. In a big city you don't think somebody's gonna come up to your house one night and try to kill you and they don't come up to you and say

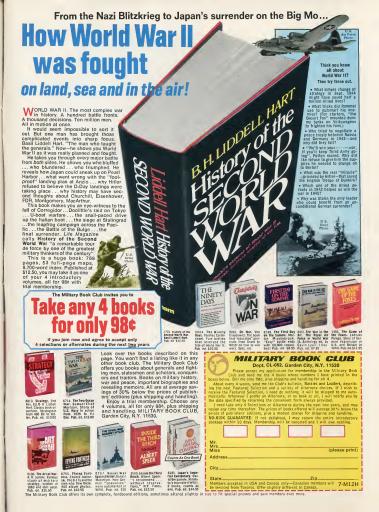
they're gonna kill you. In Taos they do-and you never know if they will or won't. But here there's also an opportunity to find out about the differences you have with other groups. I can sit and talk to some of the right wing vigilantes because I see them every day and I know who they are and they know who I am. So we'll have a drink, and it's the same thing with the Chicanos and Indians and the commune people. And that's a big advantage over living in a city, where you're always in an isolated group that already thinks the way you

GALLERY: You seem highly critical of urban radicals. Why?

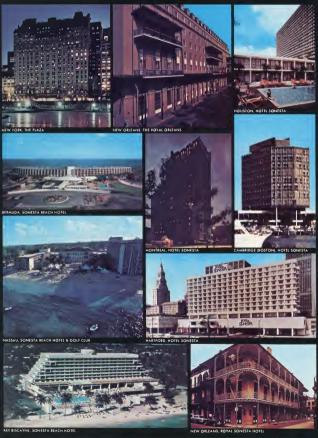
HOPPER: I'm not saying there aren't activists or true radicals in the city, it's just that most people who say they're radical never do anything radical. And a lot of 'em who come on as radical are just full of shit. Like in the Presidential campaign, I didn't see too many knocking themselves out for George Mc-Govern. That's no mystery to me; a lot of radicals I know have parents set to leave them millions. And that's also true of plenty of kids in SDS, because while they do a radical trip, their folks are loaded. And they thought, well, wait a minute. If McGovern's gonna push inheritance taxes way up, maybe I better lay back. You see, when a guy like Mc-Govern tells them it's time to start shaking up the basket and it's soon gonna be their turn to pick a number, they'd rather keep the number they have. Change might mean something else. GALLERY: In your case, Dennis, change has seen you become a man who seems calm, reflective and highly satisfied with his life. What caused all that?

HOPPER: Just one person, my wife Doria. Since we met, my life has been a different and better one that I've ever had. Doria is a friend, someone I can share things with, someone who puts up with me and who is a mother, a lover, a whore and a daughter to me. She's also smarter than me in a lot of ways. Really, Doria's the best thing that ever happened to me. And she feels the same way I do about Taos, which would have to be the second best thing that's ever happened to me. The town's special meaning for me is that for the first time in my life I feel like I have a home, a place to return to. I don't think even financial considerations could ever force me to leave. I'll leave to work, but I'll always return, because every time I'm gone I miss Taos and I can't wait to get back, to come over that hill and see the mountain and the plateau again. I've never been able to say it before, but now I can: This is my home, this is where I'll live out my life.





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continued from page 72

chatter on top about wind currents in the canyon. And down below the shoulders of the freeway and frontage road are filling in solid with cars.

Cronk has moved the Cronk Kite to a low rise just below the canyon. He wants to try a couple of short hops in the quieter air below. But it's still too strong and he keeps getting blown down when he tries to launch. Eventually he gives up and brings it in.

Volmer Jensen and Frank Lovejoy show up with Quicksilver but no VJ-23. Jensen, Faust, and Lovejoy set up Quicksilver and fly her about 300 feet off a very shallow 25-foot rise. Lovejoy takes three rides and parks Quicksilver among the trucks.

Terras Kiceniuk in a white panel truck with a huge plywood box strapped on top. Smiles break out. He drives directly to the top and assembles lcarus there.

Almost an hour later, there's a collective gasp from the crowd around the cars at the bottom. A white oblong is inching its way over the ridgeline. Tarras has flown lcarus over the ridgeline instead of down the canyon. It seems to be hanging almost motionless, a giant white gull hanging in the wind. Tarras begins long sweeps between the ridge and the freeway, holding altitude.

The Rogallo batwings are still streaking out of the canyon and five get up in the sky with Icarus for a few magnificent moments. The sky seems full of flying men. Then, one by one, the Rogallos lose altitude and glide in to land while Icarus flies slowly on.

Then it happens. Icarus falls straight down almost 100 feet. Tarras recovers.

picks up airspeed, and starts a very controlled and positive glide to the landing area. He gets a lot of help carrying Icarus back to the truck. Everybody wants to know what hanpened. Downdraft. The wind is breaking up into nasty turbulence aloft.

Up on top, they're having trouble, too

Eipper crashes. One second, he's on his normal glide down the canyon. The next, he's slewing down toward the ridge in a fierce collision course. Suddenly, the fliers are all on the edge, trying to get him through with body English and hollers. Then the black glider is laving on the slope and men are running around to get out on the ridaeline.

Bob Wills, the record-holder looks disgusted, "He stalled it. He coulda" pulled out," he snaps.

Eipper gets right up and begins folding the wing, apparently unhurt. Several people climb down and help Dick carry the glider back up through the underbrush.

Another Eipper-Formance flier runs off and doesn't make it. He pancakes back toward the hilltop. Several photographers are crouched below the take-off area. His wingtip snags one right in the Nikkon and both tumble onto the slope. They apologize to each other profusely. No damage or injuries. The flyer gets his wing back on top with a hand from the photographer.

Wills goes off. He's in trouble immediately. He drops suddenly, gets the nose down, and skims away from some big rocks with inches to spare. Another

knockdown! Wills is headed for a repeat of Eipper's crash.

But again, he manages to skim away and makes it out of the canyon.

Bill Bennett and five of his men are lined up along the edge, watching all this in their identical Delta-Kites tee shirts. As a man, they turn and walk back to begin unrigging their wings.

"Think I'll be carryin' moyn down," says Bennett cheerfully, "Ovm no bloody 'ero."

A few minutes later, the hilltop is almost deserted. Steve Wilson is lifting the long bundles up onto Finner's pickup. Dick Eipper is sitting inside with a pocketknife, digging a cactus needle out of his shin.

"One minute I was flying about 50 feet up. The next minute, I was sitting in the cactus. The wind was going straight down over there."

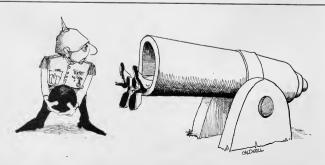
At the bottom, the hang-glider people were packing it up. Lovejoy and Kiceniuk are answering a lot of questions as they disassemble Quicksilver and Icarus. There's a lot of talk about the incident aloft and a lot of beer being passed around.

The curious are beginning to pull away from the roadsides. One guy is pulling out towing a trailer loaded with tiny helicopters. He's shaking his head as if he can't believe what he's just ceen

"What are those," asks a wonderfully blonde little teenie chick, waving a Lucky Lager at the trailer.

"Those are gyrocopters," replies her Eipper-Formance Old Man, who has flown four or five rides today. "Those guys are really crazy."





freedom and union rights. Soon after Bordaberry's inauguration, however, 67 of Uruguay's 68 senators voted to rescind all three measures, and the nation seemed ready to bind up its wounds.

It wasn't to be. On April 14, 1972, the bloodiest day in 20th century Uruguayan politics, Tupamaros killed a high-ranking police official and his chauffeur, a navy captain, and a former government officer. The querillas had irrevocably moved from a policy of frequently-amusing insouciance to one of assassination, and in doing so effectively ended their chances of gaining further popular support. They will surely not get any more from Uruguay's peaceful "masses," who are neither oppressed, uneducated, poverty stricken, or exploited. In Uruguay, the usual revolutionary rhetoric just doesn't apply, so give it a rather large N/A and forget it. The depressing truth of the matter is that Robin Hood and his band of Merrie Men have turned into killers

Will they be able to radicalize most of the nation until the democratic government is overthrown? One thinks not. Even such an authoritative source on insurrection as Cuba's Tri-Continental magazine is pessimistic about the possibilities of it happening in Uruguay: "The country's own urban concentration, its large middle class, its peaceful customs and traditions pose additional difficulties in the task of raising consciousness as to the need for armed

revolutionary warfare." Translating this further, it also means that Uruguay has yet to comprehend the groovy abstract that is violence (and whose "need" is it-Montevideo's or Havana's?).

No doubts should linger about the high-minded intentions of the Tupamaros at their founding, but the political visions of these young rebels have by now become so out of focus that they hope for widespread government repression and dread the sight of their countrymen's full stomachs. Uruguay won't buy it. The nation just wants to get things back to normal again, and in Uruguay-sane, graceful, civilized Uruguay-normalcy is a Latin Utopia. Who would you bet on?



### PIN-UP-LY continued from page 168

tresses-for a time called "American Beauties"-provided many topnotch pin-ups of Hollywood stars, including Jane Russell. In 1957-58, Esquire attempted pin-up pictorials by various photographers, much like those of Playboy (which was well established by then). But Esquire chose finally not to compete in the pin-up field; thus, its last notable pin-up feature appeared in October 1958-Bert Stern's multipage photographic spread of Hollywood beauties.

#### THE 1940s

In the early 1940s, the term "pin-up" was commonly used to describe girlie illustrations. How it came into common parlance is uncertain, but the most tenable theory would seem to be that servicemen during World War II who avidly read and collected magazines in their barracks would then cut out their favorite pictures and paste or pin them up in their lockers or mess rooms and on their tanks or airplanes. Perhaps the single most famous wartime pin-up was of Betty Grable, with her "million dollar legs.

Subsequently, Miss Grable starred in the film entitled Pin-up Girl (1944). Many photographers' models became known as "pin-up models." Hollywood stars posed for "pin-up publicity stills." Magazines published pin-up features and series of pin-ups called "pin-up parades" or "pin-up revues". As a consequence, the pin-up came to be enjoyed more freely for its own sake and as a valid pictorial form. Esthetic standards developed-the beauty of the model's face and body, the tastefulness of the pose, and the varying degrees of cuteness, allure, and tawdriness of the model and her pose.

Most girlie magazines of the 1940s carried a blend of straightforward pinups as described above, and thematic girlie pictorials-those that harked back to the humor of the 1930s. American magazines such as Glamorous Models and Tid Bits of Beauty showed nothing else but pinups, but other magazines like Click, Grin, Pic, See, Snap, and Spot also covered sports, crime, and major current events, as well as "entertainment" (in which pin-ups regularly appeared). In England Lilliput is fondly recalled for its pin-ups of screen stars and fashion models.

#### MODERN PIN-UPS-STRIPPED OF EXCUSES AS WELL AS CLOTHES

The pin-up, as we have defined it. evolved as a concept from many different sources. It is a combination of elements that produce a particular quality of image based on titillation and allure. Whether from prints, posters, magazines, calendars, postcards, or from cigarette cards, the earliest, pinups were almost all tied to themes, commercial products, stories, and professions.

In large part, this trend continues up to the present, as with sex in advertising and the contemporary poster with its political and social content. But what is also apparent is the increasing trend toward the pin-up for its own sake, the presentation of the body solely for the visual delectation of the onlooker. This process has been gradual. The Gibson Girl was never just a body; she was Love, Fashion, Integrity, and Refinement. But in the 1930s and 1940s the Petty Girl and the Varga Girl, as we shall see, were no more or less than sexual objects-vivid, yet unreal, functioning in their own world, the fantasies of men. The pin-up, therefore, evolved through the process of shedding excuses for the display of female

anatomy. Another shedding process that can be observed through the years is the literal undressing of the pin-up: the emergence of naked breasts and buttocks and, today, the unabashed exposure of public hair and vulva-no longer pre-sented in a context of "artistic models" or nudists."

Thus, freed from strategically placed clothing, needing no excuse but herself, today's pin-up reveals with refreshing directness the motive that was often obscured by the modesty or pretensions of her predecessors; sexual enticement. Be she in a soldier's foot locker, in a barbershop magazine, on a calendar at the filling station, on the walls of a student dorm, or in a bachelor's posh apartment, there is no denying the pleasure of her summons. At the very least, she submits her charms to our judgment. At her best, she allows us to escape into her private and gratifying world.



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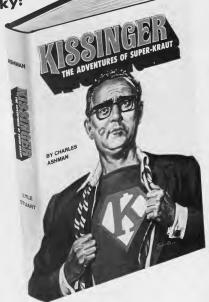
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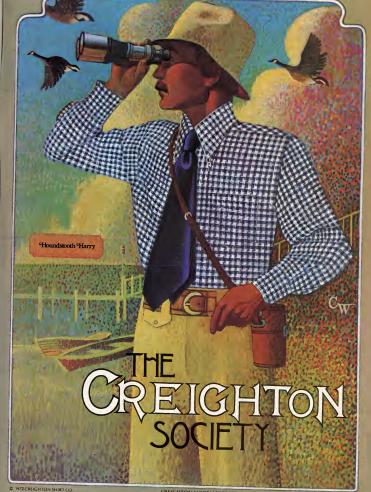
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even worn them on the street

The assumption of a false face is a necessary ritual for the Welles hero. He has a "secret," something to hide, like Adam hiding his nakedness. The climax in a Welles film is the unmasking of the hero by a younger man, who sees in the hero's face the shame of quilt and corruption, and thus is able to recognize it in himself. Self-deception and the struggle against awareness is the theme of Welles' films

And, as Pierre Duboeuf has astutely observed, even in the naked face of Welles there is "a certain irritation in the movement of his evebrows the sometimes extreme tension of his gaze or some hesitation in the character's behavior" that gives "a pathetic dimension...a sense of fragility.

The theatricality implicit in Welles' self-consciously humorous attitude towards himself leads some observers to rather outraged moral judgments. I have heard it said, for example, that Welles has no right to complain about inadequate financing for his films, since he probably eats away the equivalent of a feature film budget each year.

If we would take such comments seriously, we might be compelled to see Welles as another Hemingway, losing sight of the vulnerability underlying his heroes' protestations of strength and letting his personal reenactment of their fantasies finally slip over, unqualified, into his work. But however exuberant Welles may be in playing himself to the public eve, in his work he has never ceased to maintain a complex ironic attitude towards his heroes.

The youngster who painted faces on himself was also, we are told quiet and self-effacing around other children. Hemingway took refuge from his fears by taking manly trips to the north woods with his father; Welles accompanied his bon vivant father on launts around the world, but felt just as close to his mother, a concert pianist, confidente of Ravel and Stravinsky. Beatrice Welles died when Orson was eight and Richard when he was thirteen. However tempting it may be, though, to see Welles as a homeless, vulnerable excursionist into worlds of magical, self-serving fantasy. the ultimate truth of his obsessions lies

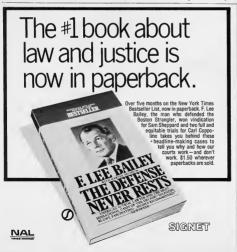
Perhaps the key to Welles' personality is a statement he made recently while assessing his work: he described himself as "a moralist against morality." In the same interview, he elaborated: "In reality, I am a man of ideas; yes, above all else--- am even more a man of ideas than a moralist. I suppose."

If Welles is to be defined at all (and let's not, since the legacy of his films will surpass any obituary), it will have to be in terms of his contradictions.

As his friend Jean Cocteau so memorably put it. "Orson Welles is a giant with the face of a child, a tree filled with birds and shadows, a dog who has broken loose from his chains and gone to sleep on the flower-bed. He is an active loafer, a wise madman, a solitude surrounded by humanity...

From Citizen Kane, an examination into legend which finds the possibility of definition illusory to Chimes at Midnight and The Immortal Story, which turn the idea of legend into a monstrous. melancholy jeu d'esprit, Welles has been enchanting us with the spectacle of a magnificent being exalting and deriding himself in a single stroke. In a world from which dinosaurs and emperors have vanished, a world forever growing smaller. Orson Welles survives to share with us his boundless delight in being himself.







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